Saturday Review

September 11, 1965 25¢

BERTA HAMILTON
RD-1
NEWFANE VERMONT

THE ALL-WHITE WORLD OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS By Nancy Larrick

WHICH COLLEGE IS BEST? By John A. Perkins

ARE WE EDUCATING OUR CHILDREN FOR THE WRONG FUTURE? By Robert Maynard Hutchins

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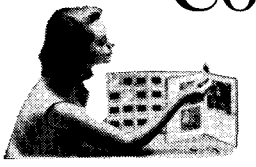

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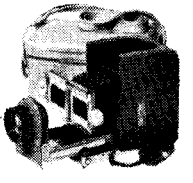

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Occasionally, I encounter a book that resists easy definition. (Some of the best do.) One case in point is *A Studied Madness* by Heywood Hale Broun. Although it is autobiography, the term applied here seems less a classification than a departure point. It is a book of humor. It is also not all funny.

The author is a former sportswriter. He is a veteran actor. He has written a witty and perceptive book about the theater, but it is also about a broad range of other topics that interest him. The laughs are in the tradition of Robert Benchley - the style strictly H. H. Broun's.

Mr. Broun's theatrical experience has been, to borrow his own analogy, life "in the trenches." In describing how a show is brought to the New York stage, his attitude approaches that of the sergeant who, bloodied in battle, has found his leaders eminently fallible. His premise is that the stakes—enormous fame and money—are too great to expect rational behavior, or even elementary coordination from artists and business people involved in the shows. The result, Broun says, is roughly equivalent to the Queen Mary steaming into New York Harbor at full speed while the captain (director), owner (producer), designer (author), and helmsman (star) all battle for control of the ship. The winner, if there is one, gets to bring the ship to berth. If it gets there at all.

The *New York Times*, horseracing, athletics and Hellenic poetry are other subjects gently rumpled by the Broun wit. At times, this is turned on its creator: "As a [sports] writer," he recalls, "I [began to] take refuge in that overstatement which is a substitute for excitement . . . I knew that some day . . . in my pages the horn of Roland would summon the Harvard football team to the second half of the Yale game and a September slump of the Yankees would be likened to the retreat from Moscow."

As I said before, it is a hard book to pin down, just as its author is an unclassifiable original. Reason enough to read *A Studied Madness* yourself?

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

A Studied Madness by Heywood Hale Broun ($4.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue New York 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 2460 East Camelback Road, Phoenix, Arizona.

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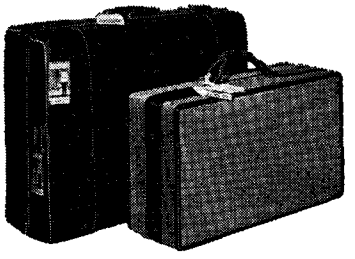

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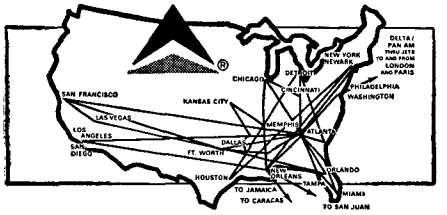

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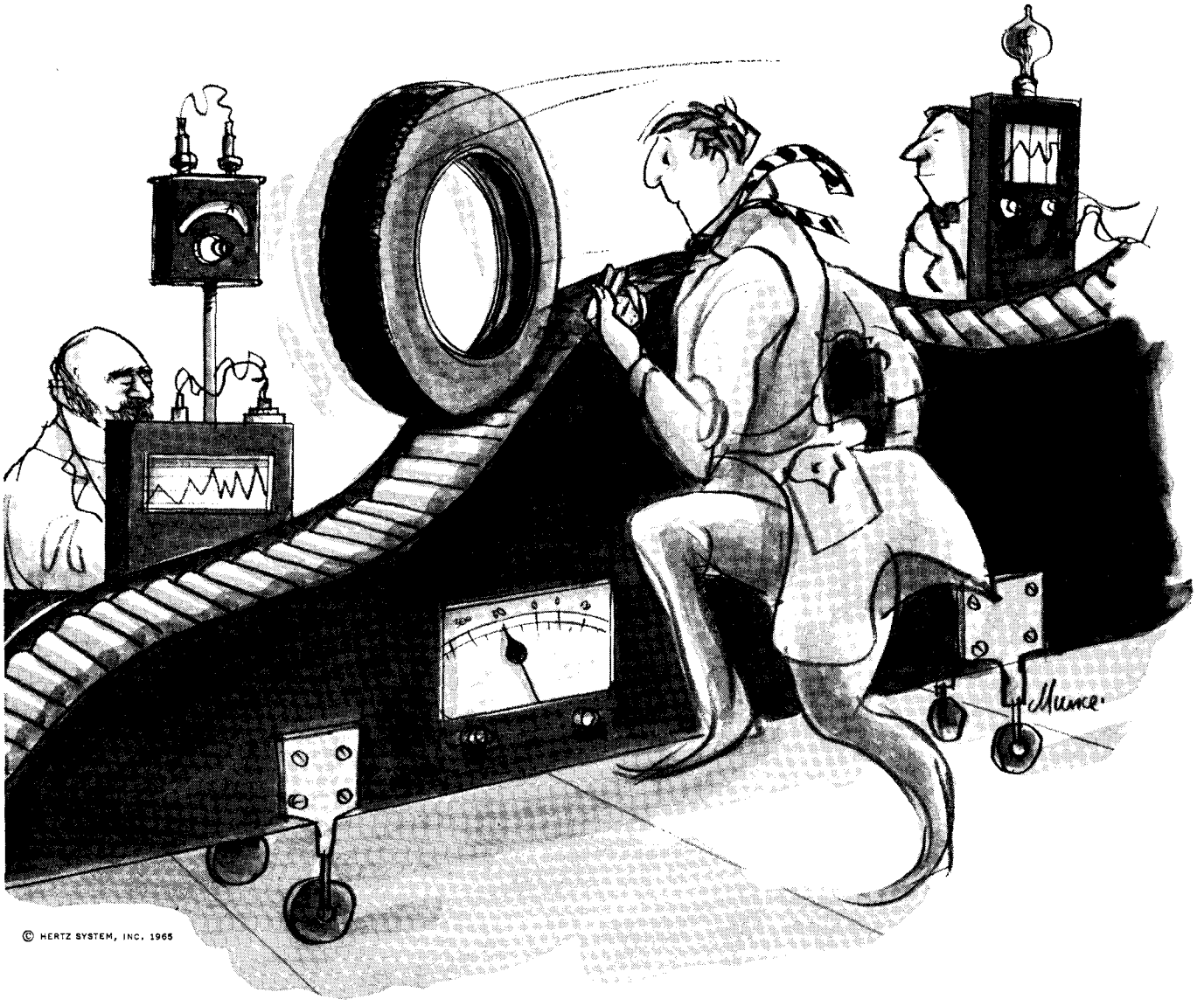

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Edited by Martin Levin

Reading Aloud to the Children

MY seven children do not read as much as they should. Oh, they read some—a cartoon caption one day, the back of a cereal box now and again. But not enough. So after I had seen several magazine articles exhorting fathers to read aloud to their children, I decided to try it, at dinner.

As we began our dessert one night last week, I announced my intention, and I did it too dramatically, I'm afraid. I may have said something to the effect that we were founding what might well become a tradition in our family. I began with Kipling's *Jungle Book*—slowly, warmly, confidently, building surely to the climax of "Mowgli's Brothers," Chapter 1, where Shere Khan, the crippled, cattle-killing tiger demands the man-cub for his dinner:

> Ye choose and ye do not choose! By the bull that I killed, am I to stand nosing into your dog's den for my fair dues. It is I, Shere Khan, who speak!

I delivered this in my best tiger voice, my own special blend of snarling and gnashing; it brought Abbie, our dog, out from under the dining room table, but it did not quite catch the attention of the children. Then I shifted to my mother-wolf voice:

> And it is I, Raksba (The Demon), who answer. The man's cub is mine, Lungri—mine to me! He shall not be killed. He shall live to run with the Pack and to hunt with the Pack; and in the end, look you, hunter of little naked cubs—frog-eater, fish-killer—he shall hunt thee!

By now, my mother-wolf voice was much like my tiger voice. I continued:

> Now get hence, or by the Sambhur that I eat (I eat no starved cattle) back thou goest to thy mother, burned beast of the jungle, lamer than ever thou camest into the world! Go!

This is meaty stuff, as you can see, and there are hundreds of pages of it—all about Won-tolla, lakinis, dholes, cracked bones, bloody sands, scarred heads, bitten bellies, snapped flanks, and chewed loins. All good dinner topics. After two more pages of gnashing and snarling, I was so exhausted with all this anthropomorphic animal talk and exclamation points that I took the coward's way out. I spotted Bob, my oldest boy, yawning; so I just closed the book with a little sigh of resignation, signifying that I had no intention of *forcing* them to enjoy Kipling if they did not want to.

I was not discouraged, however. I decided to pick something simpler next time, and came to the dinner table a couple of nights later with my old copy of *Tom Swift and His Motor Boat.* Somebody has since stolen it, so I cannot quote it verbatim, but the reading went something like this:

> "Where are you going, son?" asked Mr. Barton Swift of his young inventor son as that worthy lad doffed his cap and picked up his electric flash lantern.

"What's an electric flash lantern?" asked Harry. "What's a doff?" asked Michael.

> "I am going to apprehend those chumps, Andy Foger and Sam Snedecker, who are sorely in need of a thrashing," exclaimed Mr. Swift's son determinedly.

"Daddy, I got chocolate milk today in school, Daddy, Daddy, I got choc . . . ," said little Christopher.

> "Then you do not intend to take their dare!" exclaimed the young inventor's older inventor-father, heatedly.

"Daddy, what's that mean?" asked Jimmy.

> "Nor will I give those bullies and their cronies a show," remarked the older inventor's young inventor son. "They will know better than to try conclusions with you, son," vowed the elder Swift to the youth.

"To try *what*?" asked my wife, Mary. Our two little girls said nothing.

Tomorrow night at dinner we're going back to the cereal boxes and:

> Oat flour, wheat starch, niacin, riboflavin, oven baked to a rich golden brown with a natural heartiness of flavor that's all its own. . . .
>
> —ROBERT L. DEAN.

On Being Inside

AN insider is someone who is—well, inside. He knows what is going on. Unlike the outsider, who is confused, drifting in the dark, fogbound, and up

Kipling Cerealized

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Dugald Stewart
(1753-1828)

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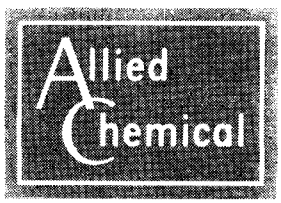

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the creek, the insider has all the information.

Some things are probably more worth being inside of than other things. Being inside the Cuthbert Corners PTA, Branch 2, and learning that Mrs. Hattie Mergentheimer is going to cop out on her promise to run for president next term and throw her weight behind Mrs. Pearl Furth III is interesting but not quite like hearing that the Fourth National Bank and the Seventh Security are going to merge (and just in time, too; people were beginning to talk).

Insiders, being inside, have an advantage over outsiders who don't get the news until the government has stepped in and spoiled everything. Some insiders take too much advantage and wind up inside Atlanta or Leavenworth. An insider who doesn't watch his step may be out in one to five years.

It's not easy being an insider. No matter how far in he thinks he is, the insider can never be sure but what somebody else is *farther* in. He is haunted by the possibility of a circle still closer to the core of things. A nervous insider can't overhear a conversation in the lavatory without suspecting a secret cabal, particularly if the door is shut and they have left the water running.

A true insider is the Man Who Knows. A cub reporter sent to cover the pickle packers' convention soon learns that the delegates wandering in the hotel lounge don't know anything. All they can do is show their badges to each other and ask if anybody knows what time the meeting starts. It was scheduled for ten in the Peacock Room but there is a rumor it has been switched to 11 in the Ostrich Room. The reporter worth his salt (two bags a week) discovers that the only way to get the real news is to find Charlie.

Charlie is up on the nineteenth floor, taking a bath. He is not alone. Associates and hangers-on wander in and out, bearing rumors and bottles of Scotch. Puffing a cigar and working up a lather, Charlie can give you the story in five minutes. (I don't know how girl reporters handle the problem and I'd rather not speculate.) If I were conducting a school of journalism, I wouldn't waste the students' time with courses on Modern Cultural Trends or Headline-Writing. I'd tell them how to find Charlie. If I knew, that is.

The next best thing to being an insider is knowing somebody who is. Or knowing somebody who knows somebody who is. There is danger, though, for the unwary outsider. The almost-insider may only think he knows who's inside. His inside man may already be out.

The safest thing is to wait until it all comes out in the newspapers.

—Robert S. Aldrich.

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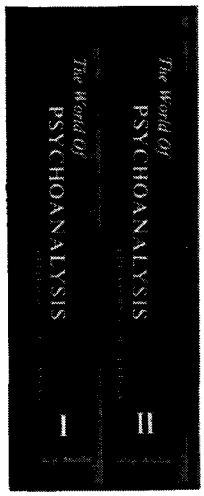

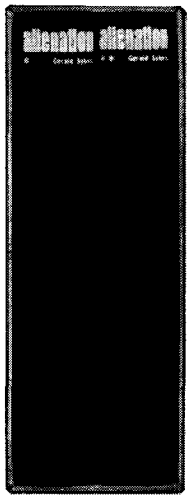

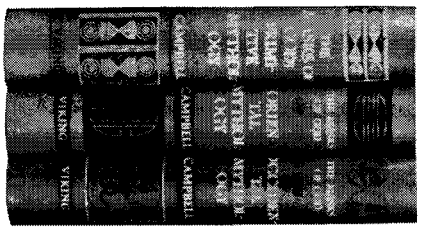

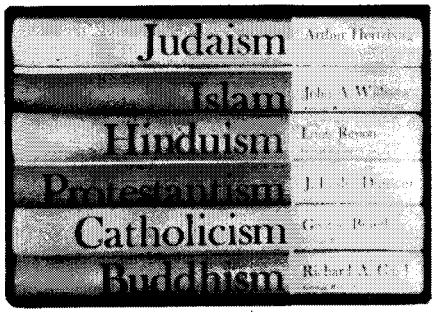

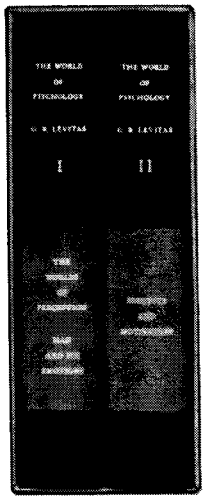

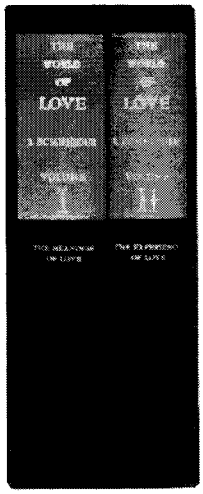

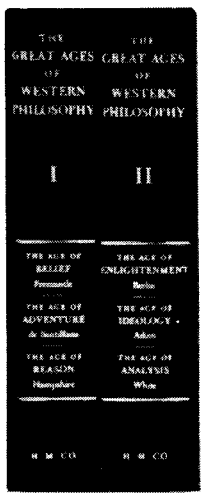

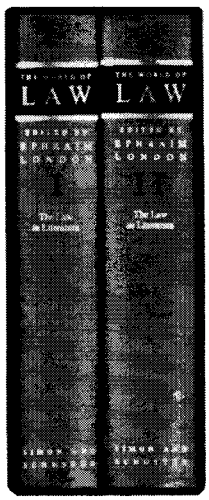

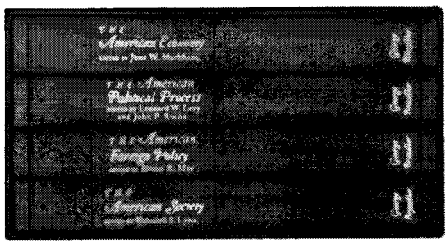

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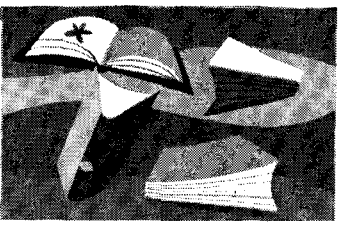
If this wasn't a great tasting gin we'd be silly advertising in this magazine.

Trade Winds



How often does an author get a chance to do an introduction for a new edition of his book fifty-nine years after it first came out? Not very often, since the feat depends not so much on the survival of the book as on that of the author. But it has happened in the case of Upton Sinclair, who will be eighty-seven years old September 20. The book is *The Jungle*, which the Limited Editions Club will distribute to its members in a hand-

some illustrated version at just about the time Mr. Sinclair is blowing out the candles on the cake. His preface to the edition tells the interesting facts about how the controversial, influential book came to be written and published in 1906.

Recently the Sinclairs came East for a visit and I was fortunate enough to meet them. One of the many Sinclair concerns has been his diet, so I was not too surprised to see him partaking of wheat crackers, orange juice, tomato, and lettuce for lunch. May Sinclair said that when she married him four years ago he was accustomed to carrying the ingredients of his meal in a paper bag when he went out to eat. Once, at an elegant restaurant, he handed the paper bag to the *maître de* and said, "Take care of this, please." A long time later, after all the other members of the party had been served their orders, Mr. Sinclair asked about his. The kitchen was searched and no paper bag could be found. It was finally traced to the cloakroom, where it had been checked with other packages. Since that time Mrs. Sinclair has insisted that Upton order his dried fruits and other special requirements from a menu.

A problem Mrs. Sinclair has had is to get her husband to stop telling his favorite joke, by now an encrusted chestnut. It's the hoary gag about the husband who attributes his long and happy marriage to the couple's agreement to let the wife make the minor decisions and the husband make the major ones. "So far," the man adds, "there have been no major decisions."

The Sinclairs stayed in Washington, D.C., for several weeks this summer, meeting a good many important people. Each time they got ready for an audience, May would say, "Now, Upton, please don't tell that story of yours." Sometimes he would heed her and sometimes he wouldn't. When they met Speaker of the House McCormack, she stiffened in anticipation as Mr. Sinclair began to boast about his happy marriage, a recognizable preliminary to the telling of the old joke. But before Upton could go on, Speaker McCormack grinned and said, "That reminds me of a story . . .," and he told the stale joke himself. That was one time Mrs. Sinclair laughed at it, as did her husband, temporarily speechless.

"We lern em to right," is how English teacher Jesse Grumette described to me his job at Abraham Lincoln High School in Brooklyn, New York. He had just finished correcting Regents examinations turned in by seniors and he had come across a reference to "the poet Percy Blithe Shelley." Here are some of the other gems he and his colleagues found in the final papers:

"She was hindered by the economic conditions of her times, as proven by the fact that she didn't have any money."

"The town was famous for its resort-

fulness. He discovered a germ in the baths doing his duty."

"Although he was not an educated man, he could not let his children go out and beg."

"Pres. Roosevelt said that ⅔ of the American population is living in property."

"The most important thing in athletic contests is to have athletic supporters."

"So Mattie and Ethan take a slay ride."

"Nora decided to get out of her wedlock."

"Being that the social standard at this time was not monsters, the people refused to accept Frankenstein."

"Dimmesdale became a vegetable festering in his own guilt."

Sharps and Flats: Congratulations to Dell Publishing Company. It has been

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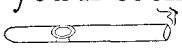
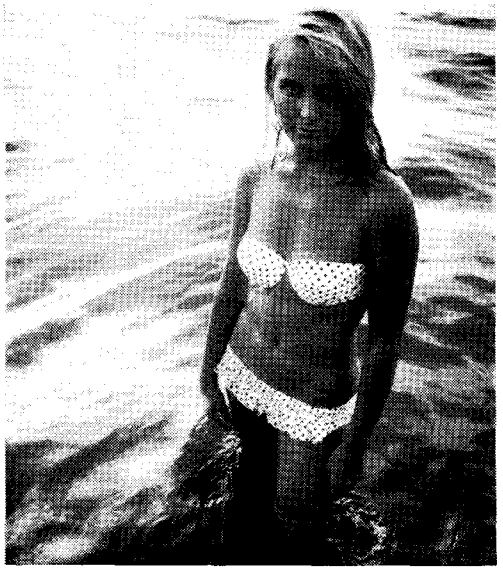
He starts right in with "bonjour" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between une pipe and un cigare  . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Je préfère la pipe au cigare."



With the aid of objects, pictures, and a lot of body English, your instructor will have you speaking fluent French before you can say Jacques Robinson.

Par exemple, regardez la photographie: you see une jolie jeune fille en bikini, standing dans la mer, dans l'eau froide, and later she'll warm herself au soleil lying sur le sable... and now you're beginning to get the picture.

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Back to the 4 "R"s

Add regular meals to reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic for a sound back-to-school program. Summer's grab-a-bite-and-run days are over. It's back to balanced diets and sensible eating habits for the whole family. Here are some important tips.

A tall glass of milk with meals is a great energy booster for adults as well as children. And when you plan balanced meals that include milk and other dairy foods, you know you're providing your family with all the necessary food nutrients. So whether it's back to school or off to work, get back to the kind of eating habits that have proved to be most beneficial. Get ready for the active days ahead.

It's up to you!

Parents who are really interested in the health and happiness of their children cannot ignore the importance of cultivating good eating habits. Allowing a child to overeat or to eat a poorly balanced diet, with the hope that the child will ultimately outgrow these bad habits, is a good example of how some parents encourage the development of lifetime behavior patterns that cannot help but lead to unhappiness.

Far too many parents either do not realize or overlook the damage that can occur when children do not learn good eating habits. Some children do not achieve all that they might in school and in other

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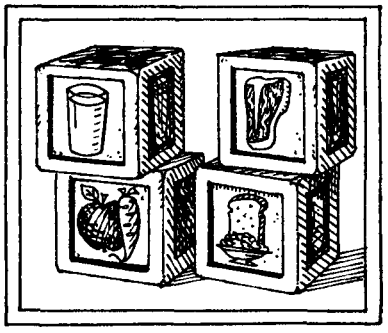
activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished, and this happens in high income homes as well as in low income homes.

There is nothing complicated about establishing a family meal pattern if the Daily Food Guide is followed. The Guide suggests four major food groupings to provide a foundation for a balanced diet.



The foods are grouped on the basis of the kinds of nutrients they supply. The groups are: (1) Milk and Other Dairy Foods; (2) Meats, Fish, Poultry, Eggs, Dried Peas and Beans, Nuts; (3) Fruits and Vegetables; (4) Cereals and Breads. Foods not included in these four groups may be selected to round out the diet and to provide adequate calorie intake.

Milk and Other Dairy Foods

Three to four glasses of milk daily for children and teen-agers; at least two glasses daily for adults (or equivalent amounts of milk in other dairy foods such as cheese and ice cream). Milk is a very versatile food and can be used in many ways. For those family members who insist they do not like the taste of plain milk, it is easy to incorporate milk into cooking, or milk's flavor may quickly be changed by adding any of a wide variety of flavorings.

Here is why milk and other dairy foods are suggested as one of the four major food groupings in the Daily Food Guide: two 8-ounce glasses of milk each day provide for the moderately active adult man about 25% of his daily recommended protein allowances (high quality protein, too, with the amino acids needed for repairing and building body tissue); more than 70% of his calcium (calcium is recommended for the adult diet as well as for that of growing children); about 45% of his riboflavin (which is vital in the body's metabolism); about 15% of his vitamin A (which helps prevent night blindness and is involved in skin health); and 10-15% of his calories.

For an adult woman, the percentages of these nutrients are slightly higher because nutrient allowances for women tend to be slightly lower than those for men. The four glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide substantially higher percentages of all these important nutrients. We call milk's calories "armored calories" because milk does provide so many essential nutrients at a comparatively low cost in calories.

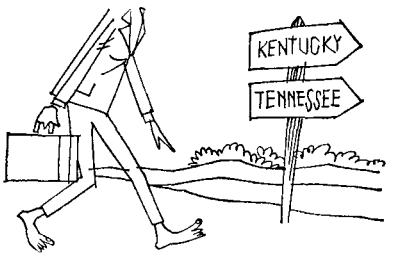
The Daily Food Guide makes it possible to enjoy America's abundance of good food because wide choices in food selection are possible. If some family members don't like one kind of fruit or vegetable, for example, many other varieties are available and should be tried until the family tastes are satisfied.

For more information on the Daily Food Guide, write: Daily Food Guide, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association

responsible this year for both a hard cover and a paperback edition of *Cold Comfort Farm*, one of the funniest books of all time. It was written by Stella Gibbons and published in England some thirty years ago. Now, it is hoped, there is an American market for this classic, which has gone through some twenty printings over there. The Dell versions have delightful drawings by Saxon.

► On the serious side, I suggest you read *The War of the Flea* (Lyle Stuart) by Robert Taber. If you do, you will end up knowing as much about guerrilla warfare as the Pentagon, and as much about revolutions as the State Department.



► The new representative sent into Kentucky and Tennessee by the college department of publisher Scott, Foresman is John H. Barefoot.

► This summer Jeanne Kenyon took a course in the Education Department at the University of Oregon. Next to her classroom was a door opening into a large room containing movie projectors, charts, and other paraphernalia. On the door hung two signs. "Welcome to the Education Lab!" said one. The other read, "Staff: Please Keep This Door Locked."

► In Morgantown, West Virginia, the library is in the basement of the jail, reports Beverly Braff.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1639)

Dionis Coffin Riggs:

BLUE CLAW

(Vineyard *Gazette*, June 19, 1965)

Through amber creek-water
A crab moves cautiously,
One blue claw
Held at the guard,
Swimmerets fluttering,
Mandibles nibbling,
Pointed legs stepping
On the moss-greened stones.

Then through the taut
Mirror-glaze of his sky
A net splashes and dips.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Biblical Studies

PROPHET AND POET: The Bible and the Growth of Romanticism. By Murray Roston. Northwestern Univ. Press. $4.95.

THE ROMANCE OF BIBLE SCRIPTS AND SCHOLARS. By John H. P. Reumann. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

Crime, Suspense

CALL IT ACCIDENT. By Rae Foley. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

A CARIBBEAN MYSTERY. By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead. $4.50.

FATHER HILARY'S HOLIDAY. By Bruce Marshall. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE TWIN SERPENTS. By Ronald Scott Thorn. Macmillan. $4.95.

Current Affairs

AFRICAN WOMEN: A Study of the Ibo of Nigeria. By Sylvia Leith-Ross. Praeger. $8.50.

THE CASE FOR GOING TO THE MOON. By Neil Ruzic. Putnam. $4.95.

THE CITY MAN'S GUIDE TO THE FARM PROBLEM. By Willard W. Cochrane. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $4.95.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF AFRICAN STATES. By Doudou Thiam. Praeger. $4.50.

THE IDEA OF RACE. By Ashley Montagu. Univ. of Nebraska Press. $4.

PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION: An Introduction to Contemporary Views. By G. Stephen Spinks. Beacon. $4.95.

THE SCIENTIFIC ESTATE. By Don K. Price. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.95.

SOIL CONSERVATION IN PERSPECTIVE. By R. Burnell Held and Marion Clawson. Johns Hopkins. $7.50.

YOU AND YOUR CONGRESSMAN. By Congressman Jim Wright. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

Fiction

CONSTANTINE: The Miracle of the Flaming Cross. By Frank G. Slaughter. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE CORRIDORS OF TIME. By Poul Anderson. Doubleday. $3.95.

CROWS IN A GREEN TREE. By W. H. Canaway. Doubleday. $3.95.

LA VITA AGRA. By Luciano Bianciardi. Viking. $3.95.

NO HEAVEN FOR GUNGA DIN. By Ali Mirdrekvandi Gunga Din. Dutton. $3.50.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE BIRD. Edited by Brandt Aymar. Crown. $4.95.

SHADOW OF A STAR. By Jamie Lee Cooper. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50.

History

THE BLOODY BATTLE FOR SURIBACHI. By Richard Weeler. Crowell. $5.95.

BRITAIN AND AFRICA. By Kenneth Kirkwood. Johns Hopkins. $5.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN NIGERIA, 1841-1891: The Making of a New Elite. By J. F. Ade Ajayi. Northwestern Univ. Press. $6.50.

CROSSROADS TO ISRAEL. By Christopher Sykes. World. $7.95.

THE EMPIRE OF THE ARABS. By Sir John Bagot Glubb. Prentice-Hall. $8.95.

HISTORIANS AGAINST HISTORY: The Frontier Thesis and the National Covenant in American Historical Writing Since 1830. By David W. Noble. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $5.

MESOPOTAMIA. By Jean-Claude Margueron. World. $12.50.

YANKEES AND SAMURAI. By Foster Rhea Dulles. Harper & Row. $6.50.

Literary Criticism

THE LANGUAGE OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. By Stella Brook. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.50.

MARK TWAIN AND THE GILDED AGE. By Bryant M. French. Southern Methodist Univ. Press. $6.95.

MODERN POETICS. Edited by James Scully. McGraw-Hill. Hardbound, $6.75. Paperback, $2.75.

WHO WROTE THE CLASSICS? By Nora Stirling. John Day. $4.95.

Miscellany

THE ART OF ACCOMPANYING AND COACHING. By Kurt Adler. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $9.75.

COLLECTING BYGONES. By Christopher and Amoret Scott. McKay. $3.95.

THE HUSTLER'S HANDBOOK. By Bill Veeck and Ed Linn. Putnam. $5.95.

THE ITALIANS: The Face of a Nation. By John Phillips. McGraw-Hill. $7.95 to January 1st; $8.95 thereafter.

THE MYSTERY OF GOLF. By Arnold Haultain. New edition. Serendipity Press. $4.95.

PLANT DRUGS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD. By Norman Taylor. Dodd, Mead. $5.

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR-BOOK, 1965-66. Edited by S. H. Steinberg. St. Martin's Press. $10.

THREE KIDS IN A CART: A Visit to Ike and Other Diversions. By Allen Drury. Doubleday. $4.95.

Personal History

LETTERS OF CARYLL HOUSELANDER: Her Spiritual History. Edited by Maisie Ward. Sheed & Ward. $4.95.

MRS. JACK. By Louise Hall Tharp. Little, Brown. $6.95.

RONALD KNOX: The Priest. By Thomas Corbishley S.J.; The Writer. By Robert Speaight. Sheed & Ward. $4.95.

THE SITUATION IN FLUSHING. By Edmund Love. Harper & Row. $4.95.

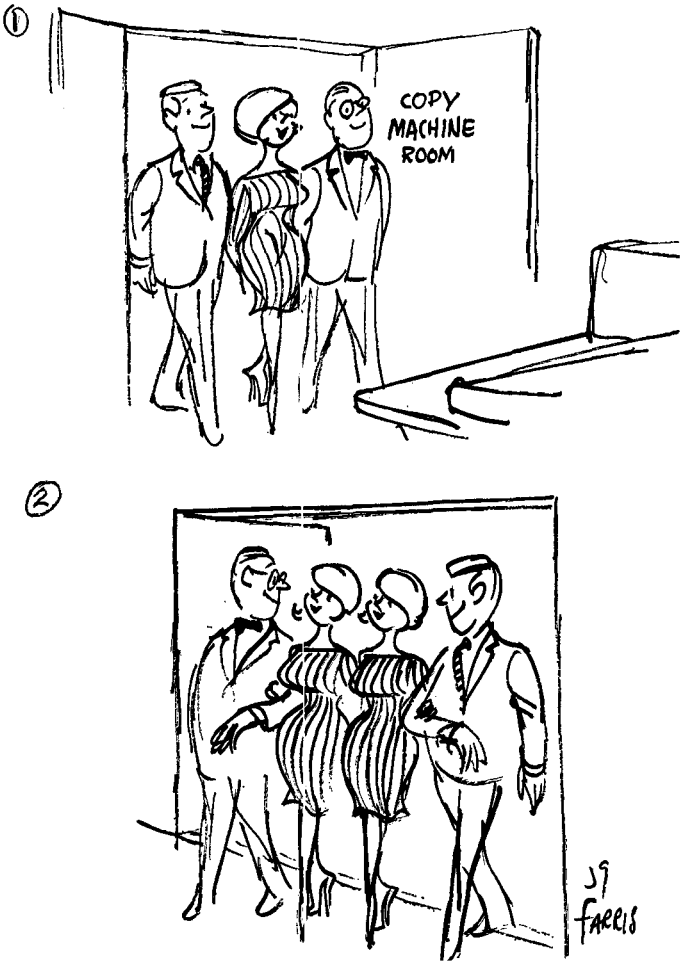
SOLDIER FROM THE WARS RETURNING. By Charles Carrington. McKay. $3.95.

Psychoanalysis

THE CREATIVE IMAGINATION: Psychoanalysis and the Genius of Creation. Edited by Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek. Quadrangle. $7.50.

THE LITERARY IMAGINATION: Psychoanalysis and the Genius of the Writer. Edited by Hendrik M. Ruitenbeek. Quadrangle. $7.95.

—Compiled by MIMI FRANKLIN.



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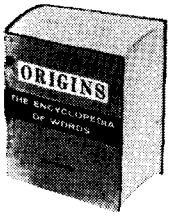

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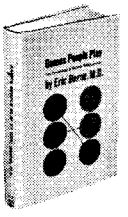

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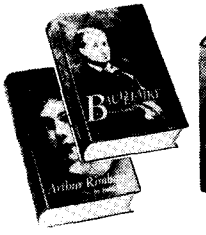

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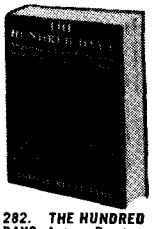

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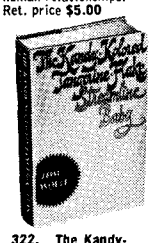

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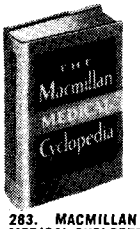

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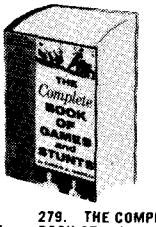

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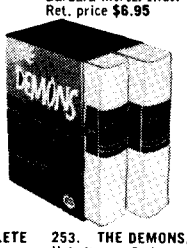

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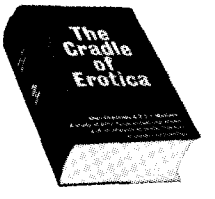

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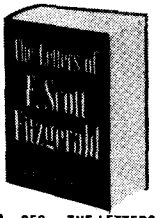

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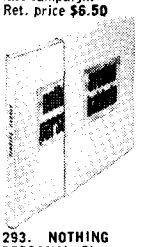

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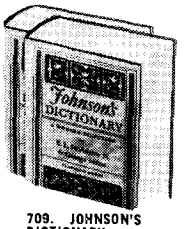

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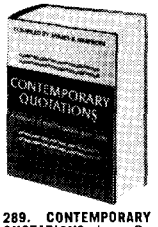

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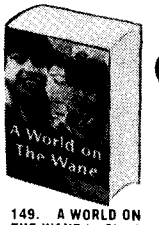

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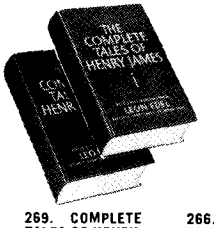

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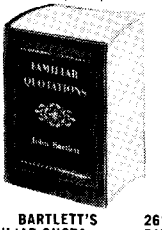

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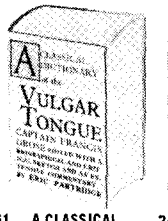

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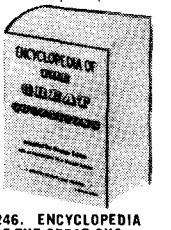

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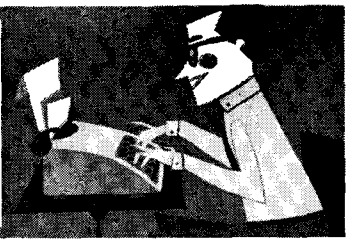
Top of My Head



PR Takes Over History

THE 1,000 members of the Public Relations Society of America in recent convention in Denver did not squander their time dropping paper bags of water from hotel windows.

They got right down to business and came to the sad conclusion that our war in South Vietnam has been amateurishly presented to our people and is in dire need of a good public relations man—or, in translation, a press agent. The PR men concluded that the administration had created an "information gap" and news was seemingly being handled by a suppress agent. Mr. Fred W. McDonald, public relations man for Travelers Insurance Company, estimated that "eight out of ten Americans could not even locate South Vietnam on a map."

I think the eight-out-of-ten figure is high. But if most Americans know South Vietnam is just south of North Vietnam, would that give this war a better image? I don't know exactly where on the map the Carolinas are, but I do know South Carolina is just south of North Carolina, and no PR man can give that battle an attractive image.

The "apathy" of the Americans, Mr. McDonald says, "shuts out all attempts to inform them." In other words, the Administration has not attractively sold the war to our people or explained in detail exactly where it's being fought. It is obvious, in the opinion of the public relations convention, that what is needed here is the hard sell. Possibly in the manner of TV commercials?

"In South Vietnam in Southeast Asia, where there are more South Vietnamese than there are in North Vietnam, they fight the good war. Why? We don't know. But we must be doing something right."

Or: "Men, come on down! It's the exciting monsoon season in Southeast Asia. Fly United States Air Force! Come on down!"

Or a young man in uniform says: "I like our form of government. I'd rather fight than switch!"

Does public relations make war more palatable if we know the longitude and latitude of the war theater? Does public relations make for a better image if everyone knows South Vietnam is in Southeast Asia and borders on Cambodia, Thailand, and hysteria? Will it help our young men who are giving their ultimate in the infested swamps and jungles if the cheering section at home doesn't know where to locate it on a map? Not by a bombsight!

How *do* you sell a war? It doesn't peddle easily. It doesn't lend itself to the hard sell or even to the subliminal. It's a product nobody likes or wants, with a hell of a built-in resistance. It's like selling a special toothpaste for dentures. You may be entranced by the paste but you don't go getting your teeth knocked out so you can enjoy it. Aspirin is sold to headache sufferers and while it removes the ache it doesn't eliminate the cause.

The *cause*—that's a valid point made at the PR convention by Mr. Robert Armstrong, public relations director of the American Textiles Manufacturers Institute, who said that too much attention is being leveled at the day-to-day military operations and not enough to the basic question: "Why are we there?" In other words, what is our Cause?

I agree with Mr. Armstrong that a Cause is the hard-sell ploy to move the product off the shelves. However, public relations notwithstanding, I believe our people are well informed; more so than the colonies were when they were told the first great battle of the Revolution was fought on Bunker Hill, when in truth it was fought on nearby Breed's Hill. This misinformation did not affect the *cause* or outcome.

When the climaxes of history are recorded they pinpoint the villages and fields where the battles were fought and where our men fell for a Cause. But the Cause remains constant. Our Cause is freedom for all people. There are, of course, patriotic dissidents who feel deeply that the Cause will not be furthered through this war. Just as there are those who feel deeply the war should be escalated to further this Cause. Our government has decided that this kind of war, as dreadful as it is, will achieve our *cause*, contain Communism, and maintain for our country our way of life.

I love this country. I cherish our way of life and wish it could be shared by all. I like it here. I like what I'm doing. I like being able to write these weekly pieces without fear of reprisal. Without it I'm dead. And I'd rather be read than dead.

—Goodman Ace.

Some New Books from Wesleyan

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Buckdancer's Choice

"Dickey's work is full of dramatic energy, superb observation, and honesty. . . . He remains one of the foremost poets of his generation." — *Virginia Kirkus* P. 28 in the Wesleyan Poetry Program. All titles $4.00 in cloth, $1.85 in paper.

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF W. H. DAVIES. Introduction by Osbert Sitwell.

Contains, it is believed, every poem ever written and published by W. H. Davies, including 113 previously uncollected poems; there are 749 in all. $7.50

W. H. DAVIES: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Richard J. Stonesifer.

Beggar, stevedore, "super-tramp"—an extraordinary life. "*The* definitive biography of Davies to whom verse-making was as spontaneous as breathing." — Louis Untermeyer $6.50

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Wherein America's greatest mime explains for the first time the principles underlying her work — the How of her creations and more importantly the Why. With drawings by the author. (To be published Nov. 1) $5.00

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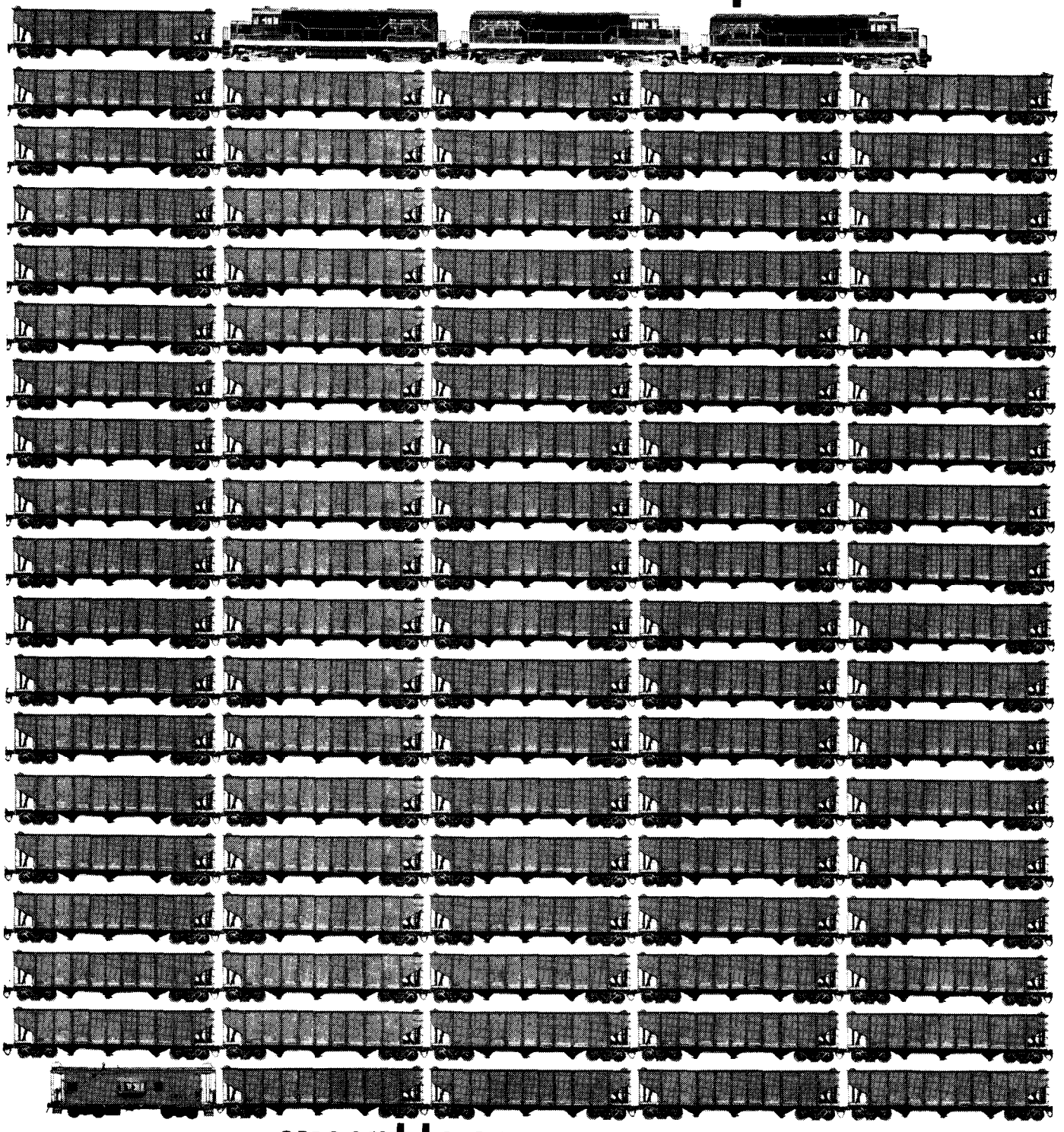
The train that never stops...



except to save you money

It's the unit train, helping hold the lid on price inflation and writing one of the brightest chapters in the railroad comeback story. Unit trains carry vast tonnages of a single commodity from point to point, shuttling constantly from loading to consumer sites at great savings to the public. Such methods of carrying coal are cutting electric utility bills $50,000,000 a year. Grain and ore are also hauled with similar economy. Today's unit trains are another way in which the self-supporting railroads are providing better service at lower cost for everybody, and are shaping a better transportation future for all America.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

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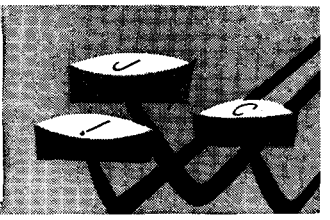
Manner of Speaking



The Lion and the Mouse: a Revised Fable: Once upon a time there was a lion who was not only king of beasts but prosperous in his kingdom. His court was comfortable and well watered, no enemies threatened his peace of mind, and all his tax-collection programs were working well. He had, in fact, just collected a tax payment from one of his deer herds and, having gorged regally, he was resting *couchant* in an unconsciously heraldic pose (for blood will tell), and feeling not only kingly but well disposed, though a bit crapulent (only a pleasant bit, however).

Just then a nearsighted mouse of an obviously clerical disposition came scurrying through the stubble, perhaps looking for a church to be poor in, or perhaps just scurrying in a habituated way. For it was a truly zealous mouse and, as we know, true zeal cares little about the direction of its going. As the mouse itself might have said, had the question been put to it, "All roads are open to spiritual pursuits, and the more zealously we pursue the All, the sooner we shall have covered some."

It was probably in some such metaphysical frame of mind that the mouse happened to stumble over the lion's left paw; whereupon the lion, more by reflex than with considered intent, immediately twitched his right paw over his left and held the mouse securely captive.

"What small nuisance is this?" thought the lion. "Even were I in the mood for a tidbit, who could imagine this as a sequel to venison?" And he frowned, as much in boredom as in annoyance.

The mouse saw the frown but saw in it only the annoyance. It was itself too zealous to recognize how much tolerance may have entered the animal kingdom as a secondary effect of simple well-fed boredom.

"O, lion!" said the mouse, "let me go, I beg you, and perhaps someday I may return good to you for the good you do me now."

"Oh dear," thought the lion, "what tons of sentiment in an ounce of hide. A grasshopper would be as much diet, and yet it talks as if it were a bull elephant." For the lion could be both a king and a philosopher at times. Besides, he was well stuffed with all those reasons that make for a speculative but easy frame of mind. Still, of course, he had the majesty and dread of his presence to maintain.

Aloud he said, with a chuckle that might have sounded like a piece of sandpaper caught in a slow electric fan (could the mouse have known about such things): "You! What could the near-nothing likes of you ever do to help *me*?"

But being bored, and having done all that was really necessary to reprove the mouse for being small in the presence of greatness, he let it go to pursue its own views of nature.

The mouse scurried about a yard away from the lion and, turning, made as deep a bow as its own shallowness would permit. "O, Lion, Your Majesty," it quavered, "I beg you to accept my thanks and to be assured that I shall ever be your zealous and faithful friend."

But the lion, no longer *couchant*, had lowered his great head onto his paws and, still instinctively heraldic, though now *dormant*, was snoring in a rather common way.

• • •

Some time later, it happened that the lion was traveling to inspect a wandering herd of zebras and to collect the tourist tax, when he stumbled into a trap set by a rival tax collector named Man. Somehow the lion had allowed his thoughts to stray. How does one explain a busy (and regal) creature's preoccupations? The lion was hungry, and just a bit tired, and just a bit at odds with his lioness, and more than a bit cross with the zebras for not having paid their taxes immediately on arrival in his territories. And, so distracted, he had not noticed the trigger of the trap, and was now hopelessly entangled in an enormous rope net that had fallen upon him out of a long-familiar tree—the very one in fact on which he most liked to sharpen his claws.

How the lion roared in astonishment and dismay!

He roared all night and all day and all the next night, and still he remained entangled in the rope net, and no one came. There were two reasons why no one came. In the first place, the lion had never roared in a way that tended to draw creatures to him. And in the second place, a fly had bitten the rival tax collector named Man, who, as the result of the bite, was lying in a tent some miles away suffering from a fever. Or so he thought of it. Actually, though

"Can you imagine how frustrated parents would be if there wasn't any such word as 'no'?"

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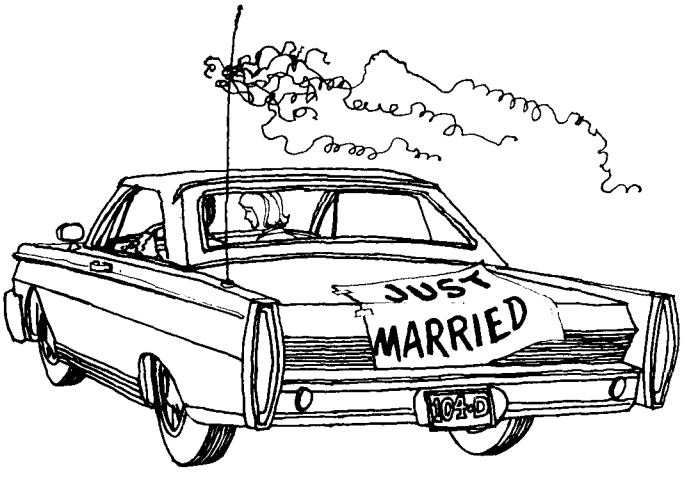
"LIFE IS A SHUTTLE"

–Shakespeare



Marriage is a major stop along the way

A man faces new problems and responsibilities as he embraces the plural way of life.

Now, he will be concerned for the protection of his wife—and of others, as yet unknown. Of a sudden, life insurance becomes a prime investment. In his new station he sees the need for a Will, and perhaps a trust fund, as essential parts of his overall plan for the greater security of his family.

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with some resistance, he was providing a culture medium for a colony of bacteria that was the tax imposed upon the tax-collecting fly by another tax-collector that was not only heraldically insignificant but invisible to the naked eye. And though these are seemingly complicated social relations, they are all, I assure you, true to the kingdom, though the lion was so busy thinking he ruled it that he could not really see it.

The lion roared and roared, as majesty will when it has no definite course of action before it. And finally his roaring reached even the ears of the churchless mouse.

"That," said the mouse to itself, "is certainly the roar of my mighty benefactor."

"Certainly," it continued thinking, sometimes aloud and sometimes to itself, "he is in trouble."

"I must," it concluded in what seemed to it to be a flawless logic, "go to his aid!"

And though it took the mouse a long time to get there, away it went.

• • •

"Great and merciful benefactor," cried the mouse when it had arrived and had seen what trouble the lion was in, "now I can indeed repay your kindness!" And it climbed the net and began to gnaw the ropes.

The ropes were thick and the work was hard but the mouse was zealous and full of all the best concepts of good intent. All that day and all that night and part of the next day, while the lion roared, the mouse gnawed through one rope after another until the last imprisoning strand parted with a twang that broke one of the mouse's teeth and flipped it to the ground on which it lay dazed and exhausted.

But only for an instant. Ever zealous and ever moved by the highest concepts, it shook off its weariness and rose to receive the lion's thanks, saying, "So you see, your majesty, how the least of creatures may be of service to the greatest!"

"So I do," replied the lion. And, perhaps delirious from its long fast, he scooped up the mouse and swallowed it in a gulp that might easily have included half an impala with no real strain.

MORAL (DOMESTIC): When a bestial disposition is part of the encounter, do not put your whole trust in the power of concept.

MORAL (EXPORT): The diet of majesty, like any other, is largely a matter of what choices are available.

Student Publications and the Tufts Plan (or Alma Mater, Yours in Pride): I am not exactly given to wearing fraternal badges and old school ties, but let me subscribe myself not only as a graduate of Tufts but as a very part-time visiting professor and as an alumni member of a special committee on Student Publications.

That committee, I am persuaded, has produced the best statement I have ever seen on university policy toward student publications, and if I have been slow in reporting my enthusiasm I have been so only because I have been traveling rather than tending my desk. My enthusiasm remains as real after my delay as it was when the plan was formally adopted in the spring, and I can think of no better way of saluting the new fall term than by this example of what good

"Hold on, Mother. I'm sure George would like to snarl hello."

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"I cannot be ruled without my consent."

men can produce when they raise themselves to their full height. Not, let me say, that I am ever surprised when Tufts takes a position that stands tall to its own idea of itself. I should be surprised only if it failed to. But if a partisan may be proud of a surprising excellence, why should he not be prouder of that excellence that comes not as a surprise but as normal expectation?

Nor am I wholly old-school partisan in this. Hardly a month goes by during the school year without my hearing that another college has become involved in a narrow-minded and tense incident of censorship of student publications. I have watched many such cases and I have had to conclude that such incidents (except when they involve material the school's attorneys hold to be libelous) are always a consequence of the school's failure to define itself in its own best terms.

Prexy, it always turns out, is afraid of having offended his big givers and, with no thought that they may be narrow-minded old fossils, he placates them at the expense of some undergraduate writer who was trying to fumble into some sort of literary form an idea or an experience that had been important to him.

Prexy is always right, of course, and always an enemy of hope, while the undergraduate is always wrong, of course, but wrong in the grip of that personal commitment without which no hope of art or mind is possible. May the example of good men arm lesser ones against their own cowardice.

I have it in mind that Harvard performed just such a service soon after World War II. At that time, students taking ROTC were required to take a pledge that they would report to their superiors any evidence of subversive activity. This side of a new Hitler *Jungend*, it should have seemed obvious that no self-respecting college could function under the burden of such a spy apparatus. Yet no school seems to have had the courage to protest until Harvard announced flatly that either the pledge or ROTC would have to go. And as a result of Harvard's action, the "spy-report" provision was stricken not only from the Harvard ROTC program but from every campus ROTC program in the country.

A similar good may well follow when a university with the prestige of Tufts announces its own clear and principled reasons for refusing to censor student publications. May schools that have been unsure of themselves take courage from excellent example, and may they even be moved to re-imagine themselves as guardians not only of public relations but of idea itself. Whatever the standing of the school, I shall insist that the Tufts Plan is compulsory reading for all college and university administrators who have any serious intent as educators. Here is its official wording:

> It is the duty of editors and advisers to keep student publications at a level that brings credit to the University. This responsibility lies initially with the board of editors of each publication, which considers all the material submitted and whose approval is requisite for publication. The board of editors will wish to consult closely with its adviser reasonably in advance of printers' deadlines, and whenever any doubt remains with respect to suitability for publication the board of editors will discuss the doubtful matter with an advisory committee.
>
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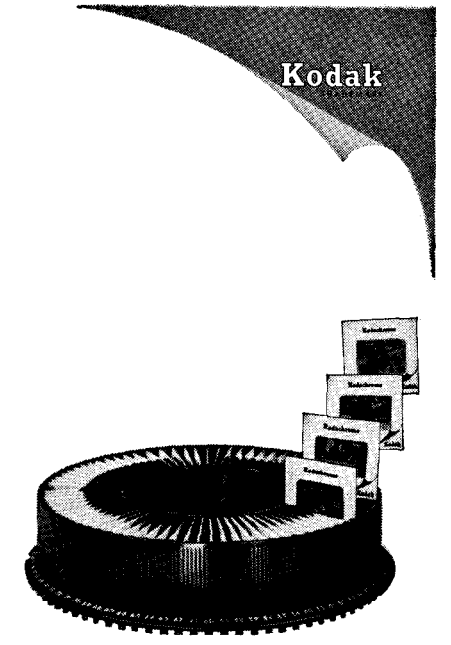

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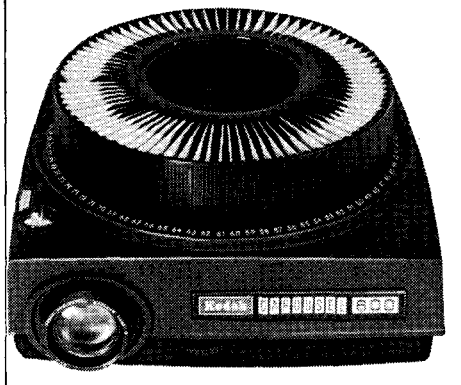

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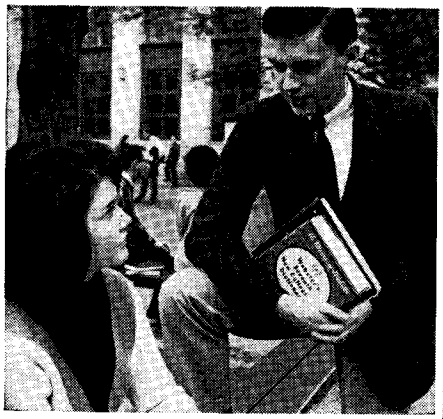

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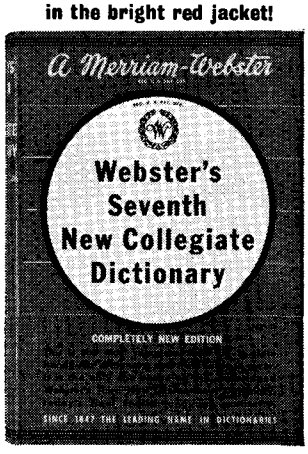

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experience. Such writers, moreover, are likely to be moved by powerful emotions. In the history of all literatures the madmen have shared at least equal honors with the calmly reasoned.

It sometimes happens that the disproportions of student writing, as they spring onto the page from the unmanaged or half-managed compulsions of the writer, offend the more literal and less venturesome attitudes of the community. It can follow then that the "image" of the University will suffer in the eyes of the community; particularly so since this difference between the language-intoxicated young seeker and the more stable community around him is one that can be readily distorted to sensationalism by rumor and journalism.

The University is a stable and central member of that community. But in its dedication to ideas and to their pursuit for their own sake it must also stand *in loco parentis* to the young man, and even to the young madman who has plunged into the wild sea of language and experience in the hope of floundering toward some vision of life.

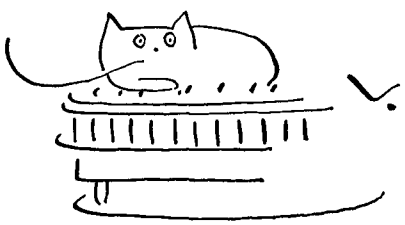
Unless we are prepared to defend him at those times when his compulsion toward the honesty of his vision, no matter how mismanaged, brings him into conflict with the more sedate views of the community, we cannot wish him well in his seeking, nor can we fulfil our purposes as a University.

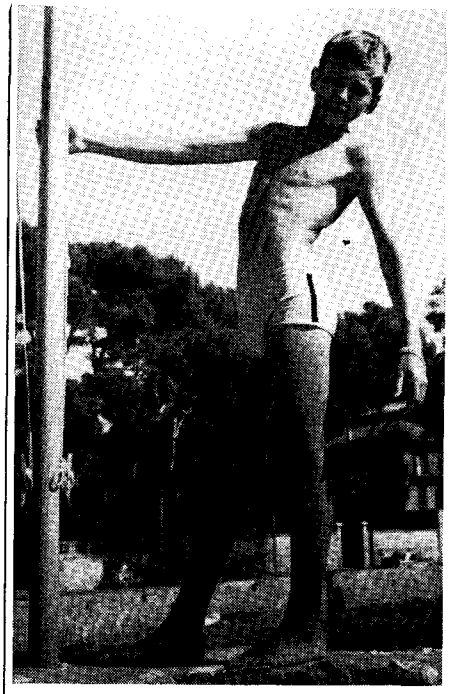
The University, therefore, will not act as a censor. The right to publish student and other writings is vested in the principal editor of each of the three student publications and three faculty advisers whose decision is subject to no revision by the University. These editors and advisers have been chosen in good faith and we cannot fail to believe that they will act in good faith. It is the University policy, moreover, that in case of a tie vote the final decision shall rest with the student editor.

The University is aware that a decision so reached may not be the decision the faculty and the administration would have reached. It is even conceivable that a decision so reached may be embarrassing to the University. Freedom, however, must include not only the freedom to choose, but the freedom to make honest mistakes when personal conviction is at stake. The University believes that its enduring function is better served by freedom than by censorship.

And having once appeared as a signatory in such high company, let me detach myself to sign this page—in the sort of pride that reason can honor.

—JOHN CIARDI.





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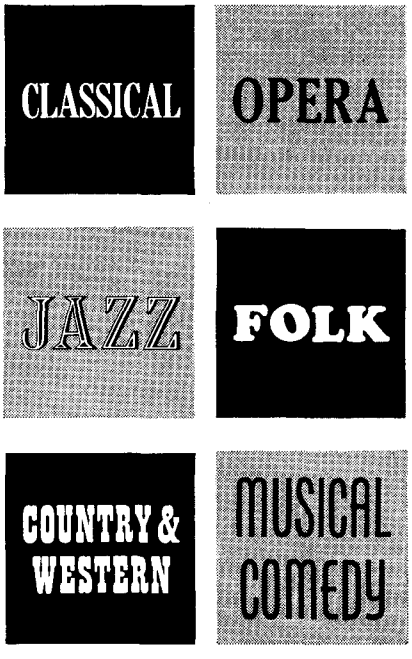

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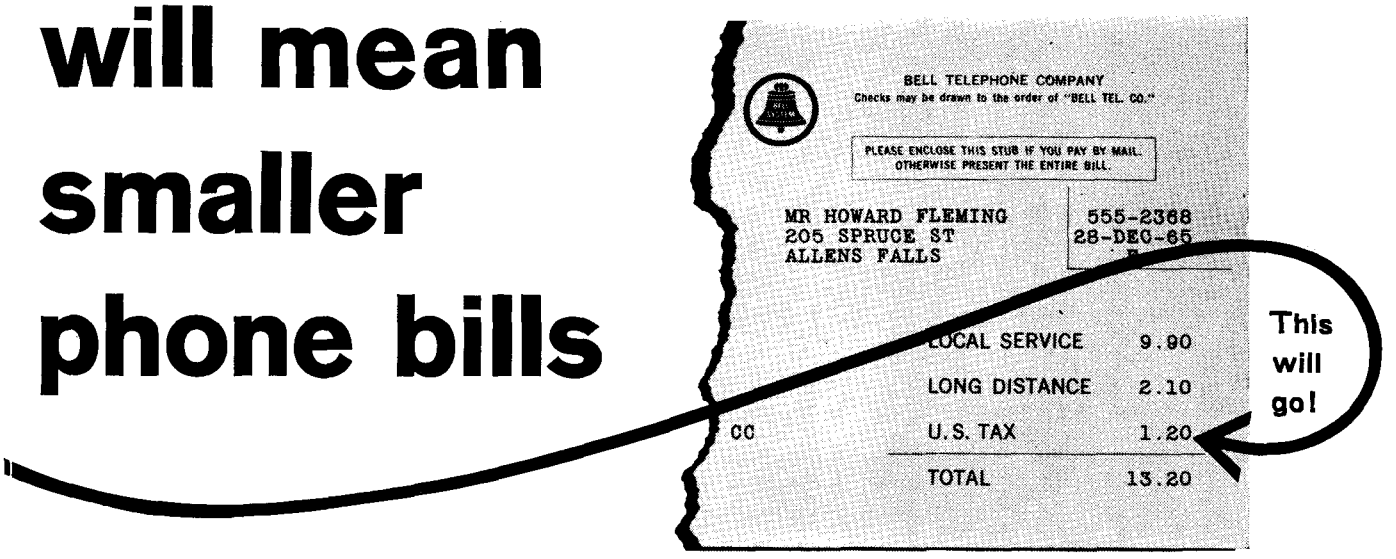

The phone bills you receive beginning January 1, 1966, will reflect a cut from the present 10% to 3% in the Federal excise tax on your service, both local and Long Distance.

The saving in a year's time will amount to almost the cost of a month's telephone service.

That's good news, with more to come. On each succeeding January 1, an additional 1% cut will occur, so that by 1969, the entire 10% Federal excise tax on telephone service will be ended.

No excise tax revenues have ever gone to the telephone company. Instead, over the years, we have merely collected the money for the United States government.

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Saturday Review
September 11, 1965

Taking the National Pulse

The chairman of the President's Commission on National Goals of 1960 reviews five crucial years of American history and reports on how far we have traveled

By HENRY M. WRISTON

THERE ARE times when it is necessary to take stock to see whether public policy has conscious purpose or mere momentum. A few years ago the astounding progress of science and technology seemed to be propelling us at great and accelerating speed but with inadequate control by moral and intellectual purpose. There arose a surge of doubt—to steal a phrase from Tom Paine—about whether we had abandoned good principles or, indeed, whether we had ever had any.

So it happened that in 1960 there were three separate efforts to determine where we were, where we were headed, and whether the direction was determined by rational choice or technological compulsion. Impressive studies under the auspices of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund were published under the title *Prospect for America*. There was a series of articles in *Life* on "The National Purpose," and, finally, there was the President's Commission on National Goals. The three were launched wholly independently of one another, though participants in each had some hand in one or both of the other two.

The Commission on National Goals, with which we are concerned here, was appointed by President Eisenhower but by his direction was left entirely to its own devices. It was privately financed, directed independently of the government, and its report was an expression of opinion by men no one of whom held official position at that time. The Commission operated as a single group expressing its opinion upon a wide range of national goals.

A strong central staff worked intimately with the Commission. At the first session the members set clear policy guidelines. Essays were prepared for the Commission's consideration. The understanding was that the Commission would feel perfectly free to express its own views, even when they were radically different from those of the authors who had been commissioned to write.

THE Commission members did not seek to assume the role of prophets foretelling the future. The suggestion that they should attempt to predict where the nation would be in 1976—the bicentennial of the Declaration of Independence—was rejected as beyond their powers. As men seasoned by experience they were aware that prior efforts at prognostication had looked ridiculous even a few years after they were made.

Nor did they regard themselves as so singularly wise that their words were weighty enough to tip the balance in favor of one course of action rather than another. Nevertheless, considering that the Commission consisted of eleven men, the range of their experience and activities was extraordinary. Some had been in politics, one as a governor; several had educational experience, but none had confined his interest to that field; there were industrialists, but they were men whose extra-business activities were distinguished in music and outstanding in natural history; there were men who had been active in research in science, the social sciences, and the humanities; there was a military man of high distinction who had equal standing as a leader in humanitarian endeavor; two were experts in labor matters; there were lawyers, one a jurist of outstanding reputation, who, though his health required him to retire before the report was completed, nevertheless exercised a decisive influence upon its course; there was diplomatic experience at the ambassadorial level; and a former presidential adviser on science, a civilian who had held high post in the Pentagon; a journalist of very wide experience and influence in the business world. Indeed, it would be hard to duplicate so small a group with such broad and catholic interests and activities.

Yet they felt no temptation to believe that wisdom would die with them. Their self-portrait was of a group of men who had lived long in the land, who had extraordinarily diverse experiences and sharply contrasting political outlooks and philosophies of life. They sought to make a sober analysis, stressing perspective; then they expressed reasoned opinions. They strove by lively discussion to reach as much consensus as possible. Each was encouraged to state his dissents; every member exercised that privilege at least once. A fundamental idea governed them: without some consensus there can be no progress; likewise, without critical deviation there is no progress.

With no derogation of its value, the authors of essays were not asked to undertake elaborate new research. Instead, those selected were familiar with research at first hand, and their obliga-

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tion was to make use of the most advanced knowledge in a particular field. They were then to suggest the next steps that should be taken.

Each author had a panel of expert critics, several of whom might as well have been chosen as authors. Practically all panels included members of the Commission, though their names were not mentioned repeatedly in the several rosters.

From my own experience in writing a chapter and from participating in a number of panels, I can testify that criticisms were severe. Some of the very best chapters were completely rewritten as a consequence of long and lively debate. Nevertheless, when the discussion was concluded, each author retained full and final responsibility for the contents of his chapter.

THE product became a handbook on American problems and suggestions for an approach to their solution. No work of like compass, written with so much authority and available at nominal cost, had ever before been prepared. To the expert in any given field there was nothing startlingly new; on the other hand, no volume of like size contained so much that was new to the layman—and the expert is a layman outside his own field. The importance of the volume lay in its aggregate perspective, its time setting, its fresh approach to public information, public interest, and public discussion.

Then came consideration by the Commission. The discussions among its members were long and vigorous. Much of the final report was written by members of the Commission themselves; there was no passive signing of staff prose, however good. Nor was there routine acceptance of the proposals of the experts. In some instance the deviation was conspicuous. In the end the Commission summarized its thought in fifteen recommendations.

It was extraordinary that although the report was prepared in the midst of a national political campaign not one word was spoken about partisan positions. In this the Commission obeyed the mandate of the President not to let partisanship enter. The members did not know how each of the others voted, save in a few instances where a public stand had earlier been taken.

To one newspaper, the result seemed a program for Nixon if elected; the *Manchester Guardian*, on the other hand, called it a program for Kennedy. It was neither; its central purpose was to serve as a basis for widespread discussion. This was reflected in the circulation of the book, which came to the extraordinary total of over 225,000 copies. It was also manifested in widespread discussion.

"Sorry, but I'm just about to float a loan, myself."

The American Assembly, which administered the discussion program, arranged thirteen regional assemblies across the country. They involved close to a thousand leaders of opinion. Local assemblies ran into the many hundreds and led thousands more to participate. Moreover, manuals were prepared, and a very large number of assemblies were held by colleges and high schools, by clubs, church groups, and many others. This saturation program of informed discussion was regarded as of primary significance by the Commission. Each assembly, however large or small, was encouraged to reach its own conclusions after studying the essays and the report. Each group was urged to set down its own proposals. The purpose was to stimulate thinking in concrete rather than vague terms.

The democratic dialectic is an absolute necessity for effective government. It should not be confined to political campaigns or be aimed primarily at votes. Failure to make private and public debate a continuous process accounts, in part at least, for the unreasonable length of our Presidential campaigns. If public discussion of urgent questions were more nearly continuous, campaigns could be shorter and would not leave both electorate and candidates exhausted. Since widespread consideration of public questions was the first objective of the Commission, it was strikingly successful. The volume is still actively used as a basis for local sessions.

The second objective was to lay great stress on distributive leadership. There is constant complaint that the cities are being swallowed by the states and the states by the federal government. The chapter on the federal system proved to be one of the most enlightening in the volume. It showed the very great degree to which the functions of local, state, and federal activities have long been intermingled, and are increasingly so. It dramatized the need for wider distribution of initiative.

The press often gives the impression that all leadership comes—or should come—from the President. Unfortunately, the myth is not discouraged by the White House. The essence of political leadership is to watch a consensus develop, perhaps stimulate it, then, when the time is ripe, crystallize it in a concrete plan of action. Presidential leadership is partly real and partly a dramatization of forces already at work.

This can be demonstrated in a myriad of ways. One of the most dramatic was supplied by Franklin Roosevelt. In a Chicago speech he proposed the quarantine of aggressors. The proposition fell flat; it was put forward at the wrong place (the center of isolationist sentiment) and at the wrong time. Not all his popularity or charm could overcome

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public unreadiness. Yet two years later the end he sought was attained with little difficulty.

If the leadership of the President were the whole reality, the democratic thesis would have been proved wrong. What applies to the role of the President is relevant, in different measure, to the Congress and the courts. A phrase occurs in the Goals essay on foreign affairs: "The United States is omnipresent but not omnipotent." It is so with the federal government; it is everywhere but not everywhere dominant. Not everything significant in public policy finds its expression, much less its origin, in the District of Columbia. Without wide distributive leadership the federal government itself would collapse. The most serious threats to personal liberty, reflected in critical issues before the Supreme Court, do not arise so much from federal action as from the states, and from localities and local agencies, such as school boards.

One Commission goal was the reduction in the number of school boards from 40,000 to about 10,000. This could not be a federal project; it should be stimulated by the states, but primary responsibility rests with local initiative. The reform, though vital, bore no dollar sign; therefore it gained no headlines—a reminder that the urgently important is not always dramatic and may not qualify as "news."

The black type stresses federal billions as though all problems were economic—a kind of unconscious obeisance to Karl Marx. Money alone might, indeed, make matters worse, for if "school aid" were to be distributed through 40,000 school boards, it would prove not only wasteful because of bureaucratic friction but also would pour money into channels unqualified for its wise expenditure. The process of consolidating school districts under better professional management and wiser citizen supervision has been proceeding apace, as the Commission hoped. Distributive leadership is slowly winning, not as rapidly as Utopians demand but not as slowly as pessimists predicted.

A concomitant need—also in process of being met—is a vast betterment of the departments of education in the fifty states. In many, the chief educational offices have been political plums distributed as patronage; in others the chief officer reached his post not on the basis of professional competence but by elections that were mere popularity contests. Progress in reform since the report of the Commission has been substantial—through distributive leadership.

The Commission called for distributive responsibility in rewriting state constitutions that had fallen sadly out of date. The press has given a great deal of attention to rural dominance. Much of the difficulty arose from failure of state legislatures to obey the stipulations of their own constitutions, which required periodic redistricting. Local initiative for reform was so scandalously laggard that the Supreme Court felt impelled to put in train redress of gross neglect in this matter. But the full realization of the doctrine of one man, one vote would take care of only one aspect of the modernization state governments require.

"Goodbye, dear. Have mercy."

THERE are state constitutions that can only be described as utter abominations. Some are so old that they make modern state government virtually impossible. Others have been made so long and so detailed that they have been turned into by-laws rather than constitutions. California supplies an instance: at each election there is a long list of referenda proposing changes. The state needs a constitution that is a frame of government, leaving to the legislative process the details that now encumber, rather than facilitate, action. Between constitutions that have defaulted upon urgent change and others that are altered so rapidly that they defy consistent judicial interpretation, there is a happy mean.

So long as the Tenth Amendment is part of the Constitution, so long must the structure of state constitutions rest upon local initiative. Those who have cried aloud against the "encroachment" of the federal government upon the powers of the states have it within their own power and responsibility to shape adequate frames of government. That would reduce the need for federal action.

The demand for distributive responsibility was not limited to political matters. The report laid stress upon the necessity for better distribution of economic power. Once corporations had been dominant; there was a time, for example, when the railroads ruled New Hampshire. The novels of the American Winston Churchill were eloquent on the subject. The antitrust acts saved free enterprise in the United States. Now we have attained a balance, albeit very rough, between labor and management. The Commission called for further decentralization of power so that no one man, let us say Jimmy Hoffa, should be able to bring transportation virtually to a halt across the whole United States. That would be intolerable. There needs to be still further decentralization of authority over our economic life.

The call for distributive responsibility appears in what was said about pressure groups. The founders of our Constitution had no conception of the role of political parties. We do not have national political parties but a loose, once-in-four-years affiliation of an ill-assorted group of local parties gathered under two names.

Governor Rockefeller actually admitted the day after the last election that there were fifty Republican parties. He could have said the same of the Democratic Party. The several elements within each party do not believe in the same things. In what used to be a one-party state like New Hampshire, there could simultaneously be one radical Republican like Tobey and a conservative like Styles Bridges.

Without national parties, the energy for specific solutions often comes from

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pressure groups. The term "pressure group" is sometimes properly used as a pejorative, for some represent narrow selfish interests that spend too much money. On the other hand, many pressure groups are wholly devoted to the public interest. One such sought the repeal of the Connally Amendment. There was the Committee on the Present Danger and the Committee for the United Nations. The list is very long. If a citizen does not like a specific pressure group, he can organize another. In that way constituents can be heard by Congressmen and public attention can be focused upon some vital issue.

In the first eleven sections of the report, "Goals at Home," the attainment of practically every desired end required local and individual leadership. Federal participation is not adequate to achieve any of the domestic goals. This remains true even where the dollar sign was used. Not all expenditures are to be federal, nor should they be dominant. Take education, for example; the report called for an extra $33 billion in the Sixties. Of that amount, $7 billion was to come from private sources; it is in process of doing so. Most of the rest was to come from municipal, still more from state, and some from federal funds —more than in 1960, but not so much more relative to the Gross National Product.

Urban renewal offers another example. Too often it has been discussed as though federal responsibility were primary. But where something distinctive has been achieved, as in Pittsburgh, local initiative supplied the drive, though the federal government did indeed participate. In New Haven, local initiative and local money were essential; then the federal government came in. There are many places in the United States for which federal money is available but not enough local leadership to start the work. To discount local and individual responsibility and turn too frequently to Washington is the most terrible mistake we can make.

There was no temptation on the part of the Commission to underestimate either the need for, or the power of, Presidential leadership. There is clear proof of this in the recommendation that the President have effective control over a Senior Civil Service. It received no attention in the press, again because it did not involve a large appropriation of funds.

The Civil Service of the United States was designed for a necessary, but not a central, purpose. It is essentially a security-of-job service intended to keep patronage within limits. There is, however, no way by which the President can control its senior professional administrative officers. Congress has kept a tight grip upon the Civil Service. Therefore the Executive has tended to avoid the use of civil servants for high posts in administration.

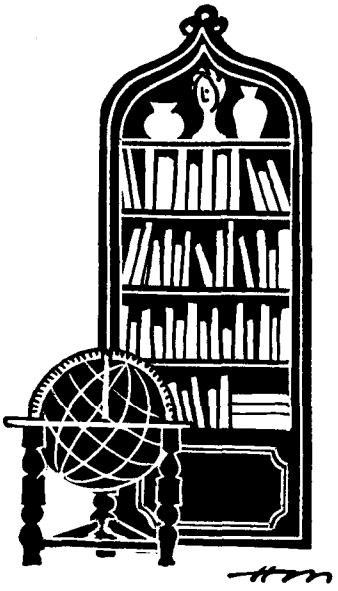
If we wish stable administration of high caliber, there must be a professional Senior Civil Service. Its function should not be to form policy but to carry out administratively the policies determined by the political officers. We are now accustomed to this in the armed services. We used to have political generals; there are none today. Similarly, we have professional Foreign Service Officers who serve one administration after another without partisanship.

President Johnson has announced that he is going to appoint a new commission to establish realistic goals and set forth methods for their attainment in order to develop the Great Society. His action validates the decision of the earlier Commission on National Goals not to try to peer too far into the future. They realized that the swift progress of events would demand new programs.

ONE final question must be raised: how effective was the work of the Commission that functioned during 1960? If one looks at their fifteen recommendations in a statistical mood a case could be made that it was extremely effective.

Since that time, the first goal, the status of the individual, has become a matter of prime public concern at many levels. Giant steps have been taken toward the second goal, which was a better quality of citizenship, and toward the third goal, which was to make the functioning of the democratic process more real at many levels.

The fourth goal was that "education at every level and in every discipline" should "be strengthened and its effectiveness enhanced." The Commission demanded "greater resources—private, corporate, municipal, state, and federal" for that purpose. In the years since, individual and corporate giving and municipal, state, and federal appropriations have advanced at a rapid pace.



The fifth goal related to the arts and sciences. The sciences have continued to prosper and the emphasis upon basic research has been strengthened. Now the humanities are in the process of having a federal foundation established for their promotion. As for the visual and performing arts, they also have had fresh resources and enormous energy, partly from foundations and individuals, but also from city, state, and federal activity.

The sixth goal was a more democratic economy, with "the centers of economic power . . . as diffused and as balanced as possible." There has been some progress in this respect, but neither as great nor as intelligent as seems desirable. However, the barriers to the employment of women have certainly been lowered—although not as rapidly as is desirable. The Commission recognized that so sweeping a social change could not be attained overnight.

The seventh goal was economic growth. That has been achieved, along with "the avoidance of marked inflation." There has been increasing investment in the public sector, as the Commission foresaw; taxes have been reduced, but the "overhaul of the tax system" has been laggard.

The eighth goal was technological change. It has continued its swift advance; adaptation to change has been significant, though not as effective as it should have been.

The ninth goal was concerned with agriculture. In this area the Congress has clung to policies and procedures that retard the goal of "a supply-demand equilibrium to permit the market, with a fair return to farmers, to determine the manpower and capital committed to this sector of the economy." The Commission did not expect the early attainment of this ideal; it stated that "to avoid shock to the economy, this goal should be approached by gradual stages." It can hardly be claimed that serious progress has been made.

The tenth goal referred to remedying slum conditions, reversing the process of deterioration and ending the necessity for low-income groups to concentrate in decaying areas. There has certainly been new awareness of the necessity for action. A great deal has been started; no one can put calipers upon progress and give a precise measure. While there has been marked advance in some places, others have continued to deteriorate.

The eleventh goal had to do with health and welfare. In this sector enormous strides have been made, but much

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more in promises to pay medical costs than in providing enough doctors, nurses, hospitals, and other medical facilities to achieve the goal.

Turning to goals abroad, the first was to attain a healthy world economy by removing many restrictions on free trade. This required not only American action, but the cooperation of many others. Progress has been painfully slow, and the United States has not done as much as it should.

The Commission called for continuing aid to less developed nations; that has been done, and in the last five years we have also encouraged "large numbers of qualified Americans to live and work abroad" in industry, the Peace Corps, private philanthropy, and in many other activities.

The Soviet threat declined for a time but again is rising; the "blatant hostility" of Communist China continues. We have maintained our military alliances but they have shown evidences of decay, which we have not adequately combatted.

The limitation and control of nuclear weapons was set down as a goal. The test-ban treaty was an important step in that direction, but further progress will require the cooperation of other nations. The same is true of progress on the final goal, the development of the United Nations as "the chief instrument for building a genuine community of nations." The astounding growth in the membership of the United Nations has put strains upon its resources and upon the patience of everyone. The United States has clung to the objectives of the world organization under extremely difficult circumstances but not always with adequate wisdom or vigor.

On the basis of this inventory, it can be said that progress has been made in achieving the goals set forth. When, however, one asks how much influence the report of the Commission had in producing the results, the answer must be that there is no method of determining, nor would the members of the Commission have had it otherwise. They sought to make a contribution but did not expect miracles. To try to weigh in the balance all the intangibles involved in the record since 1960 would be a futile enterprise. In my judgment, the conclusion must be only that the effort was well worth while.

What we as a nation are attempting has never been assayed before—namely, a democracy of continental dimensions functioning as the major power in the world. This is something absolutely new; therefore the problems we face are enormously difficult. We must all hope that the new Commission appointed by President Johnson will similarly accept a modest role and participate in a still greater success.

Poverty's Neglected Battlefront

By JULES WITCOVER

NEARLY A YEAR after the Johnson Administration declared war on poverty in America, the nation's communities—and more significantly its legal profession—still have not taken the obvious step of making the courtroom a major battleground.

In the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, Congress authorized federal grants to provide legal services for the poor. But in the first nine months of the antipoverty program, only 2 per cent of all applications from community groups included provisions for legal aid. To date, only thirteen cities have legal service projects in their antipoverty programs. And within the American Bar Association, the lawyer's role in the poverty war is ensnarled in a discussion of ethics and independence.

For nearly a century the legal profession has been dispensing advice and service to the poor through legal aid and defender societies. But only a small fraction of the poor has ever been reached. For many poor people, confused and intimidated by any unfamiliar environment, a remote downtown legal aid office might just as well be on the moon. And for those to whom the law has been only an oppressor, the notion that it also can be marshaled for their benefit is totally alien. The image of the lawyer held in poor neighborhoods—expensive, busy, apathetic, or even hostile to the poor—has persuaded most indigent Americans to accept the cliché that the poor have no rights.

In the sense that a rich man can afford counsel and a poor man cannot, that a rich man can post bond and a poor man cannot, the legal process is discriminatory on its face. When this discrimination is compounded by remoteness of lawyers and the courts, and by ignorance of the law and of the availability of free legal help, it is easier to understand why the poor believe the law works only one way—against them. If the war on poverty is to be waged in the courtrooms—against slum landlords, loan and credit sharks, unjust welfare administrators, lax public housing inspectors, arbitrary law enforcement officers—the poor must be persuaded first of all that the law works both ways.

Even before the Administration's war on poverty started, a few independent efforts were being made to break through the poor man's fear and distrust of the law and lawyers. In New Haven, New York, Washington, and Boston, projects have been undertaken to put lawyers directly into low-income

"We wouldn't be losing a daughter. We would be gaining a son for whom a half-dozen major league clubs are frantically bidding."

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neighborhoods, where they can be seen and appraised by the skeptical poor. Neighborhood law centers have been established, staffed by salaried lawyers, where a man can walk in off the street and get help. And neighborhood social workers, who in the past have often been tempted or obliged to dispense ersatz legal advice, can steer people with legal problems to the centers.

These projects, though promising, have not resolved some key problems. Lawyers have always been sensitive about their independence and about the ethical ground rules that guide their conduct. A program that would make them part of an antipoverty team with semiprofessionals and the poor themselves could crowd the lawyers' independence. And more significantly, a program that reaches out to clients and encourages them to initiate litigation severely tests the ethical canons that have guided lawyers for the last sixty years.

The American Bar Association in February pledged its support to the war on poverty and appointed a twelve-man committee to review the ABA's canons on ethics and to report by 1967. Meanwhile, the Office of Economic Opportunity is pushing hard to bring legal-service applications up to the pace of other antipoverty efforts. OEO and the Department of Justice conducted a National Conference on Law and Poverty in Washington from June 23 to 25, at which 500 lawyers, antipoverty officials, law professors, and social workers defined the main problems in recruiting the legal profession into the poverty war. Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach and Associate Justice Arthur J. Goldberg urged modifications of the canons if they stand in the way.

The ABA's pledge of support and initiative in reviewing the canons were offered as indications of the profession's good intentions. But some OEO officials and lawyers see the emphasis on overcoming ethical impediments as an effort by the ABA and the National Legal Aid and Defender Association to cool off OEO's pressures to get lawyers into poor neighborhoods in a hurry. There are five key canons affecting the approach of the neighborhood law center; OEO officials contend that the five as now written already are compatible with neighborhood law practice.

Canons 27 and 28 are the most pertinent to the enlistment of anti-poverty lawyers. Canon 27 says "it is unprofessional to solicit professional employment by circulars, advertisements, through touters or by personal communications. . . ." Canon 28 says "it is unprofessional for a lawyer to volunteer advice to bring a lawsuit. It is disreputable . . . to breed litigation by seeking out those with claims for personal injuries or those having any other grounds of action in order to secure them as clients, or to employ agents or runners for like purposes."

The other three pertinent canons touch on the lawyer's participation on an antipoverty team that presumably would pool its resources and information about an individual to tackle his problems across the board. Canon 35 says that "the professional services of a lawyer should not be controlled or exploited by any lay agency . . . which intervenes between client and lawyer." Canon 37 states that "it is the duty of a lawyer to preserve his client's confidences" and Canon 47 says "no lawyer shall permit his professional services or his name to be used in aid of, or to make possible, the unauthorized practice of law by any lay agency. . . ." Proponents of the neighborhood law center note that Canon 35 excepts "charitable societies rendering aid to the indigent" and that Canon 37 permits use of a client's confidences with his knowledge and consent. But the first exception has come to mean standard legal aid societies in which lawyers volunteer their services, and the permission to use confidences with knowledge and consent could become an abuse in dealing with the unwary poor.

TWO Supreme Court cases in the last three years appear to have strengthened the case for neighborhood law centers. In *NAACP v. Button* in 1963, the court saw no unethical conduct when lawyers, hired by a group, encouraged parents to begin school desegregation suits and offered to represent them. And in *Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen v. Virginia* last year, the court had no argument with union representatives advising injured workers to reject company settlement offers and to go to court, using union-selected lawyers. In both cases, the court rejected the idea that unethical solicitation and stirring up of litigation were involved or that the NAACP and the Brotherhood were "lay intermediaries" forbidden under Canon 35.

Advocates of the neighborhood law center cite these two cases as ample justification for proceeding now, rather than waiting for the 1967 report of the ABA committee. But even if the questions of ethics can be brushed aside, one other issue will remain that could split the profession: involvement of the poor themselves in administration of the centers.

The Economic Opportunity Act requires that all community action programs—legal service projects included—be "developed, conducted and administered with the maximum feasible participation of residents of the areas and members of the groups served." OEO has decided that this provision normally means that approximately one-third of the governing board be direct representatives of the poor. Theodore M. Berry, director of the OEO's community action section, told the recent national conference that poor-man representation is more than a matter of satisfying the antipoverty law; that it is crucial to the effort to break down skepticism of the poor. Berry insisted that the governing board of a law center would not decide purely legal questions nor would it interfere with an individual lawyer's handling of any case. But the profession itself is skeptical. Theodore Voorhees, president of the National Legal Aid and Defender Association, told the same conference: "We favor involvement of the local beneficiaries of the program, although their contribution would seem to be advisory and not in the realm of administration. We also recognize the realities of the political world but again suggest that legal services will be better left in the hands of the professionals."

Existing neighborhood law centers as well as those OEO hopes to encourage are endangered by the issue. Washington's project, which already has a staff of twenty-one paid lawyers working out of six slum-area law offices, has no representatives of the poor on its fourteen-member governing board. The OEO position is that the Washington project must give evidence of compliance by the time its $90,000 OEO contract is up for renewal on August 31, or lose its federal money.

Finally, there is one other compelling reason for the legal profession to resolve these basically internal issues. As the poor themselves are becoming more involved in all phases of the antipoverty program—particularly through militant neighborhood action groups—the prospect for do-it-yourself law is growing. Professor Julian H. Levi of the University of Chicago warned the Washington conference that the technique of the rent strike "determines rights between landlord and tenant not in the courtroom . . . but on the street in bitterness and anger." The warning was clear: if lawyers don't wage war on poverty in the courts, an alternative is for the poor to wage it in the streets—with or without benefit of legal counsel.

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The Trial and Death of Socrates

By KENNETH REXROTH

FOUR DIALOGUES of Plato tell of the last days of Socrates. *Euthyphro* is a conversation with a self-righteous bigot of the New Morality before the judgment hall. The *Apology* is a record of Socrates's trial and his three speeches in his defense. *Crito* is a conversation with a devoted disciple who visits Socrates in prison the night before his death to persuade him to accept the escape his friends have arranged. *Phaedo* is a conversation with a few disciples during the last hours before his death.

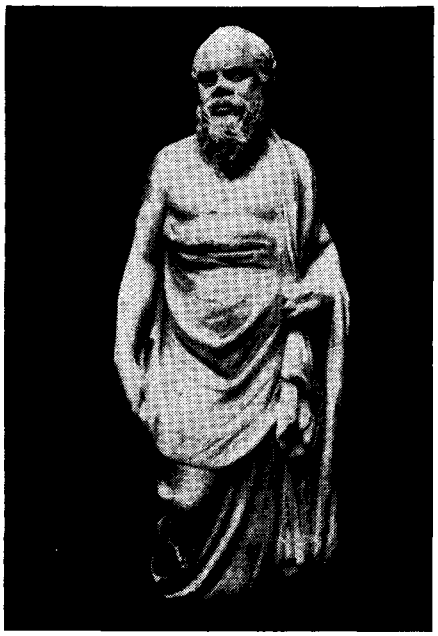
It is certain that Plato wrote these dialogues at wide intervals and not in that order. Too, the contrast between what Socrates says about the immortality of the soul in the *Apology,* where he is agnostic, and the *Phaedo,* where he devotes his last conversation to dialectic proofs of immortality and a description of the future life, raises most sharply the disputed question as to where in Plato's writings the real Socrates leaves off and Socrates the mouthpiece of Platonism begins. Even the prose style differs. The *Apology* is rough and colloquial. The *Phaedo* may well be the most beautiful, carefully constructed prose ever written in any language. Yet the four dialogues hold together as an artistic unity, a systematically developed tragedy whose impact on the conscience of Western man has been surpassed only by the equally incongruent narratives of the passion of Christ in the four Gospels. We cannot get behind the *Phaedo* to the last hours of a simpler Socrates, as there is no simple story of the Crucifixion. The trial and death of Socrates was not only a tragic moment in the conscience of mankind. It was a pivot in the history of civilization.

Euthyphro is Socrates's own foolish disciple. He proposes to denounce his father for murder because a slave whom he had imprisoned had died, possibly of neglect. He can claim the sanction of Socrates's lifelong analysis of the social morality and motivations of the citizens of Athens for his act, for he seems to himself to speak for the gods of justice, for a city-state governed by abstract law and against the tribal loyalties of the family. In fact he speaks for the moral vulgarity and lack of sensibility of Socrates's accusers. Socrates is amused and shocked. His irony is aroused and he engages Euthyphro in a discussion of the meaning of piety, its relation to the gods and the community, which causes Euthyphro to run off in confusion. Socrates proceeds to judgment.

Though the *Apology* is self-sufficient, like the Lord's Prayer it can be enriched endlessly by historical and moral exegesis. It was not what Socrates's accusers expected. His defense was an attack. His speeches were judgments of his judges. He insisted on honoring the law. He refused to suggest exile instead of death. The night before his execution his opponents still hoped he would manage to escape.

THE reason for the trial is never stated. Many of Socrates's disciples had been sympathizers and eventual agents of Sparta during the long and disastrous war that had destroyed the morale of the Golden Age of Pericles, Sophocles, and Phidias. Alcibiades had been the most licentious, unprincipled leader of the democracy; Critias, Plato's uncle, the most rapacious and violent of the oligarchy. Both had been traitors, deserters to Sparta. After the destruction of Athens as the maritime and mercantile power of the eastern Mediterranean, Critias had been one of the Spartan puppet rulers, the Thirty Tyrants, who had executed possibly 8 per cent of the male citizens. Those who voted to condemn Socrates represented the restored democratic mercantile interest, but they dared not charge him with being a leader of the friends of Sparta because all political crimes had been amnestied when their party took power. This is the meaning of the ambiguous indictment that he had corrupted the youth of Athens.

The second charge, that he did not believe in the old gods but had introduced new religious ideas, was pure demagogy. No one was required to believe in the gods as Christians believe in their creeds. Socrates had always been scrupulous in observance of every accepted principle and practice of community life. From this questioning he had developed a civic and personal morality founded on reason rather than custom. He envisaged it as subject to continuous criticism and revaluation in terms of the ever-expanding freedom of morally autonomous but cooperating persons, who together made up a community whose characteristic aim was an organically growing depth, breadth, intensity of experience—experience finally of that ultimate reality characterized by Socrates as good, true, and beautiful.



Socrates—resolved in joy.

The accusers were right. This is a new religion which bears scant resemblance to the old. Civic piety is founded on the recognition of ignorance and the nurture of the soul until it becomes capable of true knowledge—which is a state of being, a moral condition called freedom. The Greek city-state, much less the tribal community, knew nothing of freedom in this sense, but only the liberty that distinguished the free man from the slave. To this day there is no word for freedom in those languages shaped by classic law—only *liberté.* The sanctions of any static community—tribal, barbaric, or feudal, are not moral principles deduced from the interaction of self-controlled free persons. They are irrational powers embodied in myth and derived from organic relationships of family, and loyalty in battle, designed to keep the inrush of disturbing experience of novel scope and intensity to a minimum. From the point of view of ancient, conventional Athens, both the overt and unmentioned accusations were justified.

The Socrates of these four dialogues finds opportunity to state or imply all those ideas which we think of as essentially Socratic. Virtue is knowledge. Evil is ignorance. No man willingly does wrong. The essential being of each man is his soul, the spiritual form of his moral integrity. Powerful, but not conclusive arguments can be constructed for its pre-existence and immortality. Things are not what they seem. The waste of value, the power of evil, the triumph of injustice, falsehood, and ugliness are illusory. Behind the apparent world the cosmos is good, true, beautiful and rational, and so is its own principle of

(*Continued on page* 85)

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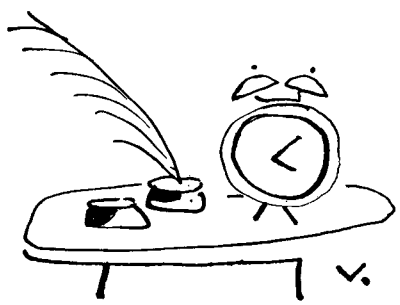
What Goes On in the Sky?

ON VARIOUS occasions during the past year, President Lyndon B. Johnson has stressed the importance of continuity in United States foreign policy. One aspect of that continuity is now in question. We refer to the policy of President Dwight D. Eisenhower and President John F. Kennedy on the need to avoid a nightmarish danger of colossal dimensions to the American people and the world's peoples in general. This danger arose the moment man discovered he was able to liberate himself from earth's gravity and go cruising in space. For this development meant that space stations could become the orbiting carriers of atomic weapons, putting the entire planet under the nuclear gun.

President Eisenhower was the first to warn of this Orwellian horror. He spoke of the very real possibility of accident or miscalculation that could trigger an unspeakable holocaust. And even without accident or miscalculation, weapons in orbit would convert the sky into a grim canopy. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan fully supported President Eisenhower's declaration against nuclear weapons in space.

On coming to office, President Kennedy gave high priority to the need for effective agreements aimed at preventing military spacecraft from occupying outer space. Both through the United Nations and through direct negotiations with Premier Nikita Khrushchev, President Kennedy persisted with his effort to insure that space would be reserved for peaceful purposes. As a result, both the United States and the Soviet Union issued declarations of intent against military operations in space. The United Nations, on October 17, 1963, endorsed this action and called upon all other nations to be bound by it. Though the potential military use of rockets was inherent in the development of space technology, neither country crossed the line into military ventures. In fact, the space program in the United States had been deliberately put under civilian control, just as President Truman years earlier successfully fought to keep atomic energy development in nonmilitary hands. To be sure, the U.S. Air Force had been pressing for a prominent role in space development, but Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy held to their contention that outer space should be out of bounds to the military.

The continuity of this policy has now been broken. On August 25, 1965, President Johnson announced he had authorized the Air Force to proceed with its plans for a Manned Orbiting Laboratory.



While it was emphasized that the MOL would not be armed with nuclear firepower, the MOL nevertheless represents a specific military use of space vehicles. As such, it is a step toward the direct extension of the arms race into outer space.

What makes the matter all the more inexplicable is that no one has stated the case against military activity in space more cogently than President Johnson himself—in the very act of making the announcement about MOL. He did not make clear beyond a reasonable doubt, however, why the MOL and also the involvement of the Air Force do not run counter to the United Nations resolution signed by the United States, or the policy of Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, or his own statement about the importance of preventing the extension of military technology into space.

If the principal opposing argument here is that the MOL will be unarmed, this may meet a technicality, but it does not meet the problem created by the fact that the door is now open to a long line of new developments in the field of orbiting laboratories. In past negotiations for arms limitation and control, the United States has properly emphasized the need for adequate inspection. Yet we have now taken the initiative in a field where inspection is most improbable and virtually impossible. For the Russians, inevitably, will now send up MOLs of their own, and there will be no way of knowing whether these spacecraft will be secretly armed with nuclear gun mounts. The very existence of such a possibility is certain to produce a clamor in the United States for armed space vehicles of our own. And the stage will be set for other nations to join the horror, cluttering up the sky with death-disseminating vehicles and blocking out man's vision of a rational world in which to live out his life with reasonable faith in the sanity and decency of his fellowman.

We pride ourselves on being an educated nation. But we have not yet learned the most fundamental lesson of the atomic age. This is the lesson that our safety and security no longer depend on the accumulation, multiplication, or refinement of force, but on the control of force. For the force cannot be used without destroying security, shattering freedom, and making a weird farce of claims for human uniqueness, human intelligence, human nobility. What will it profit us in the last instant of recorded time to know that we stood supreme among all the nations of the world in the variety, multiplicity, efficiency, and sophistication of the force that figured in the final holocaust? Inherent in our history are higher distinctions. The time in which to put those distinctions fully to work grows short. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Literary Revolt

IT WAS REWARDING to read Harvey Swados's article "The Coming Revolution in Literature" [*SR*, Aug. 21]. I agree with his reasoned comments concerning current American fiction. In addition, I would say that most of the novels of the last few years are just plain dull reading.

But for me the article's great contribution lies in Mr. Swados's acuteness of insight, analysis, and perspective about the Negro revolution. Many Negroes are clear that in the process of our movement toward equality we are creating qualities of mind, heart, and spirit that seem more fundamentally American than those attained to date by the dominant group. It takes unusual capacity for a white person to become free enough of stereotype and ambivalence to perceive the racial revolution in the same philosophical context as that in which Negroes perceive it. I salute Mr. Swados.

ALDENA RUNNELS.

New York, N.Y.

ENCOMIUMS ARE DUE Harvey Swados for his dazzling essay "The Coming Revolution in Literature."

Unless I am very wide of the mark, his optimistic yet tough-minded evaluation of the future that confronts writers, and all society, is a kind of Magna Charta of letters. It should influence intellectual and moral behavior in our nation for a long time to come.

SHEPARD TRAUBE.

New York, N.Y.

WE SHALL GRANT Mr. Swados the fact that *Catch-22* is a "wild novel," both nihilistic and grotesque. But one cannot grant him the generalization that the author of *Catch-22* can be included in that group of writers that is determined to "gain popularity by mocking at *everything*." *Catch-22* negates and is nihilistic toward those institutions, customs, and realities that negate life itself. The people in Joseph Heller's novel may be spiritually and physically grotesque, but they represent a tormented plea for joy and life in a world that is mangling and distorting them and everything beautiful and worthwhile. The hero, or antihero, of *Catch-22* wants nothing more than to live and to be able to feel the joy of being alive.

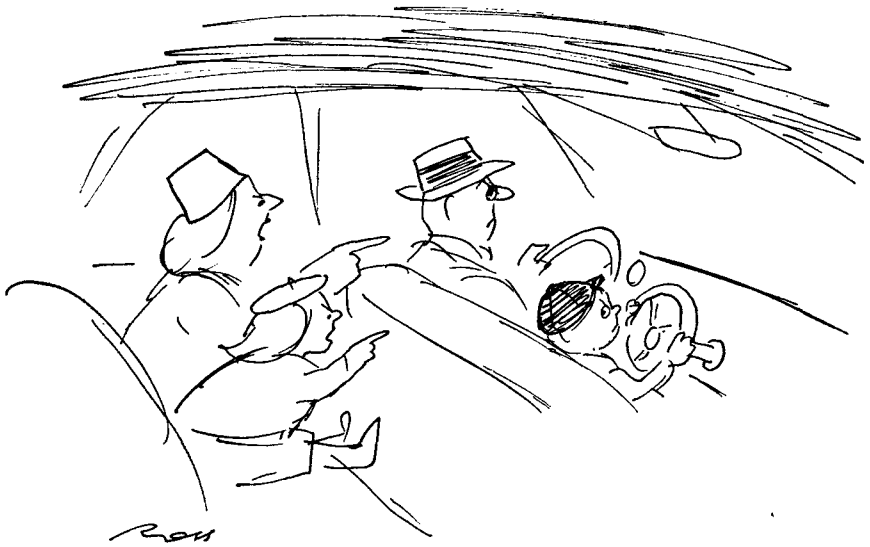
Jonathan Swift in "A Modest Proposal" suggested that Ireland cook and eat its children—but in his nihilistic, satiric "black humor" he affirmed more strongly than he could have in any other fashion his love of life. It is odd that the greatest seeming misanthropes and seeming nihilists are often those who wish for the good life for all.

MRS. ROBERTA MULLEN.

Albany, N.Y.

Ends and Means

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S column "South African Essay" [*SR*, July 24] relates how photographers deceived the South African Government by pretending to shoot film for a television documentary that would be shown in the American South to audiences



sympathetic to apartheid policies, when actually it was intended for nationwide viewing on National Education Television. This does little to strengthen the position of those of us in education who cry for moral behavior from our students. The account he gives of Producer Henry Morgenthau III's "undercover job" describes the deception involved in such laudatory terms (Mr. Morgenthau, we are told, acted with imagination and enterprise") that students must surely see that morality has nothing to do with deception *per se* but rather with whether the purposes of deception are "good" from a particular point of view.

Where would Mr. Shayon stand on the Air Force Academy *cause célèbre*?

CHARLES F. MADDEN,
Chairman,
Department of English,
Stephens College.

Columbia, Mo.

Missing Link

A CAREFUL SCRUTINY of *SR*'s August 14 cover reveals that the cuffs of John Mason Brown's shirt are mismatched. The cuff of the left shirtsleeve has a button, while that of the right sleeve has a French cuff and cufflink. Is this a personal eccentricity of Mr. Brown's? Was it an oversight? Is Mr. Brown a precursor of a new style of dress? Or are the mismatched cuffs the *dernier cri* among the literati, and it is I who am in the dark?

ALAN DAVID WHITMAN.

Spartanburg, S.C.

HAVING HEARD A great deal about *SR*, I finally arranged for a subscription. My first issue arrived today and my first glance at the cover confirmed what I had heard; namely, that *SR* is different.

Specifically, I am intrigued by the nonmatching cuffs on John Mason Brown's shirtsleeves. Is the absence of a second French cuff some new form of protest against de Gaulle? Or is Mr. Brown setting a new fashion trend?

MORRIE BERMAN.

Elizabeth, N.J.

I GIVE UP! Is it a new style, or a test of the reader's observation?

OPAL BROWN.

Kansas City, Mo.

NEATEST TRICK of the year. How did he manage it?

LIONEL S. AUSTER, M.D.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's editors, as puzzled as our readers, dispatched an urgent plea to John Mason Brown, asking if he could shed light on the mystery. His reply, just received from Europe, where he is currently traveling, reads as follows: "I'm delighted that the eagle-eyed have screamed. The letters prove that the readers of SR are button-bright (as I knew) and that I am the missing link (as I feared). Sorry—it just happened. It was not supposed to show."*

Controversy Resolved

YOUR READERS may be interested in what the late Adlai E. Stevenson wrote me only a short time before his sudden and lamentable passing:

"My grandfather, who was Vice President of the United States from 1893 to 1897, and had the same name as myself, was often asked how his name was pronounced. Many called him 'Ad-*lay*' and many 'Ad-*lie*.' He was a friend of Mark Twain, and at a banquet Mark said he had resolved once and for all the controversy about the pronunciation. Whereupon he recited the following, which he had just composed on the back of a menu:

"'Lexicographers roar
And philogogists bray,
And the best they can do
Is to call him Ad-*lay*.

"'But at Longshoremen's picnics
When accents are high,
And fair Harvard's not present
They call him Ad-*lie*.'"

CYRIL CLEMENS,
Editor, *Mark Twain Journal*.

Kirkwood, Mo.

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Writing the Hard Way

By No. 49040

AS THE READER at a large magazine began his laborious daily task of going through the unsolicited manuscripts in the slush pile, his eye fell on a familiar name and address:

Bob Brent
A-28743
Lansing, Kansas

He turned to the first page of the neatly typed, 4,000-word short story and began reading. When he had finished it he sent it along to the editor. In due course it appeared in print and the author received a substantial check.

There is, of course, nothing unusual about this story—except that the author was an inmate of the Kansas State Prison and the numbers in his address were his prison identification.

Bob Brent (a fictitious name) is just one of many writers in stripes who occupy some 232 federal and state prisons throughout the United States. These prison writers probably number several thousand. That's not many, perhaps, when you consider that the combined federal and state prison population at any given time averages about 215,000 men and women, but they are a prolific lot, submitting hundreds of short stories, articles, and novels to every conceivable publication. Moreover, many of them sell their writing.

To the ordinary aspiring author who bemoans the fact that he "just doesn't have the time to do as much writing as I'd like to," prison authors may appear to be a pretty lucky lot. After all, they have nothing *but* time. But this advantage is prodigiously offset by several factors that make writing behind prison walls anything but ideal.

In addition to the usual editorial taboos, for example, authors in prison are subjected to intricately specialized lists of do's and don'ts. While some states have no censorship to speak of, others strangle writing until whatever manuscripts are produced resemble grade-school drivel. According to literary agent Lee Felton of Hollywood, censorship reached its zenith in an encounter one of his prison clients had with an official who refused to approve a Western short story in which the leading characters wore the customary six-shooters because, as he put it, "the author was showing how to commit a crime."

Another prisoner, who had sold his first novel to a publishing house, received a substantial advance on his second, only to learn, when he submitted it to the censor, that it was considered objectionable because of several scenes that "portrayed violence." The author had to return the advance and postpone the marketing of his second novel until after his release.

Still another problem is that writers are usually allowed to submit manuscripts only to those magazines that appear on an "approved" list. Some states, to be sure, do not have a list, but all twenty-two institutions in the U.S. Bureau of Prisons as well as California, Oregon, Oklahoma, Florida, and Rhode Island do, and there are others.

Generally, a manuscript is submitted first to a designated censor (often the prison librarian), who reads the offering and decides whether it meets all of the pertinent criteria. California's regulations, for example, read:

> No manuscript shall be permitted to leave an institution if it is devoid of material of definite library merit, or is so poorly written as to render it unfit for publication, or if it contains: plagiarized material, salacious, libelous, pornographic or lurid material: any material criticizing any governmental agency institution, or any personnel connected therewith; any material which appears to glorify crime or delinquent conduct or which deals with the technique of committing crimes; any material which might be offensive to any race, nationality, religious faith, political party or other group of citizens, or reference to the fact that the writer is an inmate of a state prison.

If it passes that hurdle, it is forwarded to the associate superintendent or warden, along with the recommendation of the censor. If he, too, approves it, the manuscript is mailed. That is, unless you happen to be an inmate in a federal prison or correctional institution. In that case your manuscript must finally be forwarded to the Bureau of Prisons in Washington, D.C., for yet another approval.

Are those the only vexations? Not quite. Most state institutions and all federal institutions prohibit their charges from entering any literary contests, with the exception of two that were established primarily for material written by men and women in prison.

Moreover, there is a host of minor obstacles. What, for example, does the ordinary writer do when he runs out of manuscript bond, typewriter ribbons, or envelopes? Simple. He makes a quick trip to the stationery store and picks up whatever he needs. But for those practicing the craft behind bars, the acquisition of material is somewhat more complex. Prison canteens, which stock a wide variety of toilet articles and edibles, seldom carry the supplies a writer needs. They must be ordered through a special arrangement. The necessary money is deducted from the inmate's account, a cash voucher is mailed to a dealer in a stationery supply house, and, after a delay of two weeks or a month, the goods finally arrive. It can be quite an ordeal.

And so can the problems of research. The typical prison library is not quite the Library of Congress, and a single missing fact can, as every writer knows, delay an article for months.

But whatever our discouragements, I have found that most editors and publishers want to be helpful. One inmate, for example, cultivated a friendship with the editor of a magazine that had bought several of his pieces. During their exchange of letters, the inmate mentioned that he would like to write more often, but was able to borrow a friend's typewriter only once a week. By return mail the editor sent a gleaming portable typewriter.

It's things like that—and the occasional letters of acceptance—that keep us going. Trying to write in an eight-by-ten cell, with an old Rinso carton for a desk, isn't the easiest way to do it. But it can have its rewards.

The author of this article has been an inmate of various reformatories, jails, and prisons since 1950. He became interested in writing when he was appointed editor of a prison publication, and he hopes to write professionally when he is released.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Adrift on a Sea of Dreams

IN HIS essay in *The Living Novel* John Brooks wrote: "I would even venture the opinion—in the face, I admit, of overwhelming evidence of all kinds to the contrary—that no one who sets himself any standards to speak of and actually finishes a novel, even a bad or skimpy one, can be a completely unadmirable person." What, then, are we to make of a woman who spends nineteen years in writing a novel of 1,198 king-size pages, each one of which displays imaginative power and conscientious craftsmanship? What, in short, are we to assume about Marguerite Young, whose *Miss MacIntosh, My Darling* (Scribners, $10.95) has just been published? Are we not compelled to say that she is not merely admirable but heroic on an Amazonian scale?

It is not easy to give even a rough idea of the novel. The narrator (some of the time) is Vera Cartwheel, who, as we meet her, is on a bus somewhere in the Middle West, looking for her beloved and vanished nursemaid, Miss MacIntosh. "Long years, drifting without other purpose, I had searched for that hale companion of my lost childhood, no one but a fusty, busty old nursemaid, very simple-minded, very simple, the salt of common sense, her red hair gleaming to show that quick temper she always had, that impatience with which she would dismiss all shades and phantoms, even herself should she become one, for self-pity was not her meat, not her drink." (We are to learn, hundreds of pages further on, that Miss MacIntosh's bustiness, red hair, and common sense are all false.)

Vera tells a little about her childhood in a decayed mansion on the New England coast, with her mother, who was living out her life in an opium trance; but she soon returns to the bus and her traveling companions, all of whom are acting out fantasies of their own. We go backwards and forwards, learning more about Miss MacIntosh and Vera's mother. Then there is the mother's friend and lawyer, Mr. Spitzer, a man of wide interests and strange capacities, whose adventures occupy some twenty chapters. In the midst of Mr. Spitzer's story—if that word may be used—we have a longish passage about Mrs. Cartwheel's Cousin Hannah, a suffragette of legendary accomplishments. Eventually we get back to the bus and to a set of new characters, particularly the eternally pregnant Esther Longtree. In two rather hasty chapters Vera tells of her mother's death and her own happy encounter with the stone-deaf man.

The book is one long, very long, dream made up of dreams within dreams within dreams. It is not a novel in any ordinary sense but a series of improvisations, of fantastic variations on a single theme. The author, expressing the views of Mr. Spitzer, says: "Life was a dream, and death was another dream, and even a dream was a dream . . ." We read of "the master of illusion and sleight of hand," "phantasms of life and death," "unceasing duplicity," "ambiguities and ambivalences," "illusions compounding illusions," "inscrutable silence," "delusive surfaces," "cities of dubieties," "the spectre of the spectre, the dream of the dream," "the great, asymmetrical, and inarticulate chaos."

There are constantly recurring symbols: the sea, fire, music, pigeons, seagulls, ice, life-sized chessmen, a black rooster, twins, blindness, deafness, and countless others. (What a field day for the academic critics of the future!) Many of the sentences are so long that quotation is difficult, but let me cite a relatively uninvolved passage:

> The cats had always been insolent, even when the old lady was alive—and after the old lady's death, they had seemed to know they owned the place—or so Mr. Spitzer had thought when, returning from the funeral parlor where he had identified the corpse and left a bouquet of flowers, he had hesitantly called to leave his engraved calling card, to pay, in fact, his respects to the new owners. There had been cats sitting upon satin pillows in the drawing room, cats walking about like flower-faced sibyls, cats purring at Mr. Spitzer's feet, cats on pedestals, cats swinging in hammocks. There had been a great white cat standing at the top of the marble stairway—less fearful than the raven might have been, certainly, yet giving Mr. Spitzer quite a start. There had been cats' eyes gleaming like gooseberries in the shadows, enigmatic faces of delicacy and disdain. A cat had walked up and down on the piano keys, playing a little tune from the works of one of the more obscure eighteenth-century musical composers.

The whimsical note is not common, but the inventiveness is. Miss Young has a great gift for elaborating an idea or a figure of speech or a visual detail. She is a poet, of course, and she writes like one. In fact, the work as a whole reminds me

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43 Two People, by Donald Windham
43 The Mallot Diaries, by Robert Nathan
44 A Gift of Prophecy: The Phenomenal Jeane Dixon, by Ruth Montgomery; Croiset the Clairvoyant, by Jack Harrison Pollack
45 The Complete Justine, Philosophy in the Bedroom, and Other Writings, by the Marquis de Sade
48 Legal Aspects of the Civil Rights Movement, edited by Donald B. King and Charles W. Quick; Equality, by Robert L. Carter, Dorothy Kenyon, Peter Marcuse, and Loren Miller. The South as It Is: 1865-1866, by John Richard Dennett

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of one of Conrad Aiken's long poems—"Senlin," say, or "The Pilgrimage of Festus"—rather than any novel I can think of. As with Aiken, the hypnotic use of language creates an hallucinatory effect suited to the events—or non-events—that are being described.

But why 1,198 pages? There is no intrinsic reason that I can see why the novel could not be shorter—or longer. Miss Young, it seems, could go on forever, and there are moments when the reader has a feeling that that is just what she is doing. There is no getting around it—reading the book is a chore. My admiration for Miss Young's literary powers carried me through five or six hundred pages, but from there on, though there were many episodes that caught my interest, I had to rely heavily on sheer determination.

It has been said often enough that life is a dream, and many serious and talented writers have occupied themselves with the presentation of dream states. But for practical purposes we do have to make a distinction between sleeping and being awake. The horror of Kafka's novels comes from the fact that his hero has a sense of what is real and rational and feels that he is the victim of hallucinations. In *Miss MacIntosh* there are no fixed points of reference; everyone in the book might perfectly well be a character in somebody else's dream. The reader is lost in a sea of dreams, and more than once I felt that I was going down for the last time. But Miss Young is heroic, and so, by George, is her publisher.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1153

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1153 will be found in the next issue.

OGDYO PDIJ DY DRQ WL AJRYN

UQWKH, OMKURH DYH ZROFPRJ-

IWKO—MPQJJ SKDXRMRJO MPDM

NW GJXX MWNJMPJQ.

HRHJQWM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1152

He who has not lost his head over some things has no head to lose.

—Richter.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Insights to a Wild World

I was so infuriated by Emile Capouya's review of Mr. Tom Wolfe's *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* [*SR*, July 31] . . . Mr. Capouya . . . confesses to having missed the point of the book until he saw Mr. Wolfe's drawings, which he calls "mean-spirited." He concludes by reprimanding Mr. Wolfe for not discussing the things in which he is interested.

I shall not argue with Mr. Capouya if he wishes to ignore customized cars, Murray the K, stretch pants, and Las Vegas in the vague hope that they will disappear, for it would be lovely if they did; and I am pleased to note that he considers Mr. Wolfe a talented writer. However, the things with which Mr. Wolfe is concerned probably will not disappear as a result of ignorance and that, I believe, is one thing Mr. Wolfe is saying. And these same Kandy-Kolored Kars and stretch pants and their like *are* affecting us (*e.g.*, the styles in modern architecture: blockhouse buildings and gas-station-garish suburban homes); and they are sociological phenomenon. Let us not forget that Mr. Wolfe has a Yale Ph.D. in American Studies.

The one word that had me scaring my cocker spaniel under the bed was "mean-spirited." I have never met Mr. Wolfe, and perhaps he does have a nasty disposition; but with the many vicious attacks on him and his writing he has an excuse if he does. His drawings are candid expressions that provide insights to the wild world of which he is a part. Is this "mean-spirited"? High-spirited, maybe.

Katherine V. Tucker.

Ormond Beach, Fla.

Our Blunted Blue Pencil

In his interesting book *The Love of Anxiety and Other Essays* Charles Frankel spells "desiccated" correctly. The review by Emile Capouya [*SR*, Aug. 21] in separate quotations twice changes Mr. Frankel's text to the incorrect "dessicated." This should be a real test of Mr. Frankel's "unfailingly affable literary personality."

Richard L. Greene.

Middletown, Conn.

Editor's note: *Desiccated, desiccated, desiccated, desiccated, desiccated. . . .*

Debt to De Kruif

We do not know what has been done to contemporary editions of Sinclair Lewis's books, that Glenn F. Henderson [*SR*, Aug. 21] finds no mention of Paul De Kruif. Our 1925 edition carries the following page, verbatim:

> To Dr. Paul H. De Kruif I am indebted not only for most of the bacteriological and medical material in this tale, but equally for his help in the planning of the fable itself—for his realization of the characters as living people, for his philosophy as a scientist. With this acknowledgment I want to record our months of companionship while working on the book, in the United States, in the West Indies, in Panama, in London and Fontainebleau. I wish I could reproduce our talks along the way, and the laboratory afternoons, the restaurants at night, and the deck at dawn as we steamed into tropic ports.
>
> (Signed) Sinclair Lewis.

Alice Bohem.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Conjugal Visits

Last week I read an article in the June 1965 issue of *Federal Probation* entitled "Conjugal Visiting at the Mississippi State Penitentiary," and then came home to find your Aug. 7 issue with Anna M. Kross's article, "The Social Problem of Sexual Assault." . . . I fervently hope that Judge Kross's objective but compassionate understanding will permeate . . . our society.

Mrs. B. Borden.

Seattle, Wash.

Lintless

I was intrigued by Robert Clements's comments [*SR*, Aug. 7] on the 1962 Russian Symposium on the Structural Study of Symbols. Mr. Clements quotes from J. K. Sheglov's socio-psychological analysis of the Sherlock Holmes novels and points out that a new style of Soviet literary analysis may be in the offing. He should have added, however, that the Russians have not been doing their homework.

Conan Doyle based Holmes and Watson directly on characters created by Edgar Allan Poe (who, after all, got Dupin and his bewildered friend to the scene of the crime first), and the plots of Conan Doyle's novels depend, of necessity, on the personalities of these two characters. I would like to be charitable and dismiss Sheglov's "Toward the Construction of a Structural Model of the Novels of Sherlock Holmes" as literary lint-picking, but there was no lint to pick in the first place.

Clyde J. Peterman.

Beloit, Wis.

Where Is the Genuine?

Who wants more of those sad accounts of sexual deviates, rehashes of the last war and its horrors, second thoughts about Castro, etc.? Is there *nothing* being written that is genuine and original? I think there is. Maybe all of the best literature written today is unpublished thanks to the efforts of high-minded editors like your John Ciardi who toss manuscripts into the rejection basket because someone allowed an inadvertent cliché to creep in.

Mrs. T. L. Hamilton.

Rock Hill, S.C.

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Art for the Ages or Temper of the Times?

The Two Worlds of American Art: The Private and the Popular, *by Barry Ulanov (Macmillan. 528 pp. $7.50), applying a single critical measure to our music, movies, painting, architecture, sculpture, theater, literature, and dance, finds little that is exemplary of genius, much that is vulgar. Arthur Darack is book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer and teacher of esthetics and musicology at the University of Cincinnati.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

BARRY ULANOV, who is a professor of English literature at Barnard College, has set his hand to rounding up the whole constellation of American art—its recency, vulgarity, genius. If he finds more that is recent and vulgar than what is exemplary of genius, few will quibble with his scale of weights and measures. Ulanov has assembled here an encyclopedic survey course in the popular and fine arts; however, because the latter, older term has an honorific connotation, he substitutes "private" for "fine." The term "popular" enjoys more neutrality, he supposes.

In his recital of music Ulanov includes classical, popular, and jazz. He sails through the art galleries, taking in photography without raising an eyebrow over its status. He has a chapter on architecture. Poetry, the short story, and novel win a larger share of his attention, his affection and, I think, his perceptiveness. Ulanov finds some popular, as well as private, art in literature but obviously the popular arts are television, radio, the movies, and the commercial theater. Though he begins with the bland assumption that for critical purposes popular and private arts are to be considered as one head, to be chopped off with a single critical tool, it turns out that reason and evidence get the better of him, and he finds little to say on behalf of radio and TV in the U.S., compared with what goes on in Europe, particularly in Poland. He also deplores most of what Hollywood produces, noting especially its failure to appreciate and exploit the creative developments that have taken place out there—Chaplin, W. C. Fields, even, one infers, the Scott Fitzgerald episode.

If you commence a critical excursion by saying that you intend to treat two subjects as one, though ordinarily they are kept apart, like the tiger and zebra at the zoo, and wind up speaking eloquently on behalf of the zebra for its good behavior, superior neck thrust, etc., while denouncing the tiger for its stealth, ferocity (or whatever), you have not quite taken the tour you announced. Ulanov ultimately is guilty of this perhaps trivial deception. (An esthetician like R. G. Collingwood might say he has destroyed the basis for any distinction in the arts; but that is a zebra of another stripe.) For all his intention, Ulanov cannot convince himself that radio and television, as they presently are inflicted upon us, operate from the same value schedule and formal pose that he finds in the literary arts, in music (classical and jazz, less often popular), painting and sculpture, and in some branches of the theater. It is not surprising that he arrives at this position; it would have been surprising had he not. Why then, did he announce another program?

Ulanov cuts through much critical provincialism, dogma, and cant to take a firm but viable stand on issues that more specialized observers often fight wildly about. He wants it to appear that the same vocabulary may be applicable to aspects of Duke Ellington and Beethoven, without reflecting the poverty of language or criticism. (They may have more in common than criticism usually supposes.) In a word, the arts in America exhibit a pluralism that includes what is best about democracy and what is worst. It is our problem to make the best of both worlds, popular and private.

SPECIFICALLY, composers like Ruggles, Varèse, Sessions, Carter, and Babbitt reflect the temper and noises of the times, times that are unreasonable or uncomprehending; an earlier critic called them "out of joint." In this case, the popular has inundated the private. Popular music, which Ulanov interprets mostly as musical comedy (no Beatles fan, he), falls on more receptive tastes, but tastes that have failed. They are not necessarily debased, merely uninformed or unformed.

In painting he considers design to be crucial with us. The bias towards design stems from Cubism, Surrealism, even Abstract Expressionism. But sometimes Ulanov uses the term "design" as we might use it to designate lines and blocks in Optical Art; at other times he uses it to mean what we customarily

—*Culver.*

Greta Garbo with Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart, and Alex Grenach in *Ninotchka.*

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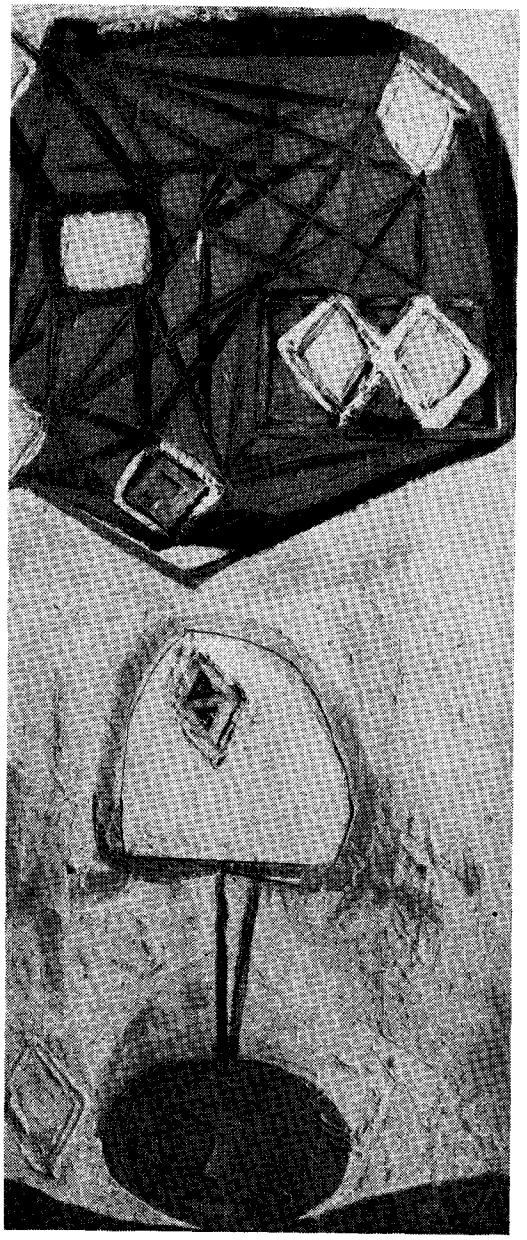

—*Collection, Whitney Museum of American Art, N.Y.*

"The Red Skirt," by Robert Motherwell.

—*Boosey & Hawkes.*

Composer Aaron Copland.

Dancer and Choreographer Agnes de Mille.

—*NBC.*

Still from the Western *Branded*, with Chuck Connors as star.

The arts in America, whether popular (the movies, radio, television, and commercial theater) or private (occasional samples of painting, music, literature, and the dance) "exhibit a pluralism that includes what is best about democracy and what is worst. It is our problem to make the best of both worlds, popular and private."

refer to as style—the characteristic disposition of the lines and blocks in the context of an artist's production.

In the novel he considers James and Faulkner to be our twin giants; if credited, his estimation of Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway will depress the current market. Ulanov's discussion of them—value judgment aside—has, in view of the ground he covers, the expected brevity, but an insight that is unexpected.

The whole book is a supermarket of ideas and attitudes, assessments and descriptions of American arts, including the latest best-selling novels and plays. Thus, the author castigates Edward Albee bitterly for *Tiny Alice*, which he considers a "diseased" attack on religion (this in a footnote), but praises him enormously (in the body of the text) for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Ulanov is oddly at war with Tennessee Williams, "because of his obsession with the association of death and sexuality." Yet much of the world's madness over the past twenty-five years stems precisely from this association and its subsequent enactment. Nor has it ended. I should think this entitles Williams to an exactly opposite rating in Ulanov's scale—not for promoting madness, but for revealing it.

The value of Ulanov's book is not damaged by it, but I think there are times when his method—the "popular"-"private" polarity—interferes with his examination of the evidence. For example, he does not quite know what to do with *West Side Story*. Popular? Private? He admits it has "no clear category" and that this may be its securest virtue. He should let well enough alone. He decides, however, that it is a middle-brow example of *kitsch*, just this side of Muzak. *West Side Story* does not, at this point, need either my defense or Ulanov's attack. Yet it seems clear enough that some features of both the score and libretto (or whatever you wish to call it) are "popular" and others "private," and all of it of a complexity that is provocative in a field ordinarily dominated by crude simplicity. If so, it is not *West Side Story* that needs to be recomposed, but Ulanov's categories, at least in this instance.

Otherwise, the book is impressive and engrossing, an example of a finely-tuned critical intelligence operating astutely and broadly.

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The Business of Being Human

The Accidental Century, *by Michael Harrington (Macmillan. 322 pp. $5.95), examines and poses solutions for the problems raised by cybernation and by increasing corporate concentration and power. G. W. Linden is chairman of philosophy at Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville.*

By G. W. LINDEN

WE LIVE in a period of instant history when even facts are fantastic, when the only thing certain is change, for change has become inevitable through the bureaucracy of research. We live in a world dominated by corporate concentration whose increasing technological acceleration threatens to bury us in lopsided abundance. The danger of the future is not a dictatorship of the proletariat, but of programmers. Our existence has become subdivided; we are unable to create a sense of the whole. In our lived world, all ideologies—political, economic, ethical, religious, or philosophic—are problematic. We are even incapable of believing in disbelief. And the final irony is that Americans, the people with the greatest mobility, have no horizons to pursue. Even barring nuclear catastrophe, we, the people, may still be obsolete. These are the themes of Michael Harrington's new book.

In *The Other America* Harrington was concerned with the invisible poor. *The Accidental Century* is more basic; it is a search for the possibility of vision itself. According to Harrington, the older visionaries failed to fulfill unachievable ideals. Our situation is different: we are unable to visualize our achieved realities. Most of this book is descriptive of the texture of decay in the Western world, a world in which man cannot escape himself, since the spread of suburbia has obliterated the distinction between the city and nature. America is the paradigm; our excesses are most visible. Besides, we have never had difficulty exporting our errors. Harrington makes no attempt to be neutral, and quite rightly. If the present is too much to imagine, it is certainly too intense for objectivity. And thus this book is also prescriptive, for it argues passionately for the direction society ought to take.

When he calls our century "accidental," Harrington means that while the "conscious revolutionists of the past proposed visions which outstripped reality, the unconscious revolutionists of the present create realities which outstrip their vision." This accidental revolution is "the sweeping and unprecedented technological transformation of the Western environment which has been, and is being, carried out in a casual way."

Economically, this means that capitalism is being destroyed by capitalists through the growth of corporate concentration, consumer creation, guaranteed profits, and administered prices. Precedent and power have given corporations the private right to determine public policy. The problem for business is the sacrifice of legitimacy for power; for the public, it is lack of access to the oligarchy of decision.

Mr. Harrington does not quarrel with the privacy of means, but he is disturbed by the privacy of goals. His prescription is political: make the policies of corporations public, debatable, and subject to democratic control.

The revolution in technology is also creating a vast class of people no longer capable of participating in the work world. Politically, this means a schizoid society with a technological élite governing a subculture of unemployables. Morally, it means the death of the Protestant ethic: asceticism, thrift, and prudence are replaced by the patriotic duty to consume. This is the most poignant part of Harrington's book; it reveals his true quest: the spiritual meaning of cybernation.

But, Harrington protests, technocracy need not be our fate. With abundance possible, man is freed from the struggle for necessities, and is thus faced with choice. And Harrington insists that man must be responsible, must choose his future, not submit to it. The remedy? Abandon the patchwork methods of present governmental action and make a massive investment in people. Pay people to become educated, to work in service professions, and to teach the arts of leisure. Redefine work as a labor of love, a means of reaching reality and significance.

Throughout his book Harrington takes

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art as an index of social disorder. His discussions are perceptive, but he labors excessively to demonstrate that this is the age of Mann. Furthermore, he is mistaken in his discussion of *Felix Krull* when he lightly identifies existentialism with opportunism. More seriously, his choice of "socialism" as the label for planning is semantically naïve. The word is much too pejorative to be persuasive in our day. Rather than this, better no labels at all.

Harrington's main thesis, that the human care of human beings is a desirable and achievable goal, is beautifully argued. His style is lucid, brilliant, and epigrammatic. America has found another voice to replace the loss of C. Wright Mills. This one is less strident, but it is equally profound.

A Sword for the Spirit

Unancestral Voice, *by Owen Barfield (Wesleyan University Press. 163 pp. $5), takes off from an imaginary conversation about "Lady Chatterley's Lover" to speculate on such matters as chance and causality and the relation of the part to the whole. Emile Capouya teaches English Literature at the New School.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THIS new book by the author of *Worlds Apart* begins with a conversation among three friends on the subject of the recent British trial of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Burgeon, the protagonist, like the author a retired lawyer, makes the odd point that the literary merit of the book was not at issue, was indeed as much as conceded by the Crown. What was at issue, he says, and what should have been clear to the jury, was that the book dealt with lust—for Burgeon, unadorned, uncomplicated physical desire—and that lust is disgusting to decent people.

As it happens, desire is never uncomplicated, probably because human beings experience it. But the law makes little allowance in practice for subjective subtleties, in spite of its declared interest in determining motives. How does one establish that a given act was or was not committed knowingly, willfully, and with malice aforethought? It cannot be established in most cases, and it is partly for that reason that Scripture insists "Judgment is mine, saith the Lord," and "Has no man condemned thee? Then neither do I condemn thee," and, flatly, "Judge not." Lawyers, however, are of the earthly kingdom and must assume as a matter of professional necessity that there is such a thing as uncomplicated lust. In consequence, human justice generally reposes on acts of injustice to individuals, and the peace is kept by acts of violence directed against particular persons. In this sense, denying the convenient simplicities of the law, Lawrence brings not peace but a sword.

Despite Burgeon, then, the complications of desire contribute a good deal to the literary merit of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Not everything, of course, because Lawrence was saner and sounder than the debate about his book, from its first publication to the present day, would suggest. He did not write the novel about love, desire, lust that his critics and defenders mostly see before them. He wrote about the effect of our modern industrial civilization on the landscape, on mores and traditional usages, on the current of human feeling, on our values generally, on imagination, on creativity—and incidentally on sexual love, since our attitudes to love reflect all those other matters. Now, Lawrence wrote in a cultural context in which love was not a legitimate subject for discussion—except in certain formalized and sterilized terms that he contemned and expressly avoided—so that his first audience had the impression that he was discussing nothing else; many of the surviving members of his generation are of that opinion still. But partly because of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* the subject is somewhat more discussable today, and it now seems clear that the book is what I have suggested, an arraignment of industrial civilization, one-sided but still devastating.

Burgeon does not give Lawrence that much credit, but he does come to modify his strictures somewhat. After the conversation is over, he recalls that the prophet of the dark gods was quite puritanical, detesting levity or casualness about sexual matters—especially the attitude that love-making is a harmless pleasure, and therefore the more the better. "Sex in the head," he called that. Burgeon reflects that Lawrence had a point there, but that he had got it muddled. It was not a question of throwing out consciousness and restoring sex to its supposed primal seat in the loins. On the contrary, every function and activity must be humanized, must be made conscious, must be made amenable to the spirit.

Whereupon the author begins to tell an extraordinary story. Burgeon had read an account of Joseph Karo, a sixteenth-century rabbi who was a lawyer and a mystic, and who was visited by a voice that spoke to him and sometimes through him. Karo's visitant, the Maggid, taught "as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Burgeon feels that his intuition about Lawrence's mistaken insight is the happy result of his own commerce with a familiar or daimon like Karo's, whose reappearance he anxiously awaits and whom he privately calls "the Meggid," to distinguish it from that of the rabbi—partly out of modesty and partly because it is personal to him. And through the remainder of the book the Meggid does reappear periodically, to suggest what is in essence a new theory of physical and biological evolution, in which mind and spirit are not epiphenomena or mere emergents, corresponding to the development of physically complex organisms, but indwelling forces that are in fact responsible for change.

In the course of his dialogues with the Meggid and in further conversations with friends, Burgeon offers a critique of scientific concepts of chance and causality; he holds Catholic Christianity directly responsible for what he takes to be the characteristic error of positive science. In its anxiety to combat pantheism, he says, the early church effectively banished the spirit from the phenomenal world, and modern science is doomed, accordingly, to see all change as mere substitution, whereas what must be recognized, and explained, and entreated, is change under the aspect of transformation.

BURGEON is led to speculate on the Incarnation, and to posit, as it were, a dual Christ, representing spirit made manifest in history, and denied not by the Jews only but by Christendom. He ends with a discussion of the crisis in physics arising from the difficulty of proposing models to represent the newest hypotheses, and from the seemingly endless proliferation of new subatomic particles and entities. And, as if in answer to W. H. Auden's bemused announcement

> Love like Matter is much
> Odder than we thought . . .

he suggests that the key may possibly be found in hints offered by certain experiments in the psychology of imagination, from which it would appear that in some intelligible sense the part implies the context and the whole is present in the part. Finally, as if to validate the central contention of the long discussion, the Meggid reveals to Burgeon that he is Burgeon's self—not "ancestral voices prophesying war," but the intrinsic, unancestral voice, or the will-to-

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transformation within the man of law.

It is easy enough to lose one's bearings in pursuing these dark matters, but for two reasons the author inspires enough confidence in the uninitiated reader to give him the sense of an intellectual journey undertaken and not a wild-goose chase. First, our dissatisfaction with the world-view offered by positive science is long-established: when science was still called natural philosophy, Goethe contrasted the powers of rational analysis with the mystery of process, and decided, *Grau ist alle Theorie*. So that the ground for complaint is familiar, and the need is pressing. Then, the author has a no-nonsense air, a brusqueness in confronting metaphysical or even mystical matters, that helps dispel the dizziness that necessarily accompanies such flights. It would be even more comforting, though, if he understood what D. H. Lawrence was up to, for those things are far off but Lawrence is near at hand.

Leopold Mused as Moslems Marched

***The Siege of Vienna,** by John Stoye (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 349 pp. $6.95), chronicles the seventeenth-century campaign that not only marked the final defeat of Islamic power in the West but set the stage for the cataclysmic events of the present era. Henry C. Wolfe's books include "Human Dynamite: The Story of Europe's Minorities."*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

THE YEAR 1683 marked one of history's major turning points. It saw not only the decisive defeat of Moslem power before the beleaguered walls of Vienna, but also the initiation of the train of international events that led to global conflict in 1914.

The mightiest leaders of Christendom were in one way or another involved in the epochal siege: Leopold I, Holy Roman Emperor and hereditary ruler of the Habsburg duchies; Louis XIV, "Sun King" of France; Mehmed IV, Turkish Sultan; Pope Innocent XI; Kara Mustafa, Turkish Grand Vezir; John Sobieski, King of Poland, and Rüdiger Starhemberg, commander of the Vienna garrison. Moreover, the outcome of the grand confrontation between Christian and Moslem worlds was affected in varying degrees by innumerable generals, priests, princes, politicians, and adventurers.

John Stoye, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and University lecturer in modern history, describes the siege in vivid and colorful detail, at the same time recreating its incredibly complex European background. His is said to be the first modern account of the subject in English. Impressively documented and annotated, richly illustrated with maps and pictures, the book is a work of prime importance.

In 1683 the Ottoman Empire was one of the world's greatest military powers. Its domain stretched from Algiers to the Caucasus, from the Arabian Sea to the heart of Europe. It harried the Poles, Russians, Habsburgs, Venetians. At Istanbul in the preceding year the ambitious Kara Mustafa, encouraged by Louis XIV, had begun organizing an offensive that would destroy Habsburg power and lay the German states and Poland open to Islamic invasion. He recruited armies from Asia Minor, Egypt, the Balkans, and Tartary. The janissaries formed his shock troops, the unruly Tartar cavalry his raiding parties. A seemingly irresistible force, the Moslem horde moved up the Danube toward Vienna.

In the Habsburg capital, meanwhile, Leopold procrastinated, underestimating Turkish strength. Some of his advisers advocated appeasement of the Moslem and concentration of military resources against Louis XIV; others argued that Leopold should make a deal with Louis and mobilize Christendom against Islam. Pope Innocent XI, recognizing the menace of Ottoman imperialism, urged the Christian leaders to unite against the common enemy. But this presented formidable problems. Not only was there dissension among European states, but Catholic, Protestant, and Orthodox believers quarreled with one another.

As the Moslems approached Vienna they were reinforced by Imre Thököly, "king" of dissident Hungarian forces. Leopold and his court deserted the city, and Starhemberg grimly prepared to defend it. Realizing at last the peril they faced, Habsburg diplomats set out to get help abroad. Europe's political situation being what it was, the bickering was almost interminable; in the nick of time, however, Bavarian, Franconian, Saxon, and Polish armies started for Vienna.

They arrived as Kara Mustafa's legions were about to storm the city's walls, and, after savage fighting, routed the besiegers. Abandoning their arms and baggage, the Moslems retreated down the Danube, with the Habsburgs and Poles in pursuit. "The last of the Crusades" was practically over.

Victory "led to a new tactic of appeasement [by the Habsburgs] in the west, and a new militancy in the east, which step by step altered the over-all balance of Habsburg policy." As Leopold's successors pushed their drive toward the Aegean and the Golden Horn, they subjugated many Slavs. This eventually brought them into conflict with Russia, which was struggling to gain hegemony over the same regions. By 1914 the rivalry between competing imperialisms had amassed the combustible international materials that exploded in World War I.

BAR & GRILL
SAVE WATER
WE ARE CAREFUL ABOUT WATER
BAR AND GRILL
WATER IS SCARCE DO NOT WASTE IT
DO NOT CONTRIBUTE TO THE WATER SHORTAGE
COME IN AND SAVE WATER
C.E.M.

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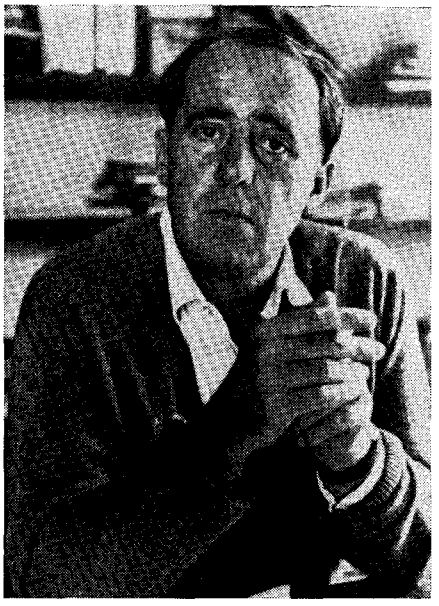
Last Haven in Limbo

Absent Without Leave, *by Heinrich Böll, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (McGraw-Hill. 148 pp. $3.95), utilizes symbols and parables, both poignant and absurd, to chart the geography of the German conscience. Edward Martin Potoker, who teaches "The Short Novel" at The City College of New York, studied modern German literature in Munich under a Fulbright Grant.*

By EDWARD MARTIN POTOKER

HEINRICH BOLL, the first important writer to emerge from the smoldering ruins of Hitler's Reich, has, since 1949, honestly recorded the causes and aftermath of Germany's greatest catastrophe. In this country his reputation was significantly enhanced with the publication of *The Clown*, a compassionately satirical novel that dealt with the hypocrisy and sterile materialism of Germany before, during, and after World War II. In *Absent Without Leave*, a novella gracefully if not always flawlessly translated by Leila Vennewitz, Böll continues his stern and sometimes merciless probing of the conscience, values, and imperfections of his countrymen. However, Böll's style, which in his previous work had been relatively simple and direct, has now become an instrument of striking subtlety, maintained intricately on several levels, artfully moving back and forth in time and making use of symbols and parables both poignant and absurd. Böll has achieved a prose with a high specific density and richness of allusion that remind one of Kafka and Samuel Beckett, to whom Böll is somewhat indebted.

Wilhelm Schmölder, the forty-eight-year-old narrator and passive hero of *Absent Without Leave*, charts the geography, past and present, of his own conscience and that of his country with the aid of a child's coloring book, a central symbol in the novella. If the reader is not fully satisfied with the narrator's forms and colors, he is instructed, ironically, to supply details of his own. Schmölder's aim in life, which he never achieves, is to become absolutely unfit for duty. He likes to encourage suspicion and misunderstanding, doing this essentially through caustic remarks and a strange mixture of intentional ambiguity and what he calls "celestial common sense." Outsider and rebel, self-proclaimed romantic, neurotic, and idylist, Schmölder wanders about his native city, Cologne, evaluating himself and four generations of his family and in-laws, who have been scarred by war and the anxieties of peace. He makes numerous philosophical and historical observations, which are subtly related and juxtaposed with crude Nazi slogans like "Work makes us free." Schmölder, whose "racial background" is Jewish, Germanic, Christian, soon finds that he is "a German to no purpose." His book, he ironically insists, is "an idyl pure and simple," to fulfill the function of "avoiding or at least greatly reducing the necessity of dealing with the war, and dismissing the Nazi business as something between a cold and a hail of brimstone." And his feelings toward the war, he says with that remarkable understatement which permeates the volume, are "those of a pedestrian toward motorcars."



Heinrich Boll—beneath scorn and ridicule, warmth and humanity.

While in the army Schmölder was wounded in action and arrested for desertion: he had decamped, understandably, to prolong his honeymoon from twenty-three hours to seven days. However, his real animosity toward military life stems from the fact that he—an obsessive hand-washer—had been forced by the army to become a man by sorting rotten potatoes and carrying dung. But his "fecal calling," which still enables him (he smirks) to earn his "living any day as a sewer worker," has provided him, more significantly, with a germane metaphor for the entire war and much of the postwar period. Embittered by memories of betrayal and treachery, wholly skeptical about human institutions, and confused about his place in the universe, Schmölder nevertheless believes that he could be a very religious man if only courtesy were a theological category. In the process of resigning himself to a limbo of uncertainty and infinity, Schmölder urges everyone to go "absent without leave." One becomes human that way.

Absent Without Leave is not only a brilliant novella, but one that indicates a major turning point in Böll's artistic career. If existential malaise is to propel him toward inner exile, he is bound to make his journey with dignity, sincerity, and characteristic robustness. His warmth and humanity, always discernible beneath the scorn and ridicule, his unflinching determination to confront, without evasion or self-pity, his own destiny with that of his nation ideally equip him to assume the role which Thomas Mann once held with such distinction—that of *praeceptor Germaniae*. *Absent Without Leave* is essential reading for all who care about the contemporary German conscience, consciousness, and literary sensibility.

Enter and Exit, the companion piece in this volume, is a two-part novella dealing, tersely and poetically, with selected incidents from a soldier's life as World War II breaks out and after it terminates. In "When the War Broke Out" the twenty-year-old narrator, a nameless private, conveys, in tones of dramatic irony, the absurdity and monotony of life in Hitler's Wehrmacht. Lonely, apprehensive, resentful at military discipline and venality, he remarks that war deprives what is funny of its funny side. Ordered to Poland in the last days of August 1939, he learns that his only friend, Leo, was killed at the front in a war which was not even declared. In "When the War Was Over" he returns to a humbled Reich after six years of shattering experiences, feeling that the words "man" and "stupid" have become identical. Repatriated from a prisoner of war camp (where comrades once beat him up for saying he would rather be a dead Jew than a live German), he sees that his house is part of Cologne's rubble. His mother's words about mercy to the weak, comfort to the persecuted flash across his mind, but he is quickly brought back to the reality of flourishing black markets and terrible human smells. With the help of a priest and a prostitute in Bonn, he is able to telephone his wife. Both will somehow manage to survive. *Enter and Exit* is, like some of Böll's earlier work, a farewell to arms.

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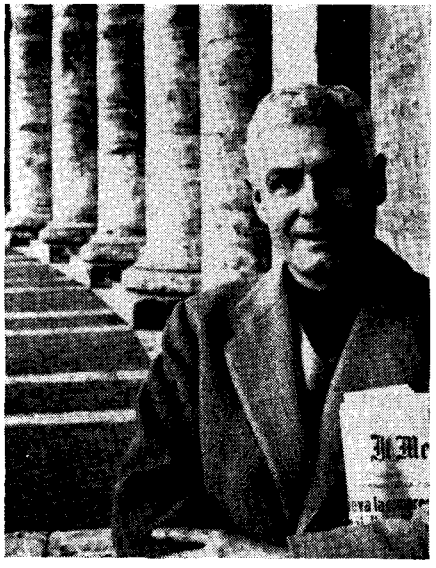
Greek Love on the Spanish Steps

***Two People**, by Donald Windham (Coward-McCann. 252 pp. $4.95), treats without sensationalism the brief encounter between an American businessman and the Italian youth whom he picks up on Rome's Spanish Steps. In addition to the novel "The Whistling Zone" and a collection of short stories, "Varieties of Love," Herbert Kubly is the author of several books on Italy.*

By HERBERT KUBLY

THE LITERATURE of pederasty is perennial and sometimes commanding. André Gide was openly addicted to "Greek love." Shakespeare, Boccaccio, Walt Whitman, Thomas Mann, and Marcel Proust brought the emotion to distinguished letters. In our time of Kinsey and Wolfenden reports, and popular television shows on "the problem," homosexuality no longer shocks anyone.

Now Donald Windham, a sensitive and gifted writer of novels and stories, offers still another account of the love of a mature man for a young boy. His *Two People* is written with taste. Straightforward and unpretentious, it is also devoid of the prurient titillation and the melodramatic, pseudo-moralistic fakery that generally characterize *ad nauseum* the novels and plays on this subject. No one's life is ruined, no one commits suicide, no one is damned to eternal degradation.



Donald Windham—degradation denied.

The two men meet on Rome's Spanish Steps, which an Italian writer, commenting on the American would-be-writers and foundation retainers who frequent it, once called "the cradle of American letters." The stairs are also thick with Roman youths to whom promiscuous encounters with solvent strangers are "what ice cream sodas at the corner drugstore are to their American counterparts." To the uninitiated in such games the confrontation that opens this novel must seem astonishing in its casualness. Actually, it is as deadly earnest as any roaming businessman's surreptitious accosting of a female prostitute. After exactly twenty-six words of dialogue, thirty-three-year-old Forrest asks Marcello, "Would you like to come home with me?" and the seventeen-year-old boy replies, "Yes."

Marcello's subsequent visits to the American's apartment, usually in the hurried hour between school and supper with his family, make up the substance of this novel. For Forrest, lonely in Rome without his wife, the pathetically inarticulate goal of these absurd assignations is bed. More complexly motivated, Marcello, too, is drawn to the trysts by loneliness, but also by the money that Forrest pays him each time. With Forrest he is able to relieve his erotic tensions and at the same time collect the lire necessary for courting his girl, Ninì. In Forrest, Marcello seeks a father to provide him with the physical affection and the monetary sustenance denied him by his own parsimonious parent, and these only incidentally get mixed up with his adolescent lust. One concludes that his homosexuality has been a transitory episode and that he will go on to heterosexual fulfillment with Ninì.

Forrest, the New York stockbroker, is a less credible, more contrived type. One cannot take seriously his research, in the Vatican Archives, into the life of Giordano Bruno, a Dominican burned as a heretic in 1600. His frequenting of the Spanish Steps (where he observes that the street lights come on three minutes later each evening) is not as innocent as we are expected to believe. On an occasion when Marcello appears to have abandoned him, Forrest's attempt to pick up a girl ends simply in his picking up another boy, who returns to rob him. His facile bisexuality seems less a natural condition than an adaptation to his need for bourgeois conformism and his American drive for social and business status. The possibilities for a contented reconciliation with wife and children would not appear to be good. He seems to move through a maze of materialistic naïveté. And naïveté, alas, is not innocence.

Ice Age Rock 'n' Roll: In *The Mallot Diaries* (Knopf, $3.95) Robert Nathan weaves a bit of fantasy about a tribe of aborigines. Descendants of a Neanderthal clan, they have been hiding out in the wilds of Arizona since the last Ice Age, and are discovered by the narrator, an anthropologist, and his colleague, Professor Osgood.

It appears that Neanderthal affairs are in pretty much the same sad state as those of contemporary America. The younger generation are in revolt against their elders, demanding equal voting rights, free love, and a share of jelly beans—the great tribal luxury, hitherto restricted to adults. The Chief hesitates to throw the ringleaders over the cliff because such old-fashioned authoritarianism might produce complexes.

There is unrest on all sides. The Shaman's wife is no longer content to do the housekeeping; instead she runs the Council, while the Shaman has abandoned politics for love. The Chief's lovely daughter has chosen to defend the Scarabajo (official singer), her betrothed, against the children, who want to set their Beatle-type idol in his place.

In his preface Mr. Nathan states that "to those who will not understand what this is about: it is, now and then, and in its own odd little way, an answer to Existentialism." We cannot take this seriously, nor can we believe that the author's social criticism is best served by such a curious tale. However, when he is not attempting to moralize, the author of *Portrait of Jennie* and *The Weans* produces many fine passages in which he expresses the sense of wonder characteristic of all his work.

—MAUREEN OSER.

Miriam Merritt

describes the impact of an accident and a miscarriage of justice on the lives of four people in a small, South Texas town where passions and prejudice explode in a tense courtroom trial.

BY LIONS, EATEN GLADLY

$5.95 Harcourt, Brace & World

Photo: Marvin Barsky

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Time and Telepathy

A Gift of Prophecy: The Phenomenal Jeane Dixon, *by Ruth Montgomery (Morrow. 182 pp. $4.50), and* ***Croiset the Clairvoyant,*** *by Jack Harrison Pollack (Bantam. 279 pp. Paperback, 75¢), present case histories of two world-famous "paragnosts," along with examples of their apparent extrasensory achievements. John T. Winterich is a contributing editor to Saturday Review.*

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

MARK TWAIN would have been an eager reader of these two books. He was a firm believer in what is now called extrasensory perception but which he had christened "mental telegraphy" in the mid-1870s. In 1882 F. W. H. Meyers of the Psychical Society of England coined the word "telepathy," which stuck.

A Gift of Prophecy is concerned with the forecasts of a devout Washingtonian who makes her living selling real estate and accepts no payment for her revelations. Jeane Dixon has become famous as the predictor of the assassination of President Kennedy, and evidence that she was indubitably specific in her statements as the fatal day drew near is presented in Miss Montgomery's book in the words of responsible and unimpeachable witnesses. The suggestion that the first act in the drama dates back to a "vision" vouchsafed in 1952 seems somewhat less tenable.

Mrs. Dixon is said to have predicted the death of Carole Lombard in a plane crash, the merger of the AFL and CIO, the assassination of Gandhi, the first Sputnik, the death of John Foster Dulles, the re-election of President Truman, the suicide of Marilyn Monroe, and the downfall of Nikita Khrushchev. Conversing with Bob Hope at the end of a day when he had been President Eisenhower's Burning Tree golf opponent, Mrs. Dixon told Hope that his score had been 92 and the President's 96. Hope had not disclosed these statistics himself.

TWICE Mrs. Dixon was called to the White House by President Roosevelt. The first occasion was in November 1944. According to Mrs. Dixon's account as given to Miss Montgomery, the President asked her: "How much time do I have to finish the work I have to do?" "Six months or less," she answered. The following January he asked her: "*Now* how much time do I have?" Mrs. Dixon held up a thumb and forefinger that were two inches apart. "That much," she said.

There have been misses, inevitably. In 1958 Jeane Dixon foresaw war with China over Quemoy and Matsu. She said that Walter Reuther would seek the Presidency in 1964. She picked the Conservatives to win the last British general election.

Miss Montgomery's book stresses the mystical rather than the scientific. The treatment is popular. Jack Harrison Pollack has also written a "popular" work (the word is his and so are the quotes). *Croiset the Clairvoyant* summarizes the career and accomplishments of Gerard Croiset, a fifty-six-year-old Netherlander who may well be the world's greatest paragnost (a term coined in 1932 by the director of the Parapsychology Institute of the University of Utrecht to define one who knows beyond knowledge). Like Mrs. Dixon, Croiset accepts no money; he even pays his own traveling expenses when he is working on a police problem, and most of his achievements have been in the crime field. Mr. Pollack capsules a hundred or so case histories (murders, thefts, missing children, missing adults, missing animals, lost objects) which take in most of Europe, with the main accent, naturally, on the Netherlands. There are six American citations: Kansas, Minnesota, New York (two), Ohio, Mississippi. Croiset contributed something to each of the six, even if it was sometimes only an opinion (he has never been in America; all of his counsel has been given by mail or by transatlantic telephone with an interpreter standing by). In the Sheppard murder case in suburban Cleveland (1954), he believes Dr. Sam is innocent: "The bushy-haired man did it—not her husband! I am absolutely sure!"

THE five-page postscript on the three Mississippi civil rights murders did not appear in the hardbound edition of this book; it is stop-press copy. A friend of the family of one of the victims asked Mr. Pollack if he would try to enlist Croiset's help in the investigation. Croiset agreed. His conclusions (here given) were transmitted to the FBI, who requested additional data. "The FBI," Mr. Pollack notes, "will not officially admit that it was assisted by a psychic—or anyone else."

Do you want to know what fame is? Here is the answer: Miss Montgomery tells us that her subject gets mail addressed simply "Jeane Dixon, U.S.A." Mr. Pollack tells us that his subject gets mail addressed simply "Croiset. Europe."

Jeane Dixon: She is a slender, blue-eyed brunette. Except for the stars—more like asterisks to me—in the palms of her hands, there is nothing exceptional looking about Jeane Dixon. The day I met her she was wearing a simple dark blue dress and coat—an "ensemble" I was told—and an antique bishop's cross of gold and Russian amethysts. If she

—*Ollie Athins.*

Jeane Dixon (left) with Ruth Montgomery—scores and misses.

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sounds almost ascetic, then picture Mrs. Dixon, hair lacquered into a modest bouffant, proving that she is only "almost five feet tall" by lining up back to back and shoeless with this interviewer in the corridor outside her hotel suite.

She has been called a seer, a prophet, even a saint. This displeases her. "I'm just me. Plain me trying to do the work He has set for me. I didn't seek this book. I'm unimportant. What's important is the message that comes through in the book, the message that each of us is born for a purpose. We should recognize and seek and endeavor to do His will upon this earth in accordance with the talent He has given us. When the Lord breathed the breath of life into your soul, He gave you a talent and the wherewithal to build that talent to the nth degree. If you do that, then you will know the joy of life upon this earth. That's the way I feel, the way I live."

If the words sound a bit too much, too naked to ring true, you have to hear Mrs. Dixon speak them. There is nothing saccharine as she tosses off her deepest feelings at a pace that would put a tobacco auctioneer to shame.

"He could take it all away from me tomorrow. It's something you have to be grateful for. I could say 'Thank you' all day long. I have to hold myself back to get my work done. Business is business and I am a good businesswoman," she said, referring to her husband's realty firm in Washington, D.C., an enterprise of which Mrs. Dixon is very much a part.

"YOU know, I am not infallible," she said, referring to a prediction of hers concerning Red China's admission to the United Nations in 1959. "I will get my timing wrong when I read my symbols wrong. Your eye is slower than what you see. I'm talking about when I use the crystal ball. Visions are something apart. You can't seek them. You never even ask for them. He gives them to you. The crystal ball is something I concentrate with, the way you bring in channels on a television set."

Mrs. Dixon never uses her gift for financial gain. She says that she would never be tempted to bet on the winner of a horse race that she had seen. "I wouldn't be able to touch the money. I don't even think of that. I know I will always have something to eat and a place to sleep. That's all that matters."

She touched the bouquet of long-stemmed roses sent by her husband, who has placed a rose on her pillow every night of their marriage. "I feel I should get down on my knees and crawl the steps of my church in gratitude to God. I am grateful morning, noon, and night. I am, I am. I cry to myself about it."

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

A Talent for Evil

The Complete Justine, Philosophy in the Bedroom, and Other Writings, *by the Marquis de Sade, translated from the French by Richard Seaver and Austryn Wainhouse (Grove. 753 pp. $15), abundantly samples the vast and varied production of the eighteenth-century sensualist whose theories and activities endowed modern psychology with one of its most persistent types. Robert J. Clements is director of Comparative Literature at NYU.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

THE MARQUIS DE SADE (1740-1814) was no mere "three-time loser," like Genet, his fellow sodomite. He was a twelve-time loser who died in a madhouse. The greatest attainment of Donatien-Alphonse-François, Marquis de Sade, was certainly his ability to compose an egregious number of novels, plays, and tracts while spending thirty years of his life in the prisons of Vincennes, Pierre-Encise, Fort l'Evêque, Fort Miolans, la Bastille, le Châtelet, Madelonettes, St. Lazare, Sainte-Pélagie, Bicêtre, Ham, and finally the asylum of Charenton, from which Napoleon refused to spring him and where he lies buried. Even when thus incarcerated, Sade was the object of campaigns to keep his thoughts stifled within him. The Minister of the Interior himself issued the typical order on 18 October 1810: "Considering that M. de Sade is suffering from the most dangerous of insanities, contact between him and the other inmates poses incalculable dangers, and in as much as his writings are no lesss demented than his speech and conduct, I order that he be barred from all communication with others and that the greatest care be taken to prevent any use by him of pencils, pens, ink, or paper." Somehow the irrepressible eccentric managed to write several substantial works behind bars, including *Aline and Valcour*, *The 120 Days of Sodom*, and *The Unfortunate Consequences of Virtue*, all penned in the candlelit gloom of the Bastille.

Sade was somewhat envious of Voltaire, who also had tasted of imprisonment but managed to leave an impact on their century to which Sade could hardly aspire. The latter aped Voltaire's antithetical reasoning and casuistry, especially in *Justine*, whose heroine received for every virtue a corresponding punishment, and who was logically forced to conclude that it is better to be evil than good. But whereas Voltaire used his reasoning to effect great reforms and defend great causes, Sade (defined by his uncle and Voltaire's friend, the Abbé de Sade, as a "madman to be locked up posthaste") espoused abortion, infanticide, incest, and thus distorted the great social causes of the Encyclopedists. These were part of the frightening contribution of this aristocratic rebel which led his society to imprison him, and the incumbent French government a few years back to order confiscation of a new edition of his works.

The Marquis's contribution to the age that produced the Declaration of the Rights of Man was certainly a limited one. He hardly advanced the egalitarian movement, believing as he did that Nature ordained that there be masters and slaves, strong and weak classes. During the French Revolution he managed to fool only some of the people some of the time.

When the Bastille was stormed (Sade had been transferred to Charenton ten days before) the heady mob sacked his cell, "burned, pillaged, tore up and carried off" his personal belongings, books, and manuscripts. His play the *Suborneur* (Subversive) was hooted off the boards by a Jacobin cabal. Yet rather than emigrate like the other *ci-devants*, the old aristocrat and army officer assumed protective coloration in the post-revolutionary chaos. He managed to wangle an identity card as an "active citizen of the Place Vendome Section" and even com-

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posed a sycophantic Cantata to the "divine Marat." He talked now of a communal state, gentler laws, abolition of the death penalty, and greater sexual freedom (translate, sodomy).

Sade was ineffectual as a political reformer for many reasons, not the least of which were his extremism and his self-delusion. Indeed, his vehemence made him appear juvenile compared with the control in the mature reformers Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, and the rest. His generation was anticlerical without calling priests "idiots." It was against bourgeois morality without counseling, as did Sade, the murder of wives and parents. It was vaguely agnostic without subscribing to Sade's atheism or his assertion "The notion of God is one fault I cannot forgive in man."

As a reformer his reasoning foundered on an illogical premise. He continually justified license by recourse to comparative anthropology, an old expedient by his time, having been first introduced into France by Montaigne (*Essays*, I, 31: "People call barbarity what does not conform to their own customs."). Said Sade, leaning on Montaigne, murder was honored in China, rape in New Zealand, sodomy in Athens, and theft in Sparta. *Ergo*, there is no such thing as immorality, only amorality. The logic is anything but Cartesian, and Montaigne, after all, having noted that other peoples ate human flesh, did not recommend anthropophagy for France, a type of syllogistic conclusion common in Sade.

If it is true that Sade's socio-political influence was nil, what of his influence on sexual mores? He considered himself the great emancipator in the area of sex. Here we must not exaggerate, as do those who claim that Krafft-Ebing and Freud were his pupils. Eighteenth-century France required no such tutor in sexual sophistication, as those know who have read Diderot, De Laclos, Crébillon *fils*, and Casanova. Others were preaching and leading the life of the senses, but Sade was what I like to call a professional innocent, one who will do the most extravagantly licentious things and then challenge anyone to profess a greater morality than his. This counterattack he had learned from Rousseau. He goaded friends, critics, and authorities as a matador goads a bull. He wrote to his friend Reinaud that *Justine* was "too immoral a work for so religious and modest man as yourself." Yet the frequency with which his needless taunting and verbalizing landed him in jail makes one fell, like Jean Paulhan, that his masochism perhaps exceeded his sadism.

Several misconceptions about Sade's sexuality must be corrected. Most of his prison sentences were not "administrative punishments" for his writings, but for such diversions as getting disorderly in a brothel, knifing a girl whom he had disrobed and flogged, guaranteeing a multiple orgy by feeding several girls candy soaked with Spanish fly, committing statutory and more conventional rape -- all amusing inventions which brought to each day its particular unforeseen novelty. The adulating Simone de Beauvoir (not to be outdone by Sartre's hailing of Genet) insists that "Sade must be given a place in the great family of those who wish to cut through the banality of everyday life." She could hardly be more right! Actually Mme. de Beauvoir is outdone by Swinburne, who claimed that the day and century will come when "statues will be erected to him on the walls of every city, and when, at the base of every statue, sacrifices will be offered up to him." He might have added that favorite words and phrases of Sade will be chalked on those walls, as they are chalked on subway and vespasienne walls today.

"Now, oboe, I want a squawk—a great, cosmic squawk against injustice, the tensions of modern life, man's inhumanity to man, estrangement . . ."

WHAT, after all, is Sade's greatest contribution in the area of sex? It is most apparent from "Philosophy in the Bedroom." It is that sodomy, whether homosexual or heterosexual, is the only satisfactory way of mating. "I cannot conceive how any may forsake that pleasure for others." His enthusiasm for this type of coitus, particularly as a group activity, accompanied by whips, needles, and such refinements, leave him exposed as a sick man who (as his great admirer Baudelaire said of himself) "cultivated his hysteria."

After reading Sade, one appreciates more those simpler female philanderers of his century: the titillating normalcy of Fanny Hill, the calculating polyandry of Manon Lescaut, the gullible eagerness of Cécile Volanges (*Liaisons dangereuses*). They were corrupted by the *galants* of their day without becoming wretched sadists like Sade's Eugénie Mistival, debased to the point of joining in the painful sexual assaults on her own mother. But enough of this brilliant, ineffectual crusader who disgraced the word *libertin* by absurdly heralding himself as the only true defender of *libertinage* in his century. He only made it harder for the other freethinkers, just as brilliant, rebellious, and sensual, to combat the forces of orthodoxy which Voltaire characterized as the crowned and tonsured tigers.

What can this book (exuberantly translated, by the way) allegedly do for you and me? The publishers assure us that in this day of the hydrogen bomb Sade will serve to remind us of the "absolute evil of which man is capable." (This is like saying that one should read Rousseau to sound the absolute boredom of which man is capable.) Then with a Calvinistic flourish bespattering us all with taints of Original Sin, Grove Press urges us to read this man "who may be able to teach us a trifle more about ourselves." God forfend!

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The most popular feature in BOOKS is the exclusive feature "Cocktail Party," the talk of the literati:

Saul Bellow's interest in writing a magazine article, even a book, on politics and politicians seems to have waned. For background he had met with Vice President Humphrey and flown in a helicopter over Manhattan with Robert Kennedy, Secretary Udall, and Gloria Steinem . . . Theodore Sorensen's original manuscript of "Kennedy" contained scant reference to the Bay of Pigs incident, low point of JFK's administration. At his publisher's request, Sorensen beefed up the Pigs section . . . The book you'll want to give your girl friend this Christmas is the University of Michigan Press' new translation of "Sappho."

Victor Lasky's next book: "R.F.K.: The Man and the Myth." . . . In the winter of his discotheque, Eugene Boe is writing a paperback guide to New York's more colourful pubs . . . If all books on American women were laid end to end, Elaine Kendall wouldn't be surprised if

they exceeded the height of the Empire State Building, which is, after all, only 102 stories. So Mrs. Kendall is getting in her licks on behalf of the American male. It's called "The Upper Hand," a short book—only 200 pages—pre-condensed, she says. She's dedicated it to the men in her life . . . Science and Scientific American magazines have refused to publish Delta's advertisements for the paperback editions of Immanuel Velikovsky's "Worlds in Collision" and "Earth in Upheaval." Scientific American told BOOKS that publication of ads for Velikovsky's books "would jeopardize the magazine's editorial posture on Velikovsky."

Lenny Bruce's definition of democracy is "when the Irish, Jewish, Polish, German, Italian, and Negro kids all get together—to beat up the little Puerto Rican kid." . . . Esquire magazine's list of 100 Best People in the World includes many Esquire contributors and employees . . . A Greenwich Village graffito: "Death is nature's way of telling you to slow down." . . . "The Johnson Humor" has 124 pages . . . Are people who

---

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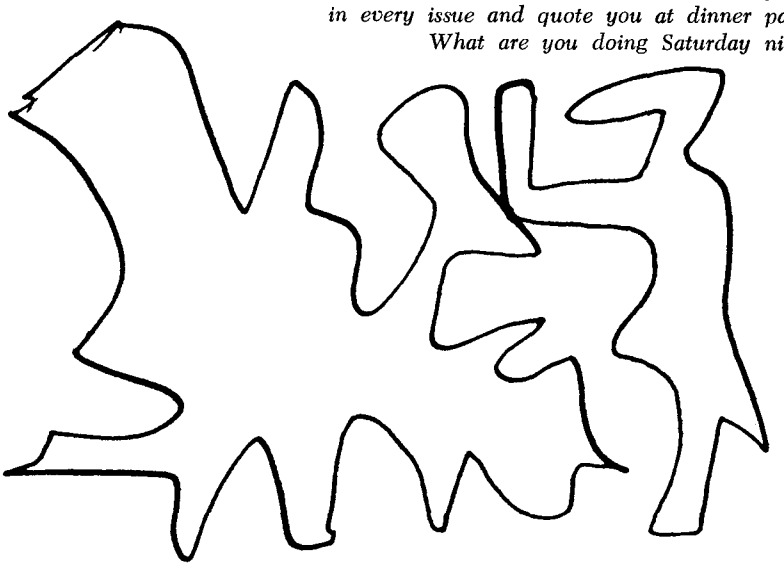

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The Reforming Arm of the Law

Legal Aspects of the Civil Rights Movement, *edited by Donald B. King and Charles W. Quick (Wayne State University Press. 447 pp. $12.50), and* ***Equality,*** *by Robert L. Carter, Dorothy Kenyon, Peter Marcuse, and Loren Miller (Random House. 191 pp. $4.95), comment on the role of the courts in implementing the Fourteenth Amendment. Myer Feldman, former counsel to the President, is a practicing attorney.*

By MYER FELDMAN

THE BATTLE of the American Negro for standing in the community began with the declaration that "all men are created free and equal." It has only gained momentum in recent years, when it became part and parcel of the global postwar revolution that has touched unhomogeneous societies on every continent.

The underlying philosophy of the Negro revolution can be expressed in Robert Burns's line "A man's a man for a' that." The idea is not new. It has swept continents and provoked upheavals for many decades. But the massive dislocations and transformations brought about by World War II have turned it into a powerful force. The goals of the Asian and African nationalists in the 1950s and the goals of the American Negro today are, after all, those defined in the Atlantic Charter, the Charter of the United Nations, and the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights.

Although the revolution of the American Negro has been part of a larger movement with which it has much in common both in ideology and tactics, it also has its own unique characteristics, the most important, perhaps, being the extent to which it has relied on legal processes.

Court decisions alone would not have moved the Negro very far from his traditional position in American society. It took Little Rock to focus attention on practices long ignored by the public. Birmingham, Selma, and Americus shocked a largely unconcerned nation out of its complacency. More recently, the Los Angeles insurrection exposed a brutal undercurrent that can sweep away the fabric of law and order.

But all these events notwithstanding, the victories in the courts have been crucial. This is in keeping with the American concept of the law as a protector. More than other nations, we translate our social, political, and economic problems into legal battles.

Given the importance of law in the civil rights struggle it is disappointing that so little of value has been written on the subject. There have been some articles in the professional journals—most of them not first-rate—but the nontechnical literature is sparse. (A striking exception has been the writing of Alex Bikel. Both in his trenchant work on the Supreme Court, *The Least Dangerous Branch,* and in numerous articles in *The New Republic* Bikel has analyzed the role of law in civil rights.)

Legal Aspects of the Civil Rights Movement is a compendium of essays on such subjects as housing, education, and transportation. *Equality* contains four essays on compensatory treatment for Negroes. While both are readable and interesting, they, like most of the recent civil rights books, contain no new insights into the problem. Indeed, that does not appear to have been the purpose of the authors. The books bear the marks of having been put together in a hurry to reach the market while it is still hot.

Legal Aspects of the Civil Rights Movement is a useful primer, but it suffers from too many trees and not enough forest. The two most promising essays, "Litigation as a Form of Political Action," by Ann Fagan Ginger, and "Observations After the Strategy of Protest," by William Taylor, should probably have been expanded, for they leave more questions than answers.

Equality is disappointing partly because the subject raises high hopes that are never fully realized. Preferential quotas present a terrible irony. They are almost always instituted by people of good intentions who genuinely want to advance integration and are, in this respect, trail-blazers in their communities. Moreover, the indisputable logic of quotas can be demonstrated and substantiated by experience. Yet they are totally unacceptable to the minority groups on whose behalf they are imposed: by acquiescing in a quota, such groups submit to the humiliation of acknowledging their own undesirability.

Of the four essays in this volume, Loren Miller's is excellent and readable; Dorothy Kenyon's is somewhat trite, and those by Robert Carter and Peter Marcuse fall somewhere in between.

Roots of Hate Run Long and Deep

The South as It Is: 1865-1866, *by John Richard Dennett, edited by Henry M. Christman (Viking. 370 pp. $6.95), reveals that attitudes concerning caste have changed little during the past century. Ari Hoogenboom is currently a visiting associate professor of history at the University of Oregon. With the aid of a Guggenheim Fellowship he is researching a study to be entitled "Bureaucracy in Crisis: Administration Under Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson."*

By ARI HOOGENBOOM

ONE CENTURY ago the newly-established *Nation,* deeply interested in the freedman, commissioned John Richard Dennett to report on "The South as It Is." Well-educated, young, vigorous, and talented, Dennett, who had managed free Negro plantation labor in the Port Royal Experiment, was ideally suited to his assignment.

His descriptions bring alive the postwar South. "Even at that early hour the sun began to shine hotly down upon the baked and cracked soil of the railroad," he wrote from Virginia, "and moving my trunk into the shadow cast by the leaving train, I sat and watched the crowd assembled at the station. . . . Dirty-looking whites and dirtier Negroes were selling 'fried pies' and other uninviting edibles. A crippled Negro was retailing cider, which he poured from a jug with a cornstalk stopper into a tin can that once had held preserved salmon. Newsboys were crying the New York *Daily News* and *Herald,* and the Richmond morning papers." But what Dennett heard is more significant than what he saw. Traveling by public transportation, on horse and on foot from Virginia through the Carolinas into Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi, Dennett faithfully transcribed words spoken freely about Reconstruction by Southerners ranging from the wealthiest planters and merchants to the most destitute

(*Continued on page* 86)

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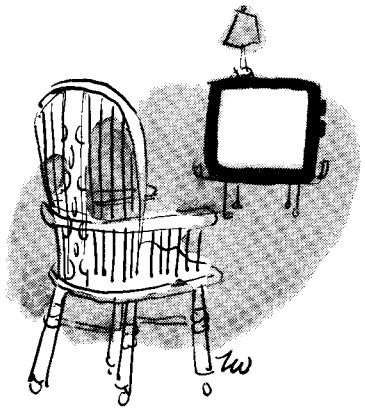
The Value of Speaking Up

ANYONE who has motored through the Southwest without an FM radio in his car knows the barrenness of AM radio programing. I have had the experience, and I understand the despair of FM listeners in the area of Albuquerque, New Mexico, who discovered last June that KHFM, their only fine music station, was planning to drop its adult-level, cultural programing for a new schedule of "top forty" music. "What's top forty?" asked one refugee from mass culture, in a sombre letter to the FM station. "If this is the top forty symphonies or string quartets I do not object. If, on the other hand, you are going to play the usual top forty then I wish to protest strongly to you and your sponsors." He was soon joined by a small host of protestors. "Do not carry out that reckless and diabolical plan," wrote one listener. "Please don't go bottom forty," wrote Professor Keen Rafferty, chairman of the Department of Journalism at the University of New Mexico. And H. G. Alexander, chairman of the University's Department of Philosophy, wrote: "If the reason for the contemplated change is lack of sponsor support, I am confident that you have been in contact with the wrong sponsors; for I am acquainted with some who would be glad to underwrite the type of program you have been giving us."

Businessmen, research scientists, doctors, and ministers swelled the dismayed chorus, deploring the announced plunge into "the morass of mediocrity." What the mourners didn't know, however, was that William W. Weinrod, president of CHE Broadcasting, which owns and operates KHFM, was as unhappy about the change to popular music as his accusers. For ten years he and his associates had been meeting deficits out of their own pockets to keep the station on the air. They knew they had a loyal audience—but no growth rate. The end had come, and the change to top forty was designed to make the station more salable—so they could bail out. Stunned by the extent and force of the protests from listeners, the management took to the air to defend themselves with a full explanation of their alleged betrayal of the cause of the arts. "Look," said Mr. Weinrod in effect, "we're with you. Do something."

The listeners did. They hit the sponsors with protests. One sponsor, a local auto dealer, announced in his commercials on KHFM that he would cancel his advertising if the switch took place but



would increase it by 50 per cent if concert music stayed. Sponsors who had dropped from KHFM were visited by listeners and urged to return. Hi-Fi House, a sponsor, took an ad in the Albuquerque *Journal* listing fifty-two other sponsors (including its major competitor) and urging listeners to call them. The *Journal*, like many other newspapers throughout the country, has a policy of not mentioning electronic media unless they're in trouble, so it printed no news stories about the KHFM flap. But it did run several letters to the editor that registered opposition to the proposed change. Even teen-agers were among the protesters, asking for retention of serious music, poetry readings, interviews, and discussions.

July 4 was to have been the day of the change. "Hey, kids, the big noise on the fourth . . ." was part of the station's appeal to its anticipated new audience. But the change never took place. Instead, KHFM plans to maintain and advance its cultural programing as an oasis in the New Mexico radio desert. "We underestimated our audience," admits Bill Weinrod. "We knew they were loyal, but we weren't prepared for so emotional a reaction." The station is planning to raise its advertising rates, and income is already up 50 per cent. Twenty to thirty sponsors who were slipping away are now solidly behind KHFM, and new ones are coming in.

The moral seems plain. To be a loyal FM listener isn't enough. One must also be an outspoken advocate. FM listeners must speak up, publicly admit they listen to FM, propagate the faith. Advertisers cherish intense response, believing that it has transfer value to product buying. If FM listeners man the air barricades stoutly enough, maybe someday Detroit will make FM receivers standard equipment in our cars. Then a drive through the Southwest will be as beautiful in sound as it is to the vision.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

JACKS OF TWO TRADES

Many famous people were engaged—for a while or longer—in occupations other than those for which we remember them. Eloise Greenfield of Washington, D.C., wants you to match the following Jacks (and a Jill) with their other trades. The employment records are straightened out on page 86.

1.	J. W. von Goethe	( ) poet
2.	Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman	( ) missionary
3.	Clara Barton	( ) railroad president
4.	Arthur Rimbaud	( ) horse breeder
5.	Martin Luther	( ) weaver
6.	Georges Clemenceau	( ) geologist
7.	Jonathan Swift	( ) district attorney
8.	Gen. Pierre Beauregard	( ) banker
9.	Andrew Johnson	( ) orator
10.	Richard Brinsley Sheridan	( ) oyster pirate
11.	Michelangelo	( ) coffee trader
12.	Henry Clay	( ) telegraph operator
13.	Sir Walter Scott	( ) surgical assistant
14.	Andrew Carnegie	( ) tailor
15.	Vincent Van Gogh	( ) sheriff
16.	Christopher Columbus	( ) portrait painter
17.	Jack London	( ) vicar
18.	Robert Fulton	( ) Patent Office clerk
19.	John Keats	( ) teacher in a girls' school
20.	Francis Scott Key	( ) street singer

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THE FACT that none of last season's serious new plays of domestic origin, or imported plays serious or comic, returned a profit to its investors (gratefully called angels) doesn't seem to have deterred producers from trying again. A look at the fall portion of the new season's schedule (right) reveals almost exactly the same ratio of these items to the more profitable musicals as prevailed last September. This suggests that the fixed number of theaters large enough to support expensive musicals may be the stabilizing factor.

Of the established American playwrights, Tennessee Williams will be represented by *Slapstick Tragedy* in January, and Edward Albee is working on adaptations of James Purdy's *Malcolm* and Giles Cooper's *Everything in the Garden*. Archibald MacLeish's *Herakles* will be premiered by the splendid APA Company on September 28 at the University of Michigan. And Murray Schisgal's twenty-character play, *Jimmy Shine*, starring Alan Arkin, is planned for later this season.

Of the promising new playwrights, much is expected from David Rayfiel (*Nathan Weinstein's Daughter*), LeRoi Jones (*A Recent Killing*), James Kirkwood (*UTBU*), Saul Bellow (three one-act plays), and William Alfred (*Hogan's Goat*).

The richest category in this year's lineup would seem to be the imports from abroad. *The Devils* was voted the best new British play of 1960-61, ahead of *A Man for All Seasons*. *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*, a black comedy, tied with *Alfie* as the best new British play of 1963-64. *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, rated by critic Bernard Levin as the best British play of the decade, happily brings Christopher Plummer back to New York. And *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*, as performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company under the direction of Peter Brook, promises to be the theatrical event of the season here, as it was in London. Also coming in December, is John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence*, voted the best British play of 1964-65.

The list of new musicals will be augmented by Lionel Bart's *Maggie May* and Jerry Bock's and Sheldon Harnick's *Come Back! Go Away! I Love You!* Promised too, are a revival of *The Cherry Orchard*, and Sol Hurok's importation of the Comedie-Française. And two revivals (*Danton's Death*, *The Country Wife*), plus two new foreign plays (Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona*, Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*), will open the Vivian Beaumont Theater, co-designed for Lincoln Center by Jo Mielziner and the late Eero Saarinen.

—HENRY HEWES.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Fall'n Angels

	TITLE AND AUTHOR	TENTATIVE CAST	OPENING
DOMESTIC	MRS. DALLY, William Hanley	Arlene Francis, Ralph Meeker, Robert Forster	Wed., Sept 22 John Golden
	GENERATION, William Goodheart	Henry Fonda, Richard Jordan, Holly Turner	Wed., Sept. 29 Morosco
	THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS, Arthur Marx, Bob Fisher	Alan King, Jane Elliot, Janet Ward, Sudie Bond	Wed., Oct. 13 Playhouse
	MATING DANCE, Eleanor Harris Howard, Helen McAvity	Van Johnson, Marian Hailey	Wed., Oct. 27 Eugene O'Neill
	XMAS IN LAS VEGAS, Jack Richardson	Tom Ewell, Heywood Hale Broun	Thurs., Oct. 28 Barrymore
	THE PORCELAIN YEAR, Reginald Rose	Barbara Bel Geddes, Arthur Hill	Wed., Nov. 17 Longacre
BOOKS	THE WORLD OF RAY BRADBURY, Ray Bradbury (his own stories)	George Voskovec	Tues., Oct. 5 Orpheum
	A MINOR MIRACLE, Al Morgan (his own novel)	Lee Tracy, Dennis King, Pert Kelton	Thurs., Oct. 7 Henry Miller's
	THE ZULU AND THE ZAYDA, Felix Leon, Howard Da Silva (Dan Jacobson's short story)	Menasha Skulnik, Ossie Davis, Louis Gossett	Tues., Nov. 9 Cort
IMPORTED	A VERY RICH WOMAN, Philipe Heriat (Ad: Ruth Gordon)	Ruth Gordon, Ernest Truex, Ethel Griffies	Thurs.,Sept.30 Belasco
	THE TRICON, James Broom Lynne	Michael Lipton, Alexandra Berlin, Jeremy Geidt	Sat., Oct. 2 Stage 73
	ENTERTAINING MR. SLOANE, Joe Orton	Dudley Sutton, Sheila Hancock, Lee Montague	Tues., Oct. 12 Lyceum
	THE RIGHT HONORABLE GENTLEMAN, Michael Bradley-Dyne	Charles D. Gray, M'el Dowd, Coral Browne	Tues., Oct. 19 Billy Rose
	THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN, Peter Shaffer	Christopher Plummer, David Carradine	Tues., Oct. 26 ANTA
	THE DEVILS, John Whiting	Jason Robards, Jr., Anne Bancroft, John Colicos	Sun., Nov. 7 Broadway
	THE MARAT/SADE, Peter Weiss (Ad: Geoffrey Skelton, A. Mitchell)	Clive Revill, Patrick Magee, Glenda Jackson	Mon., Dec. 27
MUSICAL	PICKWICK, Wolf Mankowitz, Leslie Bricusse, Cyril Ornadel (from Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*)	Harry Secombe, David Jones, Helena Carroll, John Call, Charlotte Rae	Mon., Oct. 4 46th Street
	DRAT! THE CAT! Ira Levin, Milton Schaefer	Elliot Gould, Eddie Foy, Jr., Lesley Ann Warren	Sat., Oct. 9 Martin Beck
	ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER, Alan Jay Lerner, Burton Lane	Barbara Harris, Louis Jourdan, Clifford David, Rae Allen, Boris Tumarin	Sat., Oct. 16 Mark Hellinger
	HOTEL PASSIONATO, Jerome Schwartz, Phil Springer, Joan Javits (from *Hotel Paradiso*)	Phil Leeds, Mary Jane Worley	Sun., Oct. 17 Phoenix-74th
	HOT SEPTEMBER, Paul Osborn, Rhoda Roberts, Kenneth Jacobson (from *Picnic*)	Sean Garrison, Kathryn Hays, Eddie Bracken, Lovelady Powell	Wed., Oct. 20 Alvin
	SKYSCRAPER, Peter Stone, Sammy Cahn, Jimmy Van Heusen (from *Dream Girl*)	Julie Harris, Victor Spinetti, Donald Burr, Nancy Cushman, Lesley Stewart	Sat., Oct. 23 Lunt-Fontanne
	MAN OF LA MANCHA, Dale Wasserman, Mitch Leigh, Joe Darion (partly from *Don Quixote*)	Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, Irving Jacobson	Mon., Nov. 22 ANTA—Wash. Sq.
	ANYA, George Abbott, Guy Bolton, George Forrest, Robert Wright (from *Anasatasia*)	George London, Constance Towers, Irra Petina, Lillian Gish	Mon., Nov. 29 Ziegfeld
	LA GROSSE VALISE, Robert Dhery, Gerard Calvi, Harold Rome	Liliane Montevecchi	Tues., Nov. 30 54th Street
	THE YEARLING, Lore Noto, Herbert E. Martin, Michael Leonard (from the novel by Marjorie Rawlings)	David Wayne, Carmen Mathews, Dolores Wilson	Thurs., Dec. 9
OTHER	HAPPY DAYS, Samuel Beckett (in French)	Madeleine Renaud, Jean-Louis Barrault	Tues., Sept. 14 Cherry Lane
	HAPPY DAYS, Samuel Beckett (in English)	Ruth White, John C. Becher	Tues., Sept. 28 Cherry Lane
	DANTON'S DEATH, Georg Büchner (Ad: Herbert Blau)	Alan Bergmann, Robert Symonds, Gail Fisher	Thurs., Oct. 21 Vivian Beaumont
	THE COUNTRY WIFE, William Wycherley		Thurs., Dec. 9 Beaumont

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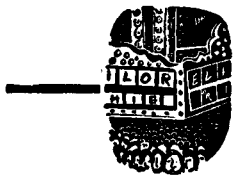
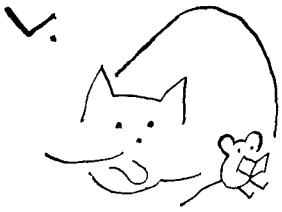


Blood, Sand, and Money

IT'S NOT TOO MUCH of a compliment, I suppose, to say that Francesco Rosi, with Antonio Cervi, has made the best film about bullfighting to date in *The Moment of Truth*. So, to beef my praise up a bit, so to speak, I think I should say he has made a very fine film indeed—in spite of the fact that bullfighting as a film subject would seem to have been, long since, run into the sand. Rosi has managed to overcome most of the clichés inherent in the story of a young Spaniard who achieves fame, fortune, and eventually death in the bull ring, by an honest use of the camera and by not blinking an iota away from the realities. No cutting away from the bull in its last throes of agony, no ducking the sorry mess of bloody matted hair, the goring of horses, the sometimes fatal injuries to the fighters—and also no romanticizing of the motives of the toreros, or certainly not the one played very convincingly by matador Miguel Mateo Miguelin.

Why does he fight bulls? For money, lots of it. He happens to be able to do it well, but after coming to the city from the provinces, he has first tried a variety of jobs through which he can barely scrape along. Rosi first shows one of those visually exciting but undeniably barbaric religious processions, to set the relatively primitive atmosphere of the boy's milieu, and then catches that peculiar Spanish madness of young men chasing after and taunting bulls let into the streets and getting tossed and mangled for their bravado. These scenes have more meaning than Hemingway gave similar ones in *The Sun Also Rises* because Rosi gives them the sickening, senseless quality they undoubtedly have—tourist reports to the contrary.

And why are bulls fought? Because of some elemental ritual, something in the Spanish sunlit atmosphere, deep wellsprings of tradition in the people? Not really, according to Rosi, who views it all rather bleakly as a kind of economic determinism. There's an old matador who teaches boys like Miguel the rudiments of the sport, and he keeps calling it an "art," but what it turns out to be is a crowd-pleaser; most of the spectators come to enjoy the spectacle of someone else taking the risks, and get kicks out of a bewildered beast—bound for the stockyards in any case—its nerves and muscles tuned to explosive edge, attempting to free itself, always futilely, from its tormentors. Rosi, by the way, doesn't make a blanket condemnation of the exploiters who fasten onto the capable ones like Miguel—they're part of the system, businessmen supplying a product.



To become a star, a celebrated matador, like Miguel, means fighting ninety long afternoons each year; overcoming the continual anxiety, attacks of fear; and, meanwhile, recovering from the less lethal gorings. To please the crowd Miguel must dare, increase the element of risk, depend upon split-second timing to avoid the rushes. He develops an individual style, of course, for the aficionados and the critics to analyze, and there is, too, a demonstration of Miguelin's great prowess for the so-called esthetes who overlook the nasty aspects or build them into pretty rationalizations. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Rosi's film is that he calls into the mind of the viewer a host of speculations and attitudes without any sort of heavy, ulterior emphasis. Make up your own mind about it, he seems to say; here it is as we see it. Miguelin in the bullring is in his element, naturally, but he also does his "acting" scenes well. Perhaps standard are those with Linda Christian playing a movie star in Spain whose sex glands are aroused by good-looking young bullfighters, and standard, too, is the fatal ending, saved, however, by the air of inevitability given it. The photography in color is extraordinary throughout.

PATRICIA GOZZI, the child actress of *Sundays and Cybele*, has reached the age of fifteen in *Rapture*, her new film (and in real life, too), but her development seems to be along lines less artistic than physical. To be fair to this obviously gifted girl, it must be admitted that her role is a garish one, that of a wild-eyed, brooding girl, verging on insanity, or believing herself so (for neither the script nor the direction ever makes this quite clear), living with a quietly nutty retired judge in a farmhouse on the craggy coast of Brittany, playing with dolls, and building a scarecrow that she insists is live and real. In the household, too, is a ripely endowed maid (Gunnel Lindblom) who entertains young locals in her room at night. Enter thunder, lightning, rain, and Dean Stockwell, an escaped criminal—the scarecrow come to life, assumes the girl—and he is harbored in the farmhouse by the judge, seduced by Miss Lindblom, and adored by the nymphetic Miss Gozzi, who has her few moments of rapture with him before he plunges to his death from a cliff. John Guillerman, the director, has loaded this already overloaded vehicle with obvious symbols, startling sound effects, gulls screeching over the cliffs (I, for one, hope never to see another shot of gulls wheeling against a darkening sky), and Miss Gozzi running around with enough energy to qualify her for the decathlon in the Olympics. I read in a review somewhere that "Miss Gozzi graduates to a woman's love through joy, homicidal rage, and searing pain. . . ." Maybe we didn't see the same movie.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

Statement by Italian-American League to Combat Defamation on Barzini's Book "*The Italians*"

We recognize an author's right to express his views, but we also exercise our right to pass judgment upon his product. In doing so, we find Barzini's book defamatory of Italy and Italians for, *inter alia*, the following reasons:

1. Barzini describes Italians generally as brutal, when it is universally known that as a people Italians are kind, friendly and respectful of authority.

2. He scoffs at the 21,000,000 tourists who visit Italy annually, ridiculing them for traveling to this land of enchantment.

3. He speaks of Italy as his mother and then finds in that mother "corruption, depravity and shamelessness."

4. He says there is no law in Italy, ignoring her renowned universities and the fact that Roman Law is the foundation of modern jurisprudence.

5. He charges Italy with never having wanted unification and independence, thus slandering the countless patriots who died for the freedom of their country. He ignores the battle of Vittorio Veneto, one of the most decisive military battles in history.

6. Barzini's book is unreliable in history, deficient in analysis, and irresponsible as a sociological study. The Italy he describes exists nowhere except in his own uninhibited imagination.

7. We recommend to Mr. Barzini the immortal poem, which begins "Breathes there the man, with soul so dead . . ."

NATIONAL ITALIAN-AMERICAN LEAGUE TO COMBAT DEFAMATION INCORPORATED

FERDINAND PECORA, *Chairman*, Advisory Committee

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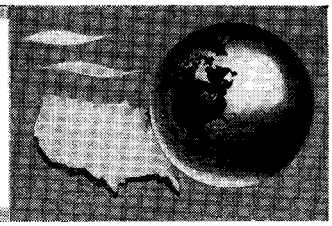
As Others See Us



TORONTO:

Toward Negotiations

A HOPEFUL NOTE in the tragic Vietnam tangle . . . is the indication that the United States Government is taking a less rigid and more conciliatory approach to peace negotiations with the Communists. This may well be a by-product of President Johnson's decision to enlist the aid of the United Nations in settling the conflict. . . .

The U.S. is willing to accept some face-saving formula to allow the Vietcong, the Communist rebel organization in South Vietnam, to take part in the peace conference. Previously it has categorically refused to have anything to do with the Vietcong, on the ground that it was merely a puppet of North Vietnam.

The change is sensible. It is the Vietcong that is doing the actual fighting in South Vietnam, so that there was always something Alice-in-Wonderlandish about the effort to exclude it from the peace talks. Besides, however dependent the Vietcong leaders may be on arms and supplies from North Vietnam and China, it is quite possible that they have aims and ambitions of their own which will have to be considered in any genuine settlement.

The new approach to peacemaking seems far more realistic than the old. It may not persuade Communists to accept a compromise peace, but at least it meets some of their conditions for coming to the conference table.

What is perhaps even more hopeful, the new attitude seems to reflect the growing realization in Washington—after all these years—that in a war like the one in Vietnam a clear-cut military victory is impossible and that an end to the bloodshed can only come through political negotiation. —*Daily Star.*

ST. JOHN'S:

What Next?

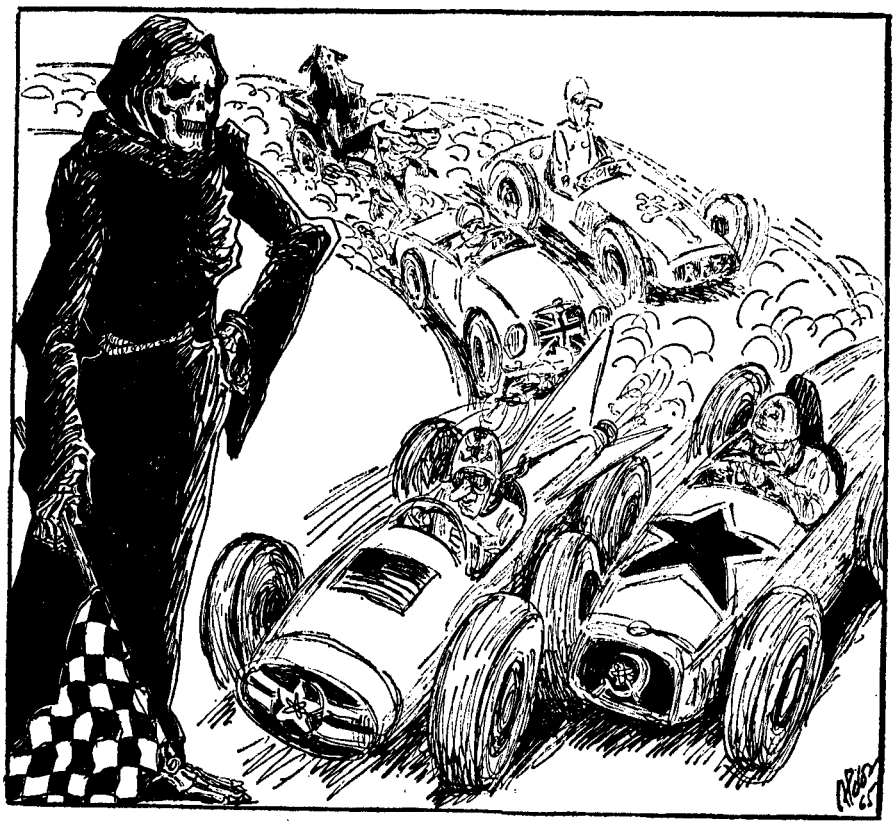
THE GRAVITY OF the implications of the war in Vietnam is plainly to be seen in the efforts that are being made to seek a solution by negotiation. . . .

The only people who are unperturbed are the Communists in Southeast Asia. They are convinced they can win in the long run. They have forced the United States into a kind of war it had tried to avoid, a war in which it must make increasing commitments of land forces, a war in which guerrilla tactics in an ideal environment can nullify the potency of the most sophisticated weapons.

In the end the main targets for American air power may have to be found in the north in areas which, up to now, have been carefully avoided. In the end it could mean a conflict in which nuclear weapons will be used. Beyond that nobody is anxious to exercise his imagination.

But what influences can persuade Hanoi and Peking to accept a truce in order to seek a negotiated settlement? The Americans have proposed unconditional talks. The Commonwealth has sought to intervene without success. Will the U.N. or groups of nonaligned nations have better luck? The effort must be made, but the immediate prospects of bringing a halt to this nasty, dangerous, and escalating war are far from encouraging unless a new sense of responsibility dictates policy in Hanoi and Peking.

—*Daily News.*



—*El Tiempo, Bogota.*

A Colombian view of the great powers—"Twenty years after Hiroshima, the nuclear race goes on."

YORKSHIRE:

Behind the Battle

THE AMERICANS are not sticking it out to save face. They are sticking it out because a total victory for the Communists in South Vietnam would dismay the non-Communist countries in Southeast Asia and convince China that aggression pays. Britain, with responsibilities toward Malaysia, ought to be thankful that the Americans are bearing the grim burden in Vietnam. Certainly Thailand, Australia, and New Zealand are glad that the United States is fulfilling its commitments; and no doubt quite a number of diplomatically silent countries are relieved to know that the Chinese dragon will always have to reckon with an American St. George.

—*The Yorkshire Post.*

HAMBURG:

The Uses of Air Power

THE EXPERIENCE and success of the U.S. Air Force in Vietnam, despite its failures, is changing the picture of guerrilla warfare as it has existed throughout the world for nearly twenty-five years. The result of air operations could lead to a revision of the theories on guerrilla warfare. All these theories grew out of battle experience or were conceived for fighting in which air power would fail or be without significance. . . . All prisoner-of-war interrogations and the reports found on dead Vietcong officers and political commissars clearly show

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how much the effects of air power hinder the guerrillas, how it slows their operations and supply lines, how often they disrupt their plans, and how the guerrillas fear the fighter pilots. Guerrilla losses to air power in Vietnam have been climbing steadily since February and currently may amount to perhaps half of all the losses being suffered by Red guerrillas. —*Die Welt.*

COLOGNE:

The Real Threat

. . . ALTHOUGH THEY are threatening, it is not the dark clouds over Vietnam and Southeast Asia that have lately been disturbing the sleep of those in the know. Vietnam is no more than a symptom, though an important one.

What is far more deeply disturbing is the fact that America has lost her position as the leading power—not least as the intellectually leading power—in the dangers that encompass world politics these days. —*Kölner Stadt-Anzeiger.*

EAST BERLIN:

Russian Restraint

A FACTOR NECESSARY to stop the war in Vietnam is the international solidarity movement, which is increasing even in the United States. This is a great political factor because it is isolating the U.S. more and more. . . .

One could ask why the Soviet Union is not interfering in Vietnam with hydrogen bombs. The Soviet Union would be able to destroy the entire American fleet in the South China Sea and in the Gulf of Tonkin with its hydrogen bombs and long-range rockets, but the war in Vietnam must be ended in a way that does not lead to a thermonuclear war. This is the great problem—to help defeat the American imperialists while simultaneously preventing the spread of the war over the whole world.

—*East German Radio.*

LONDON:

A Policy Emerges

GRADUALLY THE OUTLINES of an American policy on Vietnam are emerging. They carry only the faintest promise of success.

The President will maintain the United States interest militarily in that country using only the strength that is necessary and no more. He will continue to avoid the temptation to mobilize the whole American strength. . . .

This is a policy of restraint that some of the military leaders are beginning to find irksome. For them it smacks of the sort of restraint the Americans imposed upon themselves in Korea. But the President has these leaders under control and they have hardly any political voice.

Alongside this goes the all-out diplomatic offensive. . . . The Administration still appears to believe that its best hopes of getting talks started lie with the Hanoi Government. And all American efforts, military and diplomatic, are geared to the end of persuading Hanoi to talk.

There are signs of new and serious opposition to this policy. . . . It is by men who would denounce not the Johnson war but the Johnson peace.

But the problem of how the country would take a settlement whose fundamental quality of humiliation could not be disguised is a real one. It is certainly not a popular war. But this, too, is a proud country, at a peak of unprecedented prosperity, able to prosecute a war and vastly extend its social services and enjoy a tax cut all at the same time.

When people talk about pulling out of Vietnam the talk usually comes round to the melancholy precedents of Britain's various withdrawals. It would be politically disastrous for this Administration to preside over too obvious a humiliation.

So he continues and must continue to walk a tightrope one end of which is anchored in the swamps of Southeast Asia, the other in the all-powerful American electorate. And however passionate the appeals of the pickets at the White House gates, President Johnson is not the man to lose sight of this reality.

—*The Observer.*

BUDAPEST:

Deaf Ear?

IT IS CLEAR THAT the United States President has decided on a further grave step toward extension of the aggression against Vietnam. . . . [His] remarks about the possibility of negotiations are a deliberate deception.

As the U.S. Administration proceeds on the road of escalating the war, it acts more and more openly as the world's policeman and turns a deaf ear to the more sober opinions voiced by certain circles close to the Administration. The policeman's logic of relying on the omnipotence of brute force emanates from the recently announced military measures. The U.S. evidently thinks that indignant opinion throughout the world can be worn down. This tactic no longer works.

The U.S. Government is making a terrible miscalculation when it does not realize that repeated announcements by the Soviet Union and the other socialist countries mean; namely, that North Vietnam will receive all the assistance needed. —*Népszabadság.*

From Good to Great? Six months is not a very long time in which to build a Good Society, much less a Great one. But President Johnson is no Fabius; his political science does not admit the tactic of delay, and by his own rules the U.S. should be passing from Good to Great just about now, coincidentally with the last two months of the baseball season and the beginning of National Peanut Butter Week. . . . Congress is obviously willing to enact the whole of the Administration's program, and a lot it did not have the nerve to ask for. If the Congressmen do not decide to leave Washington soon from the sheer boredom of it all, they may have achieved Greatness before the year is up. . . .

There is some small hope that President Johnson is not finished building his Great Society, and that next year's legislative program will attempt to change the structure of the social complex instead of merely adding rooms. Richard Goodwin, one of the more inventive of the President's advisers, recently complained that he was not receiving as many new ideas about social change as he would like, and the theory is that he is looking for them. In fact, he should not have to look far. There are more ideas floating around the country today than Mr. Goodwin could ever assimilate. His problem is that he does not really want to hear them. They come from the new radicals in the civil rights movement (last summer in Mississippi), from the students (the Berkeley uprising), from the teachers (the teach-ins), from community organizers (the action groups in Negro ghettoes and white slums), and from the scores of free-lance writers and intellectuals who are synthesizing all those experiences.

The President has yet to look at the problems he so often deplores—poverty, racial discrimination, social fragmentation—in any programmatic way. He is still tied to the New Deal concepts of welfarism: poor people are responsible for their poverty, Negroes are responsible for their oppression, and the middle class is responsible for its alienation. Give them all a little money, and the minimum freedom in which to exercise it, and they will be all right. Except that is not how it worked out in 1935, and it is doubtful, from the look of things in the Great Society so far, whether it will now. —*New Statesman, London.*

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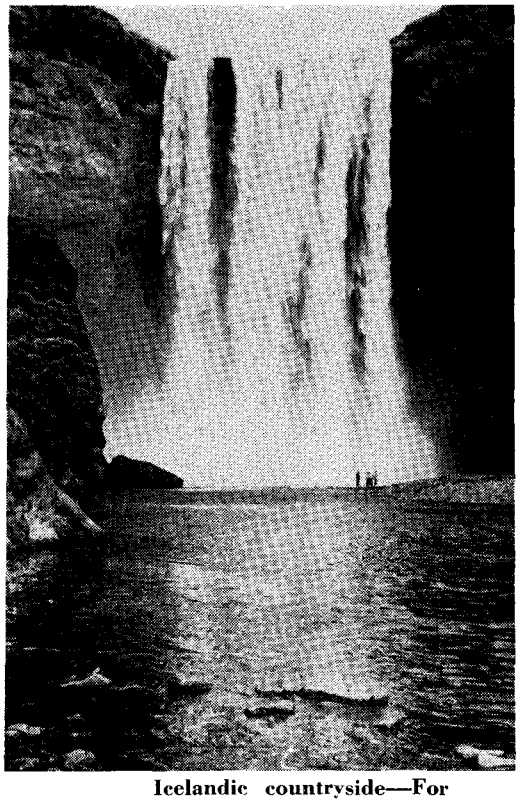
Implausible Island

EDITOR'S NOTE: *While Horace Sutton is on vacation, this space is being occupied by guest columnists. The following article is by Ted Olson, an old Iceland hand whose acquaintance with the island goes back to 1941. He served with the American Embassy in Reykjavik from 1957 to 1959.*

IT WAS Iceland's bad luck that Erik the Red got there a century too late. Erik was a promoter, with a precocious understanding of the importance of brand labeling in establishing a beguiling image. If he had dedicated himself to building up his homeland instead of luring settlers to his frigid real estate development farther west, Iceland would probably have been called Greenland, and Greenland, much more accurately, Iceland. But Floki Vilgerdsson had been there first, and Floki was a literal and irascible man. When, impatient to be off to Norway in the spring after over-wintering on the newfound island (the first Norseman to do so) he found the fjord sealed by floes, he uttered some crisp Viking oaths and dubbed the place Iceland.

The damage over the years has been considerable. Diplomats have been known to threaten resignation rather than accept an assignment in Reykjavik. G.I.s posted to the Iceland Defense Force at Keflavik used to speed their year's incarceration with sardonic whimsies. One of them set up a temporary vogue by purchasing a deck of cards and ostentatiously tearing up one card a week. Others trudged down to the coast and threw rocks into the North Atlantic, on the theory that if enough of them did the same thing there would be a causeway over which they could march home. Lumps of lava were secreted in the barracks bags of men about to depart—a long-term demolition project.

Icelanders find this incomprehensible. They like their island and tend to pine when transplanted. They return from vacations in the Tyrol or the Schwarzwald grumbling about the landscape: it's all cluttered with trees so you can't see anything.



Icelandic countryside—For fishermen and philologists.

ICELAND is a cyclopean fistful of volcanic slag thrust up out of the North Atlantic. The planet's hide thins there to an easily puncturable membrane, under which one can sense, and occasionally feel, the subterranean cauldrons bubbling. They have been known to break through, cooking away the glaciers and sending torrents of superheated water down to the sea. Two years ago the ocean off the south coast began to boil and belch fire, and shortly a brand-new volcano emerged. It has grown to a sizable island.

For several years vulcanologists have been keeping an eye on Katla, under the impacted ice of a glacier in southern Iceland. They figure she is overdue to blow her top. The residents of Vik, a village tucked under the glacier's brink, go unconcernedly about their business. They may be counting on a repetition of the legendary miracle that saved Pastor Jon Steingrimsson and his flock at Kirkjubaearklaustur in 1783. They had taken refuge in the church as an Amazon of fire swept down from a thirty-mile-long rift in the earth's crust. You can still see where the lava flow forked, just short of the church.

This subterranean ferment—potentially an economic resource of some importance—has been harnessed only on a modest scale. Much of Reykjavik is heated by natural hot water. Some thirty miles away, at Hveragerdi, a flourishing greenhouse community has grown up around another cluster of hot springs. The open-air swimming-pool in Reykjavik is a favorite resort on winter mornings for Icelandic politicians. They steam comfortably into the icy air while they lay out tactics for the day's debate in the Althing. The ducks frequenting the lake in the center of the city are similarly pampered; hot water is piped in to keep one corner of the pond ice-free.

Icelanders are in fact a relatively pampered people. No nation has embraced the material benefits of our time with more enthusiasm. The great stark cubes of apartment buildings sprouting all over Reykjavik are fitted with a wealth of gadgetry that many an American housewife would envy. Icelandic farms are largely mechanized. Everybody seems to own an automobile, although prices are three to four times those in America.

Certain values, traditionalists will tell you, have been lost in the process. People no longer while away the long winter nights by reciting the sagas. But Icelanders still regard the profession of *skáld* (pronounced *scowled*) with reverence, and the ancient art of poetic improvisation is still practiced. Once a year members of the Althing and high government officials meet at a dinner where all conversation is supposed to be in verse.

And Icelanders remain one of the writingest races on earth. It may not be literally true, as some travelers have reported, that every fisherman or crofter has a book manuscript in preparation or in being, but the per capita output of books must be the world's largest. Collections of poetry have been known to run into printings of 10,000. The per capita equivalent in our country would be roughly 10,000,000.

Unfortunately the impenetrability of the language makes most of this output impenetrable to foreigners. The 1955 Nobel Prize-winner, Halldor Kiljan Laxness, is the only author who has been widely translated. (Some have chosen to write in Danish or Norwegian to reach a wider audience.) Even a dedicated linguist may be discouraged on learning that there are forty-eight ways to count to four. Alone among the languages of Western Europe, Icelandic rejects loanwords, even those that have become internationalized, like *electricity* and *telephone*. This keeps philologists happily occupied devising indigenous equivalents for the vocabulary of modern technology. Electricity, for example, becomes *rafnmagn*. This has its own peculiar logic: *rafn* means amber, and if you look up *electricity* you will find that it comes from the Latin *electrum*, also meaning amber. *Simi*, the Icelandic for telephone, literally means thread.

Even if he has learned the word for it, the foreigner may find the *simi* frustrating if he has to look up somebody in the directory. Subscribers are listed by their first names, because in Iceland

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that is the name that counts: the patronymic is added only to help identify one particular Haraldur or Erlingur among all the others.

The visitor, having located his particular Haraldur Gudmundsson among the column or more listed in the directory, will be further confused when he meets the family and discovers that the lady of the house is not Mrs. Gudmundsson but Sigridur Ingolfsdóttir, that their son is Thorleifur Haraldsson and their daughter Svanhildur Haraldsdóttir.

This works pretty well in a country where everybody seems to know everybody else, or at least knows who he is and who were his forebears. Most Icelanders seem to carry elaborate genealogical tables in their heads.

Those Icelanders who are not writing books are likely to be splashing on canvas. Most houses are encrusted with art, largely indigenous, and much of it good. While the younger painters have enthusiastically embraced nonobjectivity, Icelandic taste still favors the kind of painting you can understand and identify. The visitor admiring his host's prized Kjarval or Asgrimur is likely to be told: "Yes, that's my native valley. The family farm is just up the river." For many patrons of art, a picture is a slice of Iceland scissored out of the landscape and packaged for indoor contemplation.

Strangely enough, there exists alongside this universal literacy and prodigious cultural productivity a stubborn inheritance of medieval superstition. An American woman, making conversation at a state dinner, remarked that the government's guest house, a fine old mansion transplanted to the capital from northwestern Iceland, must have a few ghosts. "Oh, no," replied the Cabinet Minister alongside her, "it was brought from Flateyri by ship, and of course you know ghosts can't cross water." She vows he was deadly serious.

I myself never had the fortune or misfortune to pick up the hitchhiker on the Keflavik road who dissolves just as the hospitable motorist is about to let him off at his indicated destination. I have met several Icelanders, however, who swear they know him well. And there have been times when, driving through that labyrinth of contorted volcanic slag, with a black snow squall swooping in from the North Atlantic, I wouldn't have been surprised to see him step out of the twilight, one spectral thumb uplifted. There are places that insist on being populated with trolls and revenants. Icelandic nature is itself so full of prodigies that the supernatural seems no more than a normal extension of the landscape and the climate.

The rigors of travel need not terrify the enterprising tourist. They have been greatly alleviated since Auden and MacNeice wrote "Letters from Iceland," in the late Thirties. New hotels are going up; the road into Reykjavik from the international airport at Keflavik, once a nightmarish thirty miles of mud-holes or lava dust, is being paved, although most of the other thoroughfares meandering along the coast or penetrating the river valleys are only graveled.

Lakes among the lava—Eric the Red got there late.

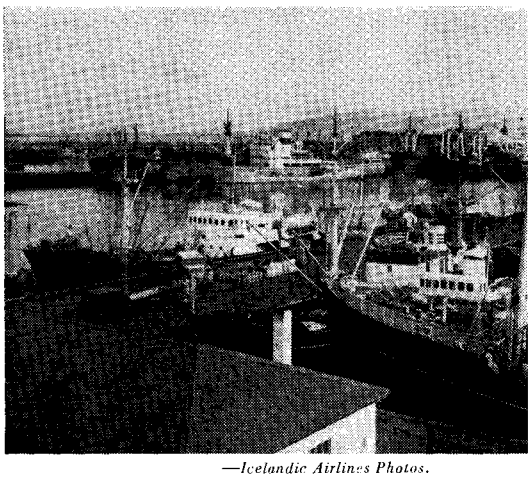
Those glacial rivers still have a disconcerting propensity for changing their courses, sometimes leaving handsome new bridges stranded. On a drive along the southern coast, from Reykjavik to Kirkjubaearklaustur, my wife and I had the unnerving experience of seeing the roadway disappear under a shallow sheet of water, which, so far as we could discern, merged not far ahead with the North Atlantic. We couldn't turn around; the road was a single track bulldozed out of the alluvial sands. So we kept on going, and after a couple of amphibian miles the coastline came out to rescue us. Our Icelandic friends couldn't understand why we had been worried.

Fishermen and bird watchers discovered Iceland a generation or more ago, and have been going there ever since, a small but dedicated pilgrimage. Icelanders believe firmly that their salmon rivers are the finest in the world. As in Scotland and Norway, the best water is privately owned, and usually is parceled out on the basis of so many rods per kilometer for each half-day of the season.

The scenery, though, is free, and far more rewarding than anyone would suspect if his only acquaintance with Iceland was overflying it. There are half a dozen major glaciers and a flock of minor ones, most of them approachable by road. There is the original Geysir, from which all the others take their generic name, an easy day's excursion from Reykjavik. Wherever one of the innumerable rivers drops off the central plateau there is a waterfall. The skies, winter and summer, are spectacular. The dedicated skier can find usable snow any month of the year, although in July he may have a long, hot trek on foot getting to it and must be prepared to dodge lava outcrops at the end of a *schuss*.

Some visitors complain of insomnia during the summer months, when it is possible to read a newspaper at midnight without touching a light switch. This phenomenon has other disadvantages, as junior officers from an Italian cruiser discovered. They had met some attractive girls at a Reykjavik reception and arranged a rendezvous in the city park later in the evening. They were understandably disconcerted when they found the park treeless and the summer night remorselessly public.

—Ted Olson.



—Icelandic Airlines Photos.

Harbor at Reykjavik—Can ghosts cross the water?

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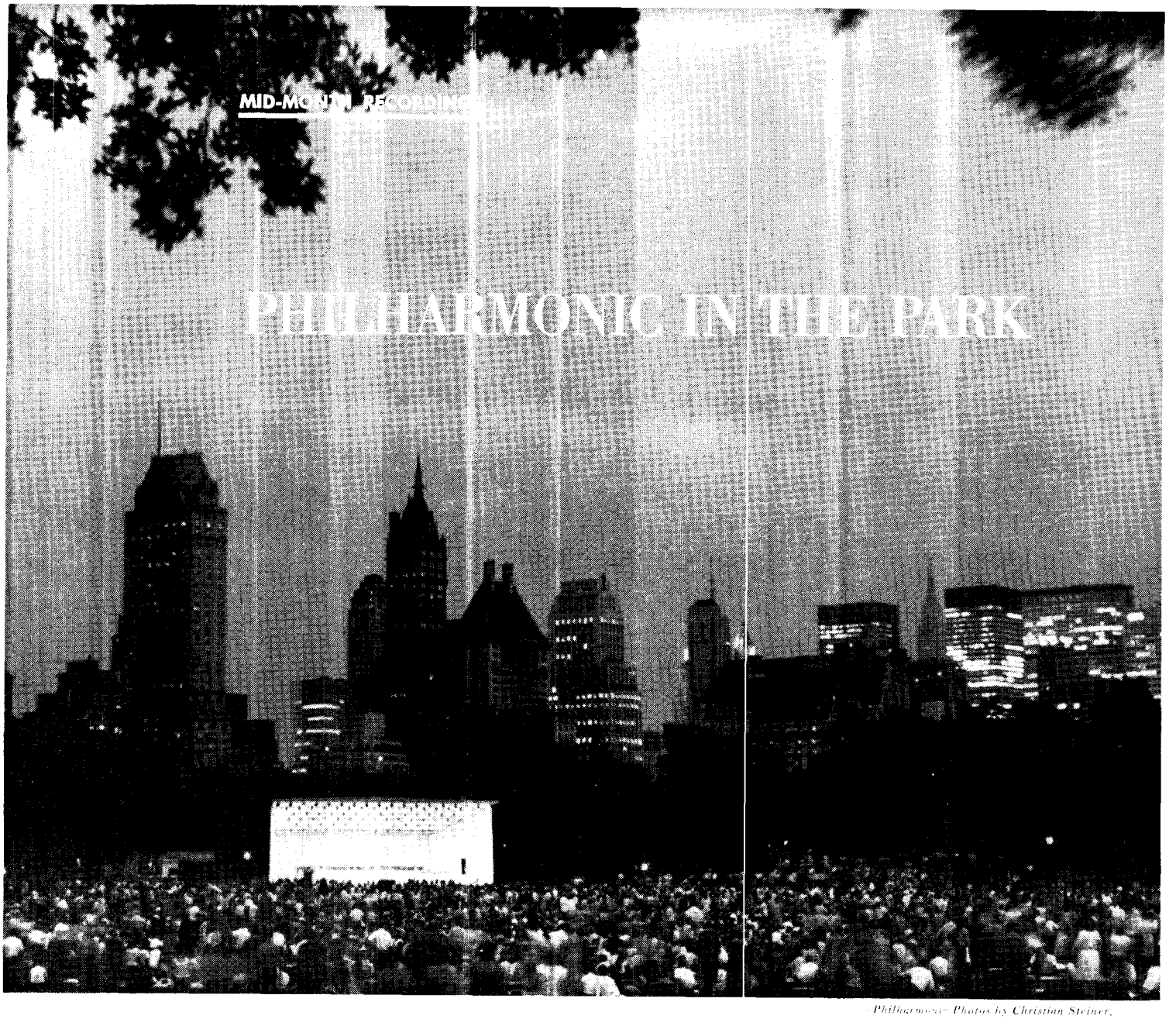
PHILHARMONIC IN THE PARK



Philharmonic Photos by Christian Steiner.

Some of the 70,000 who heard Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Central Park—"an audience so miscellaneous that it could only be described as—an audience."

THE FIRST night, when the police count said that there were 70,000 people on the Central Park Sheep Meadow to hear William Steinberg conduct a free concert by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, there were many things that could be said—"remarkable," "unprecedented," "unbelievable" among them. But it was the first night, a hot August night; it was free; and how often do you get to hear the Beethoven Ninth Symphony free, on a hot August night?

The second week, when the police count increased to 73,000 for a different program, the message began to sink in. The soloist this time was Benny Goodman, playing Mozart's clarinet concerto conducted by Seiji Ozawa. Maybe . . . ?

The third time, when Aaron Copland was the soloist in his own piano concerto conducted by Alfred Wallenstein, and the audience again topped 70,000, there could be little doubt any longer. Somebody has been listening to all those LP records, and the music appreciation courses, and the programs on the FM radio. This was true not only in Manhattan, where these astounding figures were compiled, but also in three other boroughs of the city (Brooklyn, Richmond, and The Bronx), where each of the programs was repeated and comparable crowds assembled.

By the rough rule of police thumb (assigning so many square feet per person and then judging the number of square feet the crowd covered), something like half a million persons turned out for the twelve concerts in the four boroughs. This is more than the Philharmonic plays to in the course of a whole indoor season and, as composer Copland said, "revises our whole idea of what kind of an audience there is for this kind of music."

It was, moreover, an audience so miscellaneous that it could only be described as—an audience. It wasn't young and it wasn't old. It wasn't male and it wasn't female. It wasn't longhair, nor was it beatnik. It was something of each and a composite of all—sizes, shapes, and colors. English-speaking and foreign, sitting, standing, strolling, but mostly listening. On the fringes, where the shell receded into the distance and almost seemed to merge with the apartment houses on the far side of Fifth Avenue, some had radios tuned to the broadcast by the city station of the music they could see being performed, but could hear better from the box. It was an unprecedented, unbelievable, and remarkable sight—also unforgettable.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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What Made It Possible: The idea was good from the start, and a bit risky. That is, for the New York Philharmonic to follow its first summer season indoors, in its own air-conditioned hall, with a new venture into outdoor music, and invite the people of New York, as many as wanted to come, to attend—free.

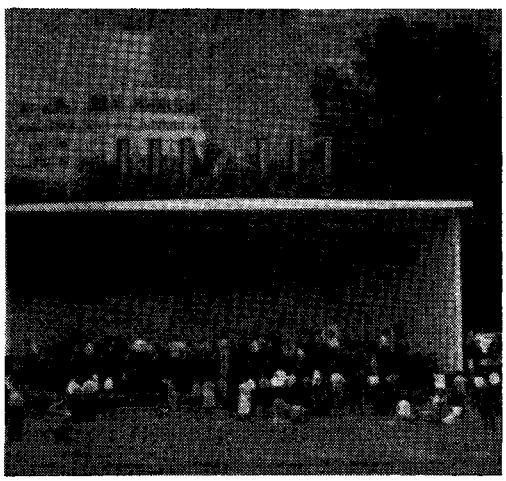
Newbold Morris, Commissioner of Parks, was enthusiastic from the start. The city agreed to join in sponsorship through the Mayor's Office of Cultural Affairs and the Department of Parks. The Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company agreed to provide $50,000 of the underwriting required, and the Philharmonic itself raised an equal amount.

But what made the venture the unquestioned success that it became was the mechanical marvel devised by Christopher Jaffe and the Stage Craft Corporation to accommodate a full orchestra and a large chorus. It had to have self-contained lighting and amplifying facilities, and, above all, it had to be mobile. The plan called for four concerts a week, each in a different borough, and the shell had to be demountable in one and mountable in another within twenty-four hours.

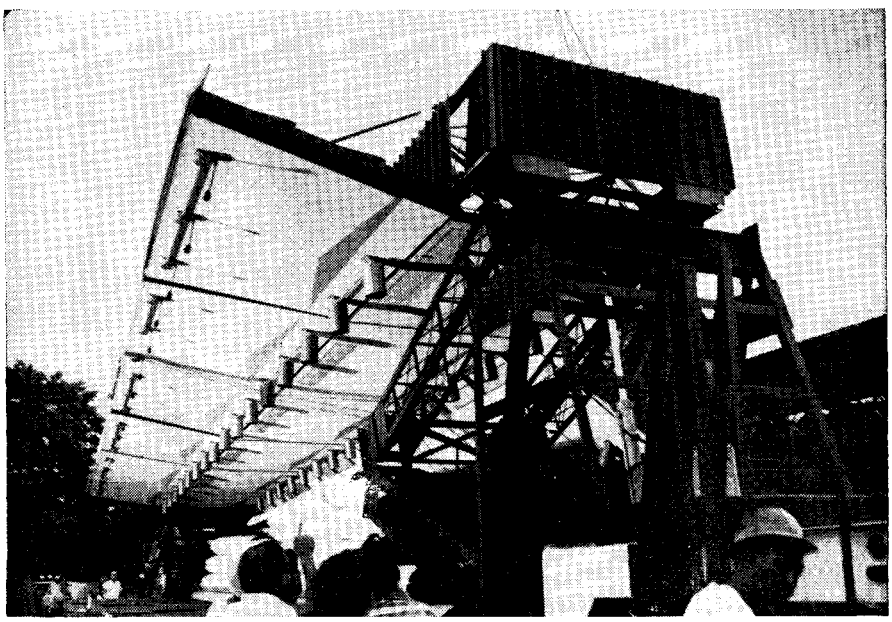
The result was the "Minnie" (named for Mrs. Charles Guggenheimer, and thus perpetuating her long interest in the Lewisohn Stadium Concerts). It is constructed of fiber glass polycylindrical panels with steel reinforcement. The frame is raised hydraulically. It moves on four trailers, each of which becomes part of the support at the point of assembly. It makes the Philharmonic the first orchestra that can say: "Have shell, will travel."

One of the four trucks with trailer on which the shell travels.

Raising the scissor-downed sides into place.



The assembled shell, with its self-contained speakers at the top, ready for a rehearsal.



The ceiling, with self-contained illumination, being put in place with the aid of a crane that moves with the trucks.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Count Basie: *Basie Picks the Winners.* Basie, piano; Billy Byers, arranger; with 16-piece band. Verve V6-8616, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This set consists of ten recent and not so recent hits arranged by Billy Byers, and an old one made famous by Bessie Smith—"Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out." The last is sung and talked by Leon Thomas with elegant piano accompaniment by Basie. Generally, the performances are to the workaday Basie-Byers pattern, the more successful being of "Watermelon Man," "My Kind of Town," and Fats Domino's "I'm Walkin'." The soloists heard throughout the album are Lockjaw Davis, Al Aarons, Eric Dixon, Al Grey, and the pianist, but space is too grudgingly allotted them. "Oh, Lonesome Me" is introduced by the trombone quartet, one of the present band's strong assets that might also be advantageously featured more.
Kenny Burrell: *Crash!* Burrell, guitar; Jack McDuff, organ; Harold Vick, tenor saxophone; Eric Dixon, flute (on one title only); Joe Dukes, drums; Ray Barretto, conga. Prestige 7347. Jack McDuff: *Recorded Live!* McDuff, organ; Red Holloway, tenor saxophone; George Benson, guitar; Joe Dukes, drums. Prestige 7362, mono and stereo, $4.98.	The value of Burrell to the first album is offset by superfluous conga drumming. However, he has two good choruses on T-Bone Walker's "Call It Stormy Monday" and swings infectiously on an uptempo version of Gershwin's "Love Walked In," where Basie's Eric Dixon joins the company on flute. "We'll Be Together Again," in contrast, is a pretty ballad on which organ and guitar combine in quietly lyrical statements. On the other record, the regular McDuff quartet is heard celebrating a recent European tour to giant-size applause. Benson is a good blues guitarist and the group is at its unpretentious best when rocking a medium-tempo blues like "Lew's Place," although the recording is often less than kind to Holloway's tone.
Kenny Clarke and Francy Boland: *Now Hear Our Meanin'.* Clarke, drums; Boland, piano and arranger, with 18-piece band. Columbia CL 2314, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. Benny Golson: *Stockholm Sojourn.* Golson, arranger and conductor, with 23-piece band. Prestige 7361, mono and stereo, $4.98.	The first album shows how American musicians resident in Europe influence jazz there. The second, notably in Golson's treatment of Sibelius's "Valse Triste," shows how American musicians are influenced by Europe. Neither suggests, as some hope, that the salvation of jazz lies on the other side of the Atlantic. The Clarke-Boland band comes on with more spirit, but it has no personal identity and sounds rather like a good New York studio band. Significantly, the most striking contributions are made by Americans in the cosmopolitan personnel: Sahib Shihab, Billy Mitchell, and Jimmy Woode. Golson's album, made mostly with Stockholm musicians, may serve as a swan song to the cool, with which, by all reports, Sweden is at last disenchanted. In terms of color, the potential of the big band is simply not realized, and of the soloists only Benny Bailey reaches any heights of emotional and rhythmic vitality. A minor blues, 'A Swedish Villa," is the most fruitful interpretation, but the set as a whole emphasizes that modern arrangers, whose orchestral palette has been extended with oboes, flugelhorns, French horns, English horns, and flutes, actually achieve less tonal variety than Duke Ellington, Sy Oliver, and Don Redman, who rely or relied only on trumpets, trombones, clarinets, and saxophones.
Hank Crawford: *Dig These Blues.* Crawford, alto saxophone and piano, with two trumpets, tenor saxophone, baritone saxophone, bass, and drums. Atlantic 1436, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Except when Crawford switches from alto saxophone to piano on two numbers, the instrumentation and sound of his little blues band remains the same despite considerable changes in personnel. His is honest, basic music, not especially imaginative, but of a kind likely, as annotator Hentoff suggests, to survive when currently popular fads and gimmicks are forgotten. A firm beat and good tempos (the opening track on either side, for example) make it excellent for dancing, and Crawford's saxophone seldom relinquishes melody for long. The backgrounds are well conceived and sturdy, but never overbearing.
Quincy Jones: *The Pawnbroker.* Jones, composer, arranger, and conductor; Rod Steiger, dialogue. Mercury MG 21011, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Quincy Jones confesses in his notes that when he first saw *The Pawnbroker* he felt it "didn't even need any music." Those who have seen the picture will remember how effectively his music complemented it. He wrote dramatic, descriptive music for the city scenes, but he did not forget his jazz background and the contrasting value of the spare and simple. Only "about fifteen minutes of the music could be classified as jazz," he says, but they are among the most telling. It is Bobby Scott who plays the four-minute piano blues, "The Naked Truth," and there is a restless excursion into Spanish Harlem entitled "Otez's Night Off." Rod Steiger's ironic speech, "How Come, You People!," is also included.
Blue Mitchell: *The Thing to Do.* Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Chick Corea, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Aloysius Foster, drums. Blue Note 4178, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Three former members of Horace Silver's group—Mitchell, Cook, and Taylor—bring several of his characteristics to this set. There are neat sketches to serve as points of departure and arrival, and the same kind of unflagging drive. In Silver's place at the piano is an able young Bostonian, Chick Corea, whose approach and touch are respectively more reflective and gentle. Cook and Mitchell work together particularly well, and both are energetic soloists, the latter's clean tone and control being well displayed on the pensive "Mona's Mood." The most cohesive performance is of the number that gives the album its title.
Oscar Peterson, Erroll Garner and Art Tatum: *Great Jazz Pianists of Our Time.* Peterson, Garner, Tatum, piano. Camden CAL-882, $1.98; stereo, $2.49.	This interesting collection unites three sides each by Oscar Peterson and Art Tatum with four by Erroll Garner, all but one having been made in 1947. Peterson's were recorded in Montreal before he left Canada and they show an already accomplished pianist. The abandon of his "Flying Home" (1945), which is full of rolling power, makes an intriguing contrast with his current work. Garner's rhapsodic side is well in evidence, but the earthier "Erroll's Bounce" offers a good example of the rhythmic left-hand chording that made him famous. Tatum's glittering precision and—when he feels like it—tremendous swing make his "Cherokee" and "Out of Nowhere" the album's high spots. Tatum and Garner are unaccompanied, but Peterson, the notes to the contrary, has the usual backing.
Jimmy Smith: *Monster.* Smith, organ; Oliver Nelson, arranger and conductor, with 12-piece band. Verve V6-8618, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	As played by this group, the monster music from the movies requires strong nerves, but "St. James Infirmary" and originals from both Smith and Nelson are more rewarding. This time Nelson has used no brass, but he successfully complements the organist's vigor with eight reed and woodwind specialists, most of whom play at least three different instruments. With soprano, alto, tenor, and baritone saxophones, clarinet, bass clarinet, flute, alto flute, piccolo, and oboe, some unusual textures are obtained. Those on the theme from *The Man with the Golden Arm* are perhaps the most appropriate and satisfying.
Clark Terry and Bob Brookmeyer: *The Power of Positive Swinging.* Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums. Mainstream 56054, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The virtuosity and temperament of the co-leaders occasionally lead them to a genial but rather superficial form of expression, one opposed to the kind of commitment that results in "positive swinging." Nevertheless, this is a well-balanced group of fine musicians in a very agreeable program. Their depth of background is indicated by the inclusion of Don Redman's "Old Manuscript" and Count Basie's "The King." It is by the latter that the album title is best exemplified. Terry duets with himself (on flugelhorn and muted trumpet) to good artistic effect in "Green Stamps," and is exciting in "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The least predictable player is Roger Kellaway, a pianist who uses the whole keyboard and both hands to tell a surprising story in every solo. Bill Crow and Dave Bailey deserve special praise for their tasteful and selfless support. —STANLEY DANCE.

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"Barber" from London

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

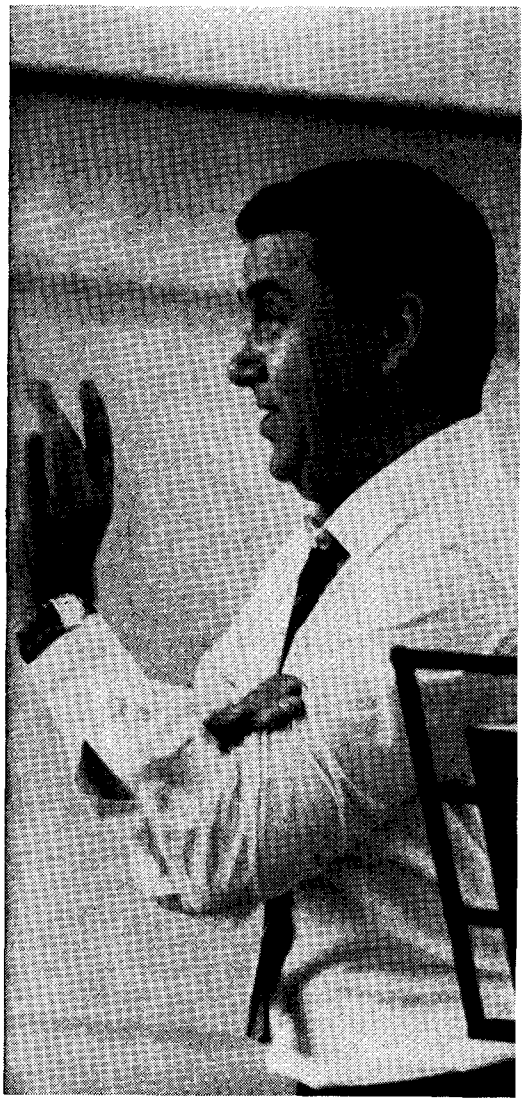
THE NEWS IS that *The Barber of Seville* has been recorded almost exactly as Rossini composed it (the lost overture excepted), played almost exactly as he intended the orchestra to play it. With Teresa Berganza (Rosina), Stefania Malagù (Berta), Ugo Benelli (Almaviva), Manuel Ausensi (Figaro), Fernando Corena (Bartolo), Nicolai Ghiaurov (Basilio), and Dino Mantovani (Fiorello and An Officer), with the Rossini Orchestra and Chorus of Naples conducted by Silvio Varviso, this three-record London set (A 4381, $14.37; stereo OSA 1381, $17.37) comes close to offering a document by which Rossini's enduring masterpiece can be judged fairly. Only the recitatives are cut; only one dramatically crucial scene (that in which Rosina turns against Almaviva and agrees to marry Bartolo) has been omitted. That this well-conceived recording does not result in a truly satisfying performance is sad. But we have learned that style is not always a result of wisdom and honesty; perhaps, in fact, it is simply unrelated to them.

Using a reduced orchestra (formerly called the Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples) little larger than the one heard when *The Barber* was sung for the first time (Rome, 1816), Maestro Varviso allows us to enjoy the fine points of Rossini's perfect instrumentation—and most of the time brings the voices through understandably. What he does not do is approach closer than the conductors of the other recorded versions of *The Barber* now available to allotting Rossini the crisply defined sparkle and vital energy that one might get from a master conductor of the Toscanini stripe or the Beecham, or perhaps from a Carlo Maria Giulini or a Georges Prêtre. Varviso produces no bad or reprehensible results; he merely fails to evoke an exact likeness of a work of genius. That failure is definitive; unhappily, it is not alone.

We are, for example, grateful to have Count Almaviva permitted to sing his role in full, including the prolonged and wonderful scene and aria that just precede the Act II finale—particularly as this gives us a scarce opportunity to enjoy "Ah! il più lieto, il più felice," the flowery, telling expression of joy which, the year after *The Barber,* became "Non più mesta" in *La Cenerentola,* but which nearly always is omitted from performances of *The Barber* on the mistaken ground that it slows up the concluding action. But we should be even more grateful for that music if Ugo Benelli, who sings charmingly except at extremely difficult junctures, sang magnificently. But his voice nearly always lacks sufficient resonance and cannot assert itself in the rushing ensembles. Manuel Ausensi, well schooled, does little with his unremarkable voice, and thus robs Figaro of what he most needs: unmistakable character. Fernando Corena, unhappily, no longer commands the vocal pliability that was his when he recorded the role of Bartolo in the older London *Barber* (XLLA-51).

The stellar performance of the new *Barber* is that of the fantastically endowed and gifted Bulgarian bass Nicolai Ghiaurov as Basilio. Only he and Corena shade their voices in color, attack, and emphasis, to meet the clear significance of the text words. As he has announced by performances elsewhere, he is one of the best operatic performers of the present day. Here he has to do little more than open his mouth and utter one note to make his colleagues generally sound a little inferior to both style and understanding.

Teresa Berganza, technically everything that a Rosina should be, sings more brilliantly and assuredly than ever. Hers is a peculiar case. She is, in my view, not a Rosina at all, though I feel sure that, had she the right range, she would excel as the disillusioned older Rosina of *Le nozze di Figaro.* She does not sound like Rossini's and Sterbini's pert young girl because of the innate sorrowfulness of her vocal quality and her concentration upon singing at the expense of meaning. What Simionato does with complete mastery in the London recording mentioned above, what Maria Callas does in the older Angel recording, Berganza does no better than (to mention other available recorded Rosinas) Victoria de Los Angeles or Roberta Peters and not much better than Gianna d'Angelo. And yet, Berganza is a convincing great artist when what she is required to sing lies within her expressive and emotional nature—as it does in the passing moments of disappointment, sorrow, and despair here in *The Barber.* If this judgment is correct, she is as much miscast when asked to be Rosina as when asked to be Isabella in *L'Italiana in Algeri.* I hope that she will not risk the confrontation with Simionato as Cenerentola. What one would like to hear her try is one of the great tragic roles that Rossini composed for Isabella Colbran—say Elisabetta in *Elisabetta, regina d'Inghilterra,* or Elena in *La donna del lago.* (True, Colbran was called a dramatic coloratura soprano; but Berganza would have little, if any, trouble with the tessitura of the Colbran roles and would suit them perfectly, as she does not the comic Rosina and Isabella.)



—*Eleanor Morrison (London Records).*

Nicolai Ghiaurov—"fantastically endowed and gifted bass" (Don Basilio).

A very interesting and often attractive flawed performance, then, set out with London's usual packaging care: an interesting booklet of useful information by Erik Smith and the sung text in both Italian and a useful English translation by Peggie Cochrane. Were the conducting and the rest of the singing on the level of what Ghiaurov accomplishes with "La calunnia è un venticello," this would be a reasonable nomination for the best operatic recording of the year. We must, I suppose, continue to eat only half of our cake.

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All the Nile's a Stage

"Caesar and Cleopatra." *By Bernard Shaw. Claire Bloom, Max Adrian, Judith Anderson, and the Theatre Recording Society Cast, directed by Anthony Quayle. (Caedmon TRS 304S. 4 sides. Boxed with the acting script. $12.90)*

So brilliant a writer was G. B. Shaw that scarcely any of his contemporaries were moved to note that he really had nothing to say. That sort of blindness was proper enough for the British: they had had centuries in which to practice it on their empire. Certainly, however, it was unforgivable for the Americans who had had the cultural advantage of reading Mark Twain in his native tongue, and who were, therefore (or who should have been), forewarned of the nature of the cultural bluff. Yet even Americans sat still for Shaw's interminable prefaces, pondering his social pronouncements as if he really knew what world he was living in. They even tried to find in the plays some of the alleged relation to social reality and to history over which the Shavian wit played in the prefaces in about the way the rising sun plays on the Atlantic—which is to say corruscatingly but without significant penetration of the depths.

It is no service to Shaw to take him seriously. The fact is that he was a true genius, but that the only world he ever grasped was the marvelous, ever-living, never-living, unworld of the theater. His theories of human behavior were cockeyed for the simple reason that he found the human race too quaint for emotional participation in its quaintly common doings. What he did understand was the theater; and, because he did, the theater will never fail to understand him. No writer in English since Shakespeare has known more natively how to stage an imagination under the firmament of a proscenium arch.

Max Adrian—"delivers every nuance of it."

Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra,* first performed in 1899, is a play from just that center of Shaw's real genius for unreality; and it is firmly a piece for the ages of the theater, which is to say, for as long as there are actors eager to take on a juicy role in a stageable vehicle.

Was Caesar in fact, or could he have been in any fantasy of history, the gentle philosopher of empire who manipulated nations and men with the ironic and yet omniscient dispassion of a schoolmaster teaching logic to the young? Was Cleopatra the kittenish (and tigerish) little girl who became almost a woman and almost a queen overnight by taking Professor Caesar's course in Applied Government? Was there ever such a she-wolf as Ftatateeta, Cleopatra's chief nurse and inner-circle assassin?

These are the three roles on which this historical play turns, and reality is as irrelevant to them as it is to Eliza Doolittle. What matters is that they are great roles. "I wrote *Caesar and Cleopatra,*" Shaw announced in his preface, "for Forbes-Robertson because he is the classic actor of our day, and has the right to require this service from me." Marvelous, and marvelously right: Caesar and history be damned; let the theater exist for its own joyous sake. And if there are limitations to that theory of drama, what audience foregathered for an evening's illusion will feel anything but grateful for the illusion greatly staged?

The Theatre Recording Society is, of course, an enthusiastic illusion factory, and though the drama critic from *Pravda* might scorn the fluffiness of the action as bourgeois, everyone else I can think of should be happy with it, and I certainly am.

Anthony Quayle has adapted the text wisely, with only minor cuts with an eye to tightening the pace for an effective recording, which is to say, for the demands of a production for the ear alone, without the benefit of scenery, costume, and visible action. One or two of the cuts trouble me, especially the line dropped from Caesar's speech to Rufio in Act IV:

> Have I not told you always to let prisoners escape unless there are orders to the contrary? *Are there not enough mouths to be fed without him?*

This is Caesar in Shaw's most theatrical light ("I have been careful to attribute nothing but originality to him"). Shaw's Caesar wants to be known as the conqueror whose prisoners escape. A foolish posture? Perhaps, but always with a foxy reason: *Are there not enough mouths to be fed without him?* But, for whatever reason, the director cut the italicized sentence, thereby weakening the effect, as I must believe.

And let me add that I am at a loss to explain how any director could have tolerated P. G. Stevens's ridiculous voice-interpretation of the Sentinel. Perhaps Quayle owed a favor to an old actor. In any case (and a mercy) the Sentinel has only six lines, and those at the beginning and soon forgotten.

These minor objections, then, and for the rest—pure theater. The play demands of its incidental players that they be solidly professional, and the players deliver on demand. They are there only as background for the roles of Caesar and Cleopatra and for the incidental witch-shadow of Ftatateeta, played by Judith Anderson with joyously bloody fang and claw. The play demands of Cleopatra that she be a wilful and murderous kitten and Claire Bloom delivers every meow and every snarl in perfect voice and with perfect pace and change of pace. It demands of Caesar a weary but habituated introspection joined to the calculation of a master chess-player, and the ironic dispassion of a retired philosopher, and Max Adrian delivers every nuance of it.

Is it real? As far as the theater is concerned, it is better than real—it is actable and acted. And as entertainment is the art of the theater, it is art.

Let me, too, offer my admiration to the girls at Caedmon Records. By now I have come to expect nothing but excellence from them, but it will not do to take it for granted. To expect excellence and to find it maintained through so long a list of releases can only call for the particular accolade that goes to the best.

—John Ciardi.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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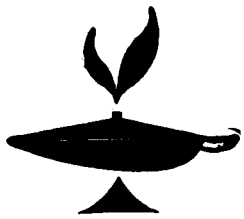

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation. The editors of SR retain responsibility for its contents.

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Editorial

THE FIRST issue of *Saturday Review*'s Education Supplement appeared five years ago this month. Its publication was made possible by The Fund for the Advancement of Education, which agreed to sponsor the supplement during an exploratory period until it was determined whether a monthly section devoted exclusively to education could attract the attention and hold the interest of the readers of a quality magazine of general circulation.

That question has been answered. Readers, by their enthusiastic response, have encouraged us to persist in an exploration of the problems facing the schools and colleges. It can no longer be doubted that *Saturday Review* readers, many of whom are opinion leaders in their respective communities, are eager to give time and thought to these problems and to participate in their solution.

As is customary in experimental programs of this nature, the agreement between *Saturday Review* and the Fund for the Advancement of Education carried a terminal date—August 31, 1965. We are grateful to the Fund for its vision of a new approach to educational improvement through a new kind of journalism, and for its support over the past five years.

We are happy to announce that, beginning with this issue, *SR*'s Education Supplement will be sponsored by the Charles F. Kettering Foundation of Dayton, Ohio, a nonprofit philanthropic foundation established in 1927.

Because of the growing importance of educational quality at all levels, elementary, secondary, and higher, the officers and directors of the Kettering Foundation recently have decided to allocate a major part of their resources to educational improvement. Their decision to sponsor the supplement is in accordance with this policy.

The new sponsorship does not mean a change in editorial policy. Though the content of the supplement will continue to reflect the changing face of American education, and we shall be alert to new problems as they emerge, it will be our policy in the future as it has been in the past to provide a forum for the most literate, the best informed, the most penetrating and original thinkers and writers on educational problems that we can discover. Though the years since 1960 have seen dramatic improvements in some sectors of American education, new problems have arisen that require continued attention, analysis, interpretation, and debate, as a prelude to corrective action. These problems must be understood by all responsible citizens because the ultimate control of education in a free nation rests with the people.

In the sixty issues of the Education Supplement that have appeared since 1960—usually on the third Saturday of each month—we have published, in addition to editorials, regular features, letters, and book reviews, some 250 signed articles covering nearly every phase of education from nursery school through the university in public, private, and parochial institutions. Some of these 250 (selected from more than 4,000 manuscripts that have been made available to us) have come from previously obscure teachers, parents, or students who have had something significant to say

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about education and could say it well. Others have borne famous names: Arnold Toynbee, Henry Steele Commager, Harold Taylor, James B. Conant, James Baldwin, André Maurois, and many others. Inevitably our selection has pleased some readers and distressed others. It has resulted in a voluminous correspondence that has given us valuable insights into the views of literate people on educational problems. We are grateful to our readers, both for their support and for their critical analyses.

It will be our continued policy to give attention to the diversity and complexity of the American educational establishment while trying to avoid regional biases or those that result from preoccupation with a single level of education, a single kind of school, or a single academic subject. And, in our attention to educational institutions, we shall try not to forget that it is the individual human being who is being educated. His welfare, particularly his freedom to make the most of himself as an individual, will remain our primary concern.

—P.W.

The Role of Educational Journalism

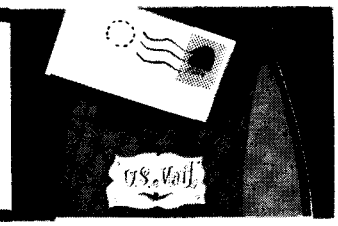
From the Berkeley campus to the busy halls of Congress, what happens in education has become a national concern. It is commendable —and lucky—that the nation's news media have responded to this mushrooming and complex field of interest with journalistic competence and, indeed, a concern of their own.

—From the foreword to the booklet announcing the 1965 National School Bell Awards for the interpretation of education.

No periodical has taken its responsibility to education more seriously than the *Saturday Review*. This concern has not been sporadic or sensational, but has been marked by thoroughness, permanence, reason, and creativity. The writing has been of a uniformly high order and the subject matter has cut across the spectrum of education illuminating those areas of current or future interest. Many articles have sparked controversy; few have failed to awaken interest. A new dimension of dignified attention to academic affairs has been the gratifying result.

—Citation of the American College Public Relations Association Award for Distinguished Service to Higher Education.

Letters to the Editor



India

SINCE I, TOO, spent a Junior Year Abroad in India (1958-59), I can sympathize with Mary Claire Vander Wal, the author of the article, "India Is Centuries Away" [*SR*, Aug. 21], in some of the physical problems faced by her and her group. However, I did not feel frustration because I could not act directly to diminish the widespread suffering and poverty.

It surprises me that she writes, "We found it impossible to give what we had, an honest account of ourselves," for I felt this was *all* I could give. Participating as a student in the daily life of Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, sharing my special skills and knowledge of Western music and sports, and conversing about America when there was opportunity, I was myself at all times. I know my accomplishments were small and did not leave their "mark" on India, yet I cannot help feeling that in some small way they left a "mark" on individual friends.

Perhaps my experience was so different because I was completely on my own and could not compare or converse with any other American students. I question the value of a Junior Year Abroad program if its purpose is to accomplish something tangible in the realm of social welfare, according to American standards. It would be far better, I feel, for the college student abroad to gain understanding of a foreign culture and to build "invisible bridges" of friendship based on personal encounters.

CHRISTINE GEORGE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

PLEASE BELIEVE that I am not obsessed by the desire to explain and defend India. . . . Miss Vander Wal's article, no doubt, is the product of a sincere and idealistic mind; but apparently this mind is also one which is easily exhausted by discomforts and overwhelmed by differences. It seems that Miss Vander Wal never recovered from the initial shock of an unfamiliar situation!

The problem is simple: Miss Vander Wal wanted to teach, preach, act, change, and leave her mark on India as an "American" —and that was her frustration. The basic thing needed was a little transformation called "coming out of one's self." Perhaps she was afraid of losing her "identity" and "individuality"; but actually the process involves only the loss of habits of living and thinking. What Miss Vander Wal does in reality is simply put on an Indian dress and haggle in the bazaar!

I am happy to report that in this country I have never taken refuge among Indian students to find my uniqueness and identity, though I do have some Indian friends here. It may come as a surprise to Miss Vander Wal that I communicate better with some of my American friends on individual as well as universal matters.

ARVIND BHAVSAR.

New York, N.Y.

Teacher Unions

YOUR EDITORIAL of July 17 on breaking up the big university systems is weakened considerably by the statement that "the teacher caught up in a vast system is prone to lose his sense of professional status and to accept the role of an employee."

The growing allegiance to teachers' unions, which is occurring not only in New York, Chicago, and Detroit, but also in many much smaller cities throughout the country, is not based chiefly upon the helpless feeling that teachers must protect themselves against exploitation by administrators, but upon the belief that the dignity and competence that go with being a professional cannot be fully realized unless the professional has the kind of personal and economic security that has not been offered by the National Education Association.

I agree with your conclusion that education reaches its highest excellence when teachers from the kindergarten level to the university graduate school are fully qualified to accept such responsibility.

STANLEY SALSBERG.

Bellport, N.Y.

On Faddishness

I WAS PLEASED TO note that Mortimer Smith [*SR*, Aug. 21] deplored "only one road to salvation." Perhaps now we can modify some ideas about "eternal values."

JOE M. TOCKMAN.

Colorado Springs, Col.

CONGRATULATIONS on the Personal Opinion feature. The article by Mortimer Smith is excellent.

ALEXANDER CALANDRA,
American Council for Curricular Evaluation.

Ballwin, Mo.

Fan Mail

THIS IS REAL FAN MAIL, written on an all-too-short vacation. The last issue was splendid, both for the African student scholarship problem (it makes Joyce Cary's *The African Witch*, which I have just finished, seem absolutely contemporary) and for that excellent piece by the Lawrence undergraduate on junior year in India—what a find she is! The ACPRA award was, of course, long since justified; as far as I am concerned, you keep on appraising the questions that concern me immediately—and finding authors who can write! I save copies even when you don't mention Mount Holyoke.

ELIZABETH A. GREEN,
Director, News Bureau,
Mount Holyoke College.

South Hadley, Mass.

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—*Ann Zane Shanks.*

"Across the country 6,340,000 non-white children are learning to read and to understand the American way of life in books which either omit them entirely or scarcely mention them."

The All-White World of Children's Books

By NANCY LARRICK, *former President of the International Reading Association, and well known writer about children and their education.*

"WHY are they always *white* children?"

The question came from a five-year-old Negro girl who was looking at a picturebook at the Manhattanville Nursery School in New York. With a child's uncanny wisdom, she singled out one of the most critical issues in American education today: the almost complete omission of Negroes from books for children. Integration may be the law of the land, but most of the books children see are all white.

Yet in Cleveland, 53 per cent of the children in kindergarten through high school are Negro. In St. Louis, the figure is 56.9 per cent. In the District of Columbia, 70 per cent are Negro. Across the country, 6,340,000 nonwhite children are learning to read and to understand the American way of life in books which either omit them entirely or scarcely mention them. There is no need to elaborate upon the damage—much of it irreparable—to the Negro child's personality.

But the impact of all-white books upon 39,600,000 white children is probably even worse. Although his light skin makes him one of the world's minorities, the white child learns from his books that he is the kingfish. There seems little chance of developing the humility so urgently needed for world cooperation, instead of world conflict, as long as our children are brought up on gentle doses of racism through their books.

For the past ten years, critics have deplored the blatant racial bias of the textbooks. Last August, Whitney Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League, attacked the trade books as well. In a nationally syndicated column, he berated American trade book publishers for omitting Negroes from their books for children. As an example, he singled out a Little Golden Book, entitled *A Visit to the Zoo*, which pictures New York's Central Park Zoo in realistic detail except that no dark face is shown. "The entire book-publishing industry is guilty of this kind of omission," charged Mr. Young.

Are the publishers guilty as charged? To find the answer, I undertook a survey of more than 5,000 trade books published for children in 1962, 1963, and 1964. Surely the effect of Little Rock, Montgomery, and Birmingham could be seen by this time, I reasoned.

As a start, I turned to the seventy members of the Children's Book Council who published trade books for children

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in each of these three years. Sixty-three of them—90 per cent—completed my questionnaire; many gave anecdotal information as well.

Analysis of the replies and examination of several hundred books led to the discouraging conclusion that the vast majority of recent books are as white as the segregated zoo of Golden Press. Of the 5,206 children's trade books launched by the sixty-three publishers in the three-year period, only 349 include one or more Negroes—an average of 6.7 per cent. Among the four publishers with the largest lists of children's books, the percentage of books with Negroes is one-third lower than this average. These four firms (Doubleday, Franklin Watts, Macmillan, and Harper & Row) published 866 books in the three-year period, and only 4.2 per cent have a Negro in text or illustration. Eight publishers produced only all-white books.

Of the books which publishers report as "including one or more Negroes," many show only one or two dark faces in a crowd. In others, the litho-pencil sketches leave the reader wondering whether a delicate shadow indicates a racial difference or a case of sunburn. It would be easy for some of these books to pass as all-white if publishers had not listed them otherwise.

The scarcity of children's books portraying American Negroes is much greater than the figure of 6.7 per cent would indicate, for almost 60 per cent of the books with Negroes are placed outside of continental United States or before World War II, an event as remote to a child as the Boston Tea Party. There are books of African folk tales, reports of the emerging nations of Africa, stories laid in the islands of the Caribbean, biographies of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis and historical stories about the Underground Railroad. Most of them show a way of life that is far removed from that of the contemporary Negro and may be highly distasteful to him. To the child who has been involved in civil rights demonstrations of Harlem or Detroit, it is small comfort to read of the Negro slave who smilingly served his white master.

Over the three-year period, only four-fifths of one per cent of the children's trade books from the sixty-three publishers tell a story about American Negroes today. Twelve of these forty-four books are the simplest picturebooks, showing Negroes in the illustrations but omitting the word from the text. Examples are *Benjie* by Joan M. Lexau (Dial Press); *Tony's Birds* by Millicent Selsam (Harper & Row); *The Snowy Day* and *Whistle for Willie* by Ezra Jack Keats (Viking).

Those for readers of twelve and up mention the word Negro, and in several the characters tackle critical issues stemming from school integration, neighborhood desegregation, and nonviolent demonstrations. But these books are usually so gentle as to be unreal. There are no cattle prods, no bombings, no reprisals. The white heroine who befriends a Negro in high school enjoys the support of at least one sympathetic parent and an admiring boy friend.

—From *New Boy in School* (Hastings House).

"In spite of Southern opposition, favorable reviews made this book a 'best seller.'"

Several books do have outstanding literary merit. Among them are *Roosevelt Grady*, by Louise Shotwell (World), the story of a Negro boy whose parents are migratory workers; *I Marched with Hannibal*, by Hans Baumann (Henry Z. Walck), a boy's report of the brilliant Carthaginian general; *Forever Free: The Story of the Emancipation Proclamation*, by Dorothy Sterling (Doubleday); *The Peoples of Africa*, by Colin M. Turnbull (World); and *The Peaceable Revolution*, by Betty Schechter (Houghton Mifflin), a beautifully written report of three phases of the nonviolent revolution as seen in the work of Thoreau, Gandhi, and the American Negro today.

But these notable titles are the exceptions. "Really fine books are still scarce," says Augusta Baker, coordinator of Children's Services in the New York Public Library. Most of the books depicting Negroes are mediocre or worse. More than one-third have received unfavorable reviews or been ignored by the three major reviewing media in the juvenile book field—*The Horn Book*, *School Library Journal*, and *Bulletin of the Children's Book Center* of the University of Chicago.

—From *Snowy Day* (Viking Press).

"Many of the simplest picturebooks show Negroes in the illustrations but omit the word from the text."

How well do recent children's books depict the Negro? To answer this question I enlisted the help of four Negro librarians who work with children in New York, Chicago, and Baltimore. They rated 149 of the books "excellent" and thirteen "objectionable" in their portrayal of Negroes either through illustration or text.

Among those listed as "objectionable" are three editions of *Little Black Sambo*. Another is *The Lazy Little Zulu*, which a reviewer in *School Library Journal* rated as "Not recommended" because it "abounds in stereotypes."

The identification of Negro stereotypes in adult fiction is vividly spelled out in the unpublished doctoral dissertation (1963) of Catherine Juanita Starke at Teachers College, Columbia University. By analyzing the work of popular American novelists of the past hundred years—from James Fenimore Cooper to James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison—Dr. Starke shows how the Negro in fiction has changed from the ridiculous stock character to the emerging individual who is first a human being and second a Negro.

Early novelists called the Negro "gorilla-like," gave him a name that ridiculed his servile status (Emperor, Caesar, or Brutus, for example), and made his dark skin and thick lips the epitome of the ludicrous. The Negro mother was described as uncomely and ungraceful, clothing her stout body in gaudy calico.

Concurrently there were protest novels which showed the "counter stereotype"—the Negro of unsurpassed grace and beauty, poetic language, great wisdom, and unfaltering judgment.

In the 1920s *The Saturday Evening Post* was building circulation on the Irvin S. Cobb stories of Jeff, the comic Negro menial. Twenty years later, the *Post* was still doing the same with stories by Octavius Roy Cohen and Glenn Allan, who wrote of Negroes who ridiculed themselves and their race.

Perhaps the public opinion which applauded this kind of adult fiction in the forties was responsible also for the 1946 Caldecott Medal award to *The Rooster Crows: A Book of American Rhymes and Jingles*, illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham and published by Macmillan. Apparently the librarians who selected this book as "the most distinguished American Picture Book for Children

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published in the United States" in 1945 were not bothered by four pages showing Negro children with great buniony feet, coal black skin, and bulging eyes (in the distance, a dilapidated cabin with a black, gun-toting, barefoot adult). White children in this book are nothing less than cherubic, with dainty little bare feet or well-made shoes. After eighteen years enough complaints had been received to convince the publisher that the book would be improved by deleting the illustrations of Negro children. In the new edition of *The Rooster Crows* (1964) only white children appear.

The 1964 Caldecott Award went to *The Snowy Day,* written and illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats and published by Viking. The book gives a sympathetic picture of just one child—a small Negro boy. The Negro mother, however, is a huge figure in a gaudy yellow plaid dress, albeit without a red bandanna.

Many children's books which include a Negro show him as a servant or slave, a sharecropper, a migrant worker, or a menial.

On the other hand, a number of books have overtones of the "counter stereotype" observed by Dr. Starke—the Negro who is always good, generous, and smiling in the face of difficulties. The nine-year-old hero of *Roosevelt Grady* is one of these. Cheerfully and efficiently he looks out for the younger children or works alongside his parents in the fields, does well at school when there is a school to go to, never loses his temper, and in the end finds a permanent home for the family. The book won the Nancy Bloch Award for the Best Intercultural Children's Book for 1963, although it includes no whites except the teacher, the social worker, and the owner of the trailer camp. Only the pictures indicate that the Gradys and their friends are Negroes.

When the Cleveland Board of Education recommended *Roosevelt Grady* for children's reading, a Negro newspaper deplored this choice because one picture shows a work-gang leader grappling with a fat knife-toting Negro who has threatened a young boy. "This is a gross stereotype," was the objection. "But the main story shows beautiful family life among Negroes," was the reply, and *Roosevelt Grady* remains on the Cleveland list.

It is not unusual for critics to disagree as to the effectiveness of the picture of the Negro in a book for children. For example, one of the librarians who helped me gave *Tolliver,* by Florence Means (Houghton Mifflin), a rating of "excellent" for its picture of the Negro. Another criticized it as a modern story set in Fisk University as it was twenty-five years ago. "There has been a revolution down there since then," she wrote. "As a result the book seems somewhat condescending."

Whispering Willows, by Elizabeth Hamilton Friermood (Doubleday), also brought mixed response. It tells of the friendship of a white girl who is a high school senior in the class of 1911 and a Negro girl who works as a domestic in a white home. One librarian gave the book top rating. Another objected to the stereotype of the gentle Negro serving-girl who "knows her place."

These divergent opinions point up the dilemma faced by publishers of children's books. As Albert R. Levinthal, president of Golden Press, explains it, "Golden Press has been criticized from both sides. . . . Almost every time we reissue *Little Black Sambo* we receive mail deploring it. When it is not available in our Little Golden Book series, we have had letters asking why we do not keep this classic in print!"

One irate Mississippi mother (white) denounced a Little Golden Book of Mother Goose rhymes in a long letter to the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger.* She was aroused by the old rhyme, "Three babes in a basket/And hardly room for two/And one was yellow and one was black/And one had eyes of blue."

"I bought one of the Little Golden Books entitled *Counting Rhymes,*" she wrote. "I was horrified when I was reading to my innocent young child, and, behold, on page 15 there was actually the picture of three small children in a basket together . . . and one was a little Negro! I put my child and the book down and immediately called the owner of the drugstore and told him he would not have any more of my business (and I buy a lot of drugs, for I am sick a lot) if he didn't take all the rest of his copies of that book off his shelves."

The illustration shows the Negro baby looking down at a mouse. Determined to get the whole truth about basket integration, the Mississippi mother said she got in touch with the author, presumably Mrs. Goose herself. She said the author gave this explanation of the black child: "He was aware he didn't belong there, and he was looking down in shame because somebody (a symbol for the outside meddling yankees) has placed him in the same basket with the white child, where he didn't really want to be. Also he was looking down at the mouse as if he recognized some kinship to animals."

It's an amusing story. But the sad fact is that many publishing houses are catering to such mothers of the South and of the North. As one sales manager said, "Why jeopardize sales by putting one or two Negro faces in an illustration?"

Caroline Rubin, editor of Albert Whitman, tells of three books brought out in the 1950s: *Denny's Story,* by Eunice Smith, which shows Negro children in illustrations of classroom activity; *Fun for Chris,* by Blossom Randall, with Negro and white children playing together; and *Nemo Meets the Emperor,* by Laura Bannon, a true story of Ethiopia. "The books won favorable comment," writes Mrs. Rubin, "but the effect on sales was negative. Customers returned not only these titles but all stock from our company. This meant an appreciable loss and tempered attitudes toward further use of Negro children in illustrations and text."

Jean Poindexter Colby, editor of Hastings House, faced similar opposition in 1959 when she told her salesmen about plans for *A Summer to Share,* by Helen Kay, the story of a Negro child from the city who visits a white family in the country on a Fresh-Air-Fund vacation. "Galleys on the book had been

—*Ann Zane Shanks.*

"Integration may be the law of the land, but most of the books children see are all white."

set and art work was in preparation," Mrs. Colby wrote in the April 1965 issue of *Top of the News,* published by the American Library Association. "I told the salesmen present about the book and immediately encountered such opposition that I felt we either had to cancel the book entirely or change the book to an all-white cast. I wrote apologetically to the author and artist, explaining the situation. They were both cooperative and the racial switch was made." *A Summer to Share* came out in 1960 with the Negro child turned into another white one.

Mrs. Colby's experience with *New Boy in School,* by May Justus (1963), was quite different. This is a simple story for second and third graders about a Negro boy who enters an all-white class. "We had a great deal of trouble

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ARE WE EDUCATING OUR CHILDREN FOR THE WRONG FUTURE?

By ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, *President, Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, Santa Barbara, California.*

THE WORLD is new and is getting newer every minute. Anything may happen, and what is most likely to happen may be what we least expect.

Almost every "fact" I was taught from the first grade through law school is no longer a fact. Almost every tendency that was proclaimed has failed to materialize. The "facts" and tendencies of today are those that nobody foresaw fifty years ago. I clearly remember the table of immutable elements and atomic weights that hung on the wall of the chemistry laboratory in 1916. I also recall my history professor's description at that date of the bright future of British rule in South Africa.

I am especially embarrassed by the facts and tendencies I proclaimed myself. I can only hope the students in the Yale Law School have forgotten what I taught them. The courts have overruled and the legislatures repealed most of what I knew.

Education, in the nature of the case, has to be concerned with the future. But if we ask ourselves what we positively know of the future, about all we can say is that it will not be like the present. The whole world is committed to the highest possible rate of technological change. The daily accomplishments of science are such as to convince us that we are eventually going to know how everything works. Then we shall be able to do anything, and anything can happen.

The first question about education we have to try to answer is: How can it prepare for a future so uncertain and contingent that the main outlines of it are, as Disraeli used to say, "shrouded in the dark shadows of dubiety"?

The second question results from the one big, central, fundamental change we can foresee, and that is in man's relation to his work and in society's concern with production. This point requires some elaboration.

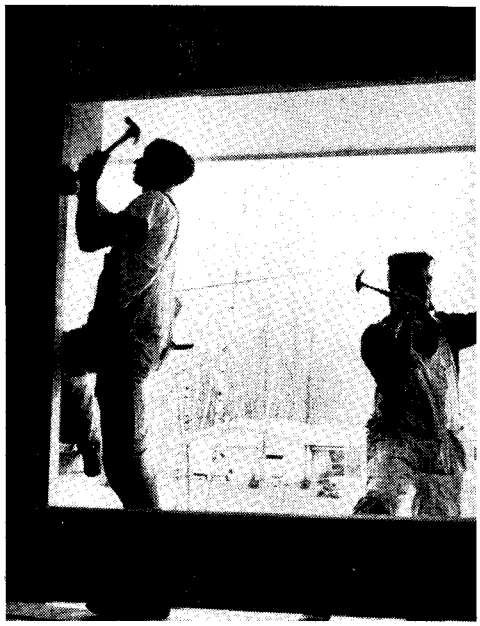
Ever since Adam and Eve were driven from Paradise and told to get to work, subsistence has been the primary preoccupation of men everywhere. Production has been regarded as so important that men were rewarded only if they produced. They were paid to work. If they did not work, they did not eat. Work and production were the means of individual and national strength, support, and salvation.

As recently as 1940 Wendell Willkie was stumping the country with the slogan, "Only the productive can be strong." Today we have billions of bushels of food we cannot get rid of. We could produce billions more if we wanted to. Every major industry could turn out infinitely more than is now being manufactured. The excess productive capacity of the United States is estimated at somewhere between $30 billion and $60 billion a year. It does not make much difference which figure you choose: it will be higher shortly.

There is a great deal of work to be done, but the question is whether and how soon we are going to get around to doing it. One-third of the population of this country lives below the poverty line. Urban slums are a disgrace, and now we are adding suburban slums to them. We need all kinds of things, notably schools, colleges, universities, hospitals, and libraries.

But we have been brought up to believe that the only desirable expenditures in the public sector are those for military purposes.

The budget for the space program, which is supported on military grounds, is $5.4 billion a year. This is $2 billion more than the total annual cost of all the colleges and universities in the United States.



—*Martha McM. Roberts (Monkmeyer).*

"We shall find ourselves largely without work as we have understood work in the past."

President Johnson has had to call the effort to alleviate poverty a "war" in order to get anybody interested in it. But we have less than $1 billion appropriated now for the great war against poverty, as against $50 billion we are ready to put annually into defense.

There is a great deal of work to be done outside this country. Although we are willing to help other peoples in the name of military security, we are reluctant to assist them merely because they are human beings in need. This despite the fact that the most explosive situation in the world today arises because of the division between the have and the have-not countries.

Since the war, the rich nations have got richer and the poor poorer. The poor ones are mostly primary producers. They sell raw materials and buy manufactured goods. The prices of manufactured goods have risen, and those of raw materials have declined. The resulting loss to the developing countries exceeds the total of all the aid they have received.

If we are not moved by humanitarian considerations, we might at least remember that we have some interest in holding the world together. The Marshall Plan on behalf of Western Europe was, to state it in its lowest terms, a great and successful example of enlightened self-interest at work.

The war against poverty should be conducted on a global scale. The question is, again, the rate at which it can be carried on. Trained men and good ideas are indispensable if money and goods are to accomplish anything. They are available in Europe. They are in short supply in the developing countries. So, even if we were prepared as we should be to put our superfluity at the disposal of these countries, we would find them

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incapable of absorbing assistance fast enough to make any telling impression on the flood of our production.

Suppose we spent each year ten times as much fighting poverty as we now propose, or on the order of $10 billion. Suppose we spent three times as much on higher education, another $10 billion. Suppose we tripled our expenditure on foreign aid, another $10 billion. We would then have absorbed $30 billion of our excess capacity. By the time we got around to making these expenditures our excess capacity would have risen by at least $30 billion.

This is not the whole story. It is now official government policy to produce a "bigger bang for a buck." The effects are already visible in those parts of the country, like California, in which a large proportion of the population is dependent on the arms industry.

For every billion knocked off the arms bill, we shall have to spend a billion somewhere else if we are to have any hope of maintaining employment.

The Administration's plan for bridging the widening gap between production and consumption is to cut taxes. The expectation is that this will stimulate demand, mop up surplus production, and lead to some reduction in unemployment.

But what if increasing production does not mean increasing employment? While production has been rising, unemployment has been holding steady. Although we are to have a tax cut of $11 billion, nobody expects unemployment to go below 4 per cent. This is the new definition of an "acceptable" rate. It is twice the rate considered acceptable in Western Europe.

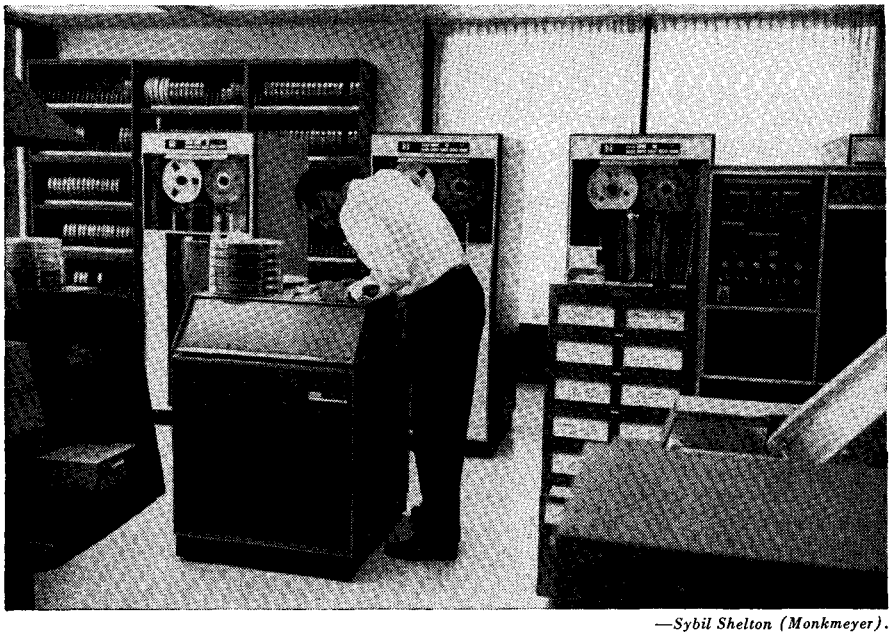
Meanwhile, in the advanced industrial countries of the West, the link between production and employment is being broken. Dr. Solomon Fabricant, the cautious director of research for the National Bureau of Economic Research, says: "Our immediate historical evidence indicates that there have been changes in basic materials and energy sources and tools and machines and in the relationship of the worker to his job. Eventually this will add up to a new industrial revolution."

What these somewhat opaque words mean is that automation and cybernetics are changing the world. They substitute the machine not only for muscles but also for minds. This is new, and no reassuring historical example, like the effect of the invention of the automobile on employment, is relevant.

W. Willard Wirtz, the Secretary of Labor, has said that machines can now do, on the average, whatever a high school graduate can do. If they can do that now, why should we expect them to stop there? They will go on until they can do whatever a college graduate can do, and perhaps more.

The effects on unskilled, or muscle, labor are obvious. The disappearance of the muscular miner reflects a universal tendency. The importation of seasonal Mexican farm labor into California was discontinued because Americans wanted, or were said to want, the 60,000 jobs at stake. Now it seems unlikely that there will be any jobs. Machines are being developed to do the work.

The skilled worker is going, too. The managing director of Bahlsen's, the great automatic bakery in Western Germany, says, "Here the skill of the baker dies." The skilled baker is likely to be dangerous, because he may think (quite wrongly) that he can improve the product by interfering with the machine.



—Sybil Shelton (Monkmeyer).

"Automation and cybernetics substitute the machine not only for the muscles of men, but also for their minds."

The *Wall Street Journal* has described the effects of automation on the skilled white-collar worker. White-collar employment in the financial concerns of Manhattan, for example, was lower in 1963 than in 1962. Employment in brokerage houses declined while the volume of trading increased. The New York Life Insurance Company tripled its business in ten years; but the number of its employees rose by only 300, or less than 10 per cent.

These effects are now being felt by what is called "middle management." This is composed of highly skilled, white-collar people, mostly college graduates. Although they do not make important decisions on policy, they supply much of the information required for those decisions. They watch the flow of goods and money and see to it that both are in the right place at the right time. Computers can do better. They are quicker, more reliable, and, in the long run, cheaper. As they are improved and become still cheaper, they will drive the middle managers from the field.

The service trades seem a weak reed to lean on. Self-service and automatic vending machines are invading every department of retailing. The solemn and conservative magazine *U.S. News & World Report* says, "Food shopping at the supermarket will be automated. There'll be only one sample of every item on display, along with a punch card. Simply take a card for each item you want to buy, take the cards to the checkout counter. There, a machine will tally the cost. While you pay the clerk, all your purchases will be assembled, packed in a box or bag, and delivered to you as you leave the store."

Quoting "a top official of the General Electric Company," the article goes on to portray the automation of the home through computers that will make up your grocery list, remind you of appointments and anniversaries, take care of your finances, pay your bills, write your checks, figure out your income tax, and answer your telephone. Reproduction will be the only function performed by human labor.

The only possible conclusion is that the happy marriage between production and employment is being dissolved. The political, economic, social, cultural, and educational consequences cannot be overestimated.

What are we going to do with ourselves? Gerard Piel, publisher of *Scientific American*, has pointed out in a pamphlet written for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions that if we had continued with the sixty-hour week we would now have 27,000,000 unemployed. By reducing the hours of labor, we have spread work and leisure. Any proposal for the future must pro-

(*Continued on page* 83)

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The Magnitude of the American Educational Establishment

(Fall 1965)

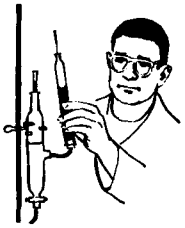
More than 56,000,000 Americans are engaged in the nation's educational enterprise as students, teachers, or administrators. Nearly another 178,000 make education a time-consuming avocation as trustees of local school systems, state boards of education, or institutions of higher learning. The breakdown is given here:

THE INSTITUTIONS

Elementary* Schools	88,600
Secondary* Schools	30,500
Universities, Colleges and Junior Colleges	2,170
Total	121,270

THE TEACHERS

Public School Teachers	
Elementary	959,000
Secondary	716,000
Nonpublic School Teachers	
Elementary	155,000
Secondary	80,000
College and University Teachers	
Public Institutions	235,000
Private Institutions	190,000
Total	2,335,000



THE LEARNERS

Elementary School Pupils	
Public Schools	26,379,000
Nonpublic (Private and Parochial)	5,400,000
Total	31,779,000
Secondary School Students	
Public	15,321,000
Nonpublic	1,400,000
Total	16,721,000
College and University full- and part-time students enrolled for credit toward degrees	
Public	3,519,000
Private	1,916,000
Total	5,435,000

ADMINISTRATORS AND SUPERVISORS

Superintendents of Schools	14,130
Principals and Supervisors	108,300
College and University Presidents	2,170
Other College Administrative and Library Staff	70,400
Total	195,000

BOARD MEMBERS

Local School Board Members	137,100
State Board Members	470
College and University Board Members	40,000
Total	177,570

Grand Total Students Enrolled **53,935,000**

* *Grades seven and eight are counted as elementary in systems under the 8-4 plan and as secondary when they are a part of junior high schools.*

Figures are based on the latest available estimates from the U.S. Office of Education.

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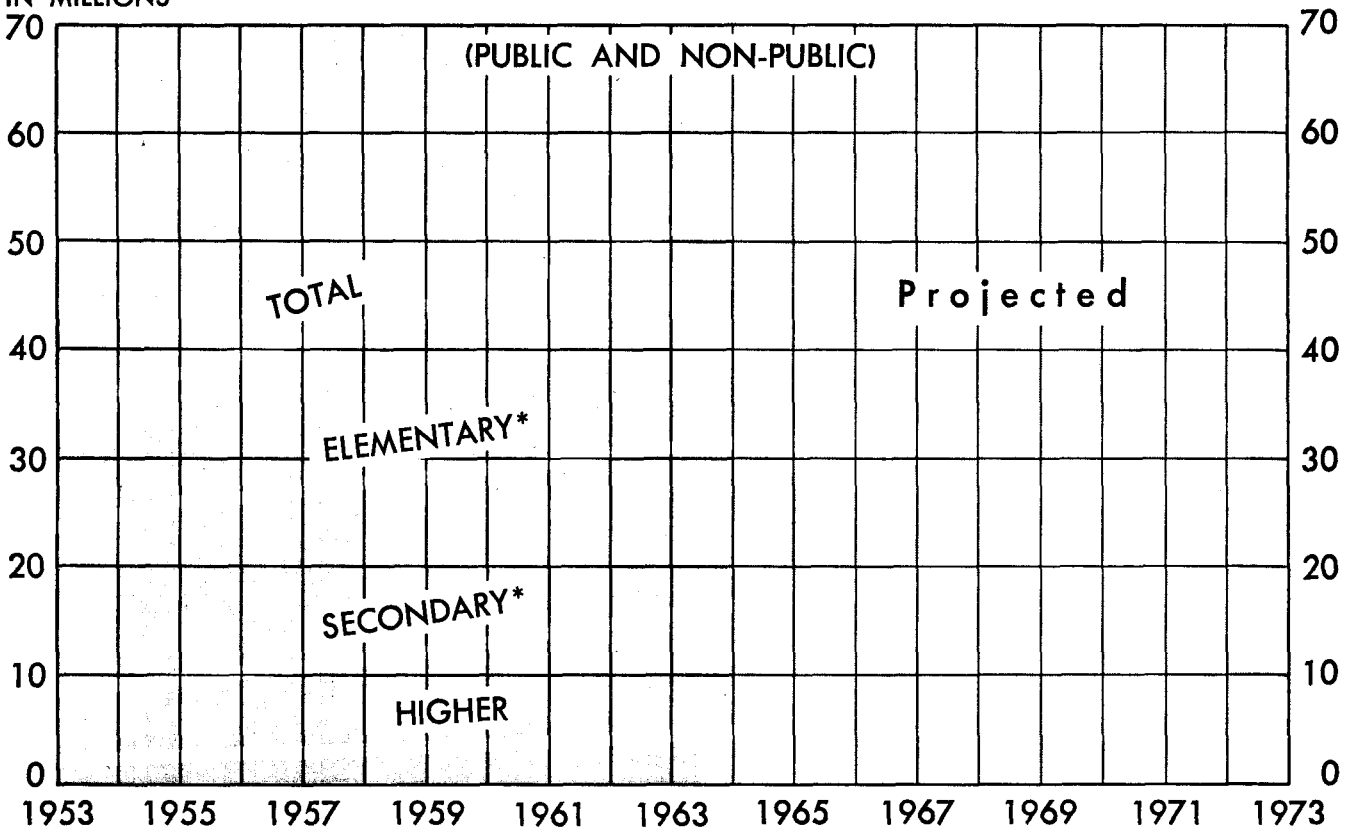
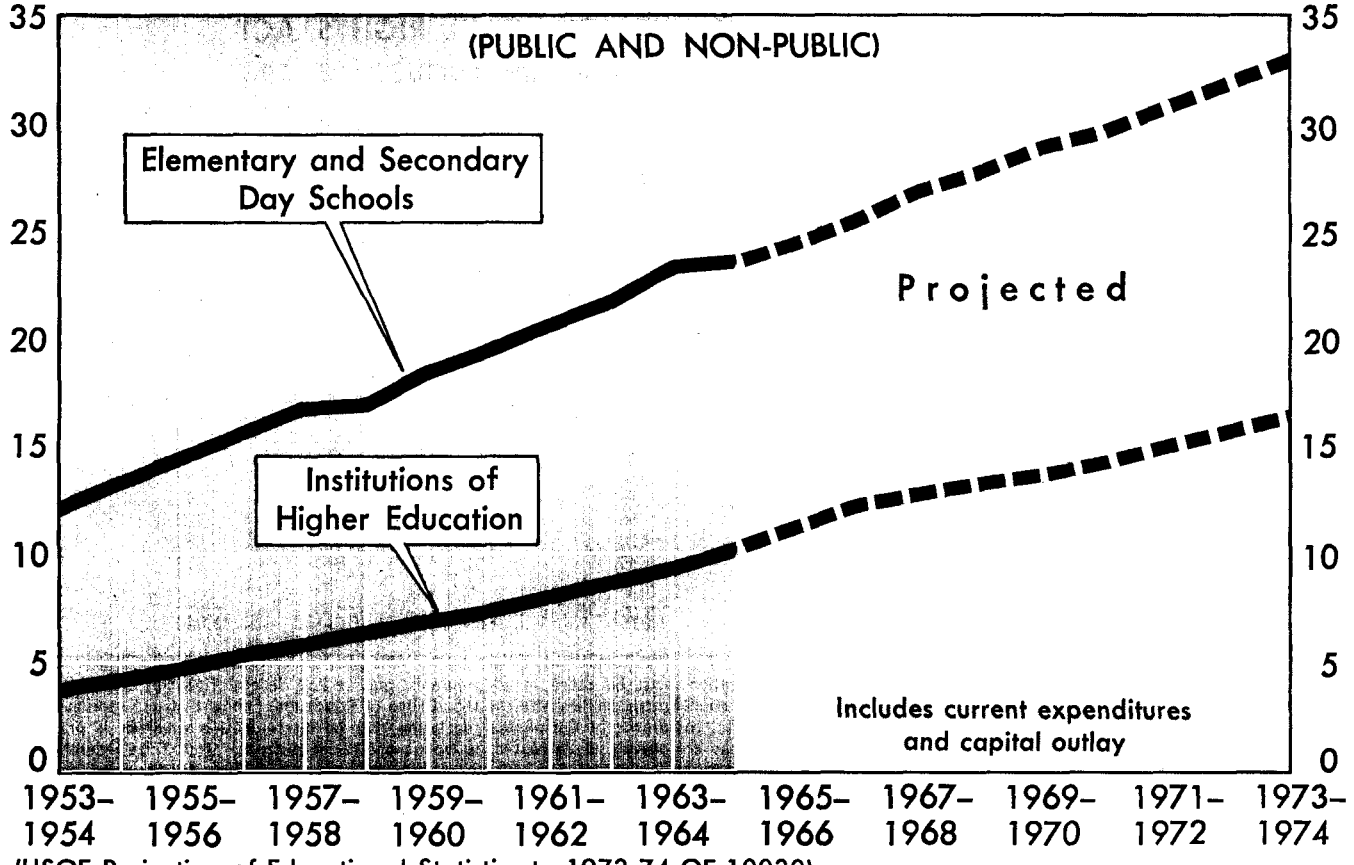
TOTAL FALL ENROLMENT



*Grades 7 and 8 are counted as elementary in systems under the 8-4 plan and as secondary when they are a part of junior high schools

TOTAL EXPENDITURES



(USOE Projection of Educational Statistics to 1973-74 OE-10030)

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Desegregation

STATUS IN THE SOUTHERN AND BORDER STATES AS OF JUNE 1965

	Districts			Enrollment		Enrollment in Desegregated Districts		Negroes in Schools with Whites	
	Total	With Negroes and Whites	Deseg.	White	Negro	White	Negro	No.	%
Alabama	118	118	9	549,593**	293,426**	131,241**	87,457**	101	.034
Arkansas	411	220	24	333,630†	114,651†	93,072	28,943	930	.811
Delaware	79	45	45	83,164	19,367	78,942	14,064	12,051	62.2
District of Columbia	1	1	1	17,487	123,906	17,487	123,906	106,578	86.0
Florida	67	67	22	1,014,920	247,475	817,842	175,969	6,612	2.67
Georgia	196	180	12	686,761	334,126	200,127	133,454	1,337	.400
Kentucky	204	165	165	607,522	55,215	540,000*	55,215	37,585	68.1
Louisiana	67	67	3	472,923*	313,314*	63,591	88,677	3,581	1.14
Maryland	24	23	23	566,375	169,207	561,300	169,207	86,205	50.9
Mississippi	163	163	4	299,748	279,106	34,620	21,929	57	.020
Missouri	1,056	212*	203*	818,000*	104,000*	NA	95,000*	44,000*	42.3
North Carolina	170	170	86	828,638	349,282	555,997	207,551	4,963	1.42
Oklahoma	1,090	321	211	555,000*	45,000*	334,000*	38,000*	14,000*	31.1
South Carolina	108	108	18	371,921	260,667	173,833	96,196	265	.102
Tennessee	152	141	65	724,327	173,673	475,877	136,936	9,289	5.35
Texas	1,379	862	450*	2,086,752*	344,312*	1,600,000*	245,000*	27,000*	7.84
Virginia	130	127	81	736,017	233,070	600,000*	200,000*	12,000*	5.15
West Virginia	55	54	54	426,500*	21,300*	426,500*	21,300*	13,500	63.4
TOTAL	5,470	3,044	1,476	11,179,278	3,481,097	6,704,429††	1,938,804	380,054	10.9

*Estimated **1963-64 †1962-63 ††Missouri not included

Reprinted from *Southern School News*, June 1965.

IMPACT OF TITLE VI* OF THE 1964 CIVIL RIGHTS ACT IN SOUTHERN AND BORDER STATES AS OF AUGUST, 18, 1965

States	No. of Districts	Assurance forms* accepted	Court Orders accepted*	Voluntary Plans accepted*	Twelve-grade Plans**	Vol. Plans from Districts Desegregating for the First Time	Negotiations in progress	Total Plans accepted
Alabama	118	1	9	53	42	53	98	63
Arkansas	411	194	5	113	61	110	194	312
Delaware	61	25	0	22	22	15	33	47
Florida	67	2	17	41	39	41	48	60
Georgia	195	5	8	62	55	62	176	75
Kentucky	204	139	5	56	51	33	62	200
Louisiana	67	0	9	0	0	0	0	9
Maryland	24	6	0	17	17	5	18	23
Mississippi	163	0	1	35	4	35	105	36
Missouri	686	672	0	10	5	7	14	682
North Carolina	170	1	2	45	41	33	165	48
Oklahoma	1,092	953	0	27	27	14	109	980
South Carolina	111	0	5	31	30	28	97	36
Tennessee	152	13	16	66	66	53	123	95
Texas	1,420	656	13	418	385	348	581	1,087
Virginia	139	7	8	35	31	19	112	50
West Virginia	55	48	2	4	4	2	5	54
TOTAL	5,135	2,722	100	1,035	880	858	1,940	3,847

*Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act provides that racial discrimination must be ended in all programs that receive federal financial assistance. Responsibility for administering this provision for most of the federal educational programs lies with the U.S. Office of Education. School districts seeking future federal aid must select among three means of compliance: 1. "Form 441" Assurance of Compliance, declaring that no discrimination whatever is practiced within the school district. This is accepted by the OE from districts that are already desegregated or from mono-racial districts. 2. A final federal court order directing the complete desegregation of the school system at least by the fall of 1967. 3. Plans submitted by the districts for removing descrimination. These must meet the approval of the Office of Education.

**Plans calling for the desegregation of all grades this fall.

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Which College Is Best?

By JOHN A. PERKINS, *President, University of Delaware.*

JUST ABOUT EVERYONE these days is appraising colleges and universities. The evaluators are prospective students, parents, potential donors, secondary school guidance officers, and regional and professional accrediting teams. There is a common approach. The appraisers, even those who think themselves quite knowledgeable about colleges, commonly make inquiry into the student-teacher ratio, the number of books in the library, the number of Ph.D.s on the faculty, and the size of the endowment or the state appropriation per student. This sort of inquiry is reasonable, but not as meaningful as is believed.

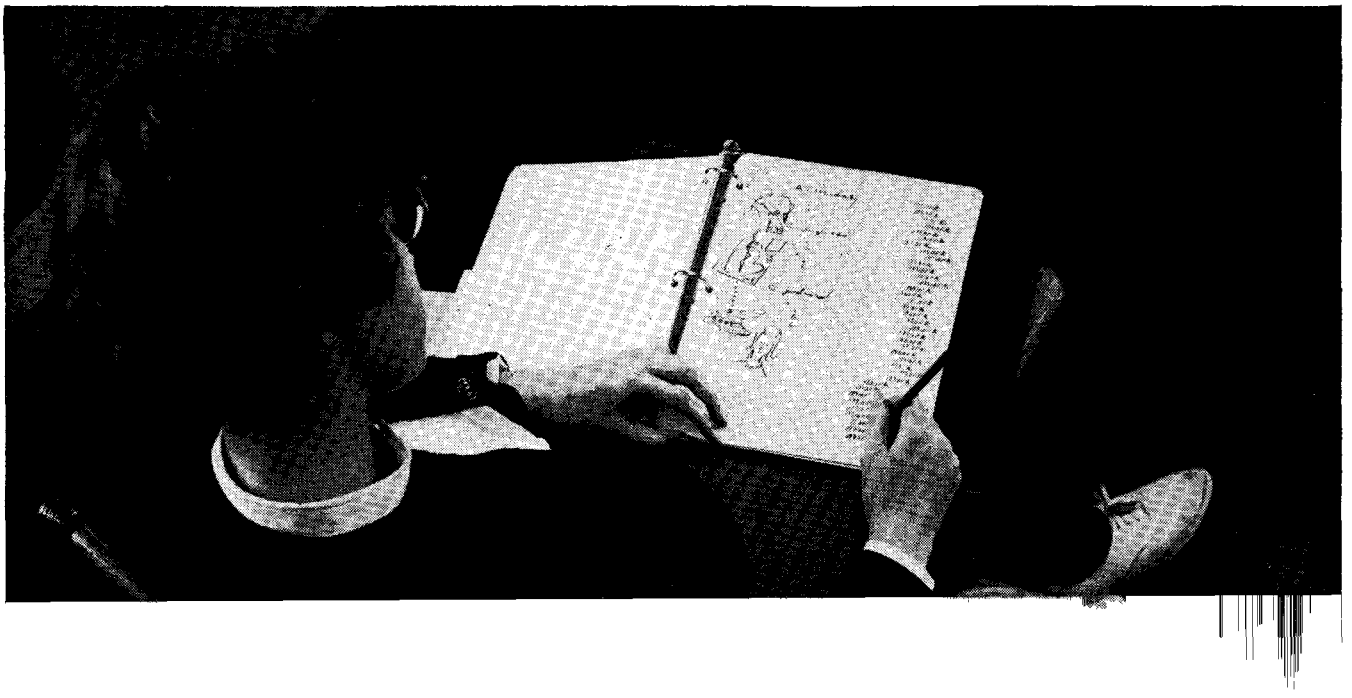
It has two decided shortcomings. The first is that it substitutes an inventory of the resources for learning for true measures of the extent to which learning is taking place. The second grows from our national propensity to measure all colleges against the bench-mark of Harvard and a few other rich, old, and prestigious institutions of higher learning; this is analogous to the *Consumer Reports* evaluating automobiles for prospective purchasers by comparing compacts and all other models against Cadillacs. With higher education so important that the Chief Executive of the United States wants to be known as the "Education President," it is high time that these shortcomings be recognized. More meaningful and more sophisticated approaches to evaluation should be developed.

To one who would determine whether a college is really doing the best educational job of which it is capable, information such as the faculty-student ratio is all too superficial. In some instances the data are not very reliable. There is no agreement among colleges and universities about who is to be counted as a faculty member, or, indeed, as a student, in the computing of such ratios. University A gives academic rank to professional personnel who work in the libraries, in the museums and art galleries, and in counseling and guidance work. University B does not. Thus, A may boast a faculty member for every ten students; B can show only one for every fifteen. Appointment policies, conceived without any concern for teacher-student ratios, nevertheless greatly affect the ratios. Moreover, there is the research professor who may not regularly teach, except to associate with a few graduate students who are more like colleagues than course enrollees. In addition, some graduate students actually teach and others assist in laboratories or large classes. There is no agreement as to how they are to be figured in ratios. In fairness to an accurate ratio in any given year, the numerous faculty members who are on leaves, sabbatical or otherwise, should not be counted, but they often are. As for students, some colleges count only full-time campus students; others count full- and part-time students with equal weight; still others with more accuracy, use "full-time equivalent" student figures. Because of these variations, any university can, with complete integrity, cite two ratios of faculty to students that differ by as much as 50 per cent. Obviously, the student-teacher ratio doesn't tell anybody whether one college is doing a better educational job than another.

The number of books in the library is another popular but questionable indicator in assessing a college. There are a million books in the library stacks of X university. College Y has only half a million. Yet, institution Y may be far more

"Students may not be learning all their teachers think they are."

—University of Rochester.



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successful in using its fewer volumes to educate its undergraduates. Its faculty requires frequent student use of the library in daily and special assignments. Y has its books on shelves open to students, provides soft chairs for them to sit in, and permits smoking. All these make browsing and wide reading attractive to undergraduates. With half as many books, College Y's gross book circulation per annum and the number of books circulated per student may be twice as great as its rival X. Nevertheless, X is too often advertised and believed to be the greater place of learning because it has twice as many volumes.

In short, these and other questions being asked by students, parents, and even donors and accrediting agencies, about colleges and universities relate primarily to the resources for learning. Resources are at best only important tools that create an environment for learning. They are not adequate measures of whether or not student learning is commensurate with the resources available. The total educational effectiveness of a collegiate institution is not likely to be ascertained by such quantitative inventories. To rate a college on its tools for learning, to revert to the automobile analogy, is like buying a certain auto on the basis of the size of the factory where it is produced and the sophistication of its assembly line, rather than on road performance and price.

Mention of performance and cost directs attention to the second common shortcoming in evaluating a college or university—comparing compacts and luxury models. Some colleges and universities have a lot more money to spend per student than others do. Some colleges admit students much better prepared at home and in secondary schools than those admitted by others. Colleges can be directly compared only in the most general way—all four-year colleges do give baccalaureate degrees.

Because colleges aren't completely comparable, it becomes doubly important that each one define its objectives and ascertain whether or not it is achieving them. Through the intellects that abound on faculties, and by plumbing experiences and indigenous educational needs, institutions of higher learning can define what they uniquely purport to do. Without abandoning subject-matter goals and the rich heritage of the church-related college on the one hand, or the land-grant universities on the other, and the several types of institutions in between, each college or university should search out its own character. Having done so, it should then develop appropriate curricula and teaching techniques and out-of-class activities that are thought likely to be best for its undergraduates in view of the institution's aims and resources. The next step, and the most difficult one, is to determine by comprehensive testing and other evaluation of students whether or not declared ends are being accomplished.

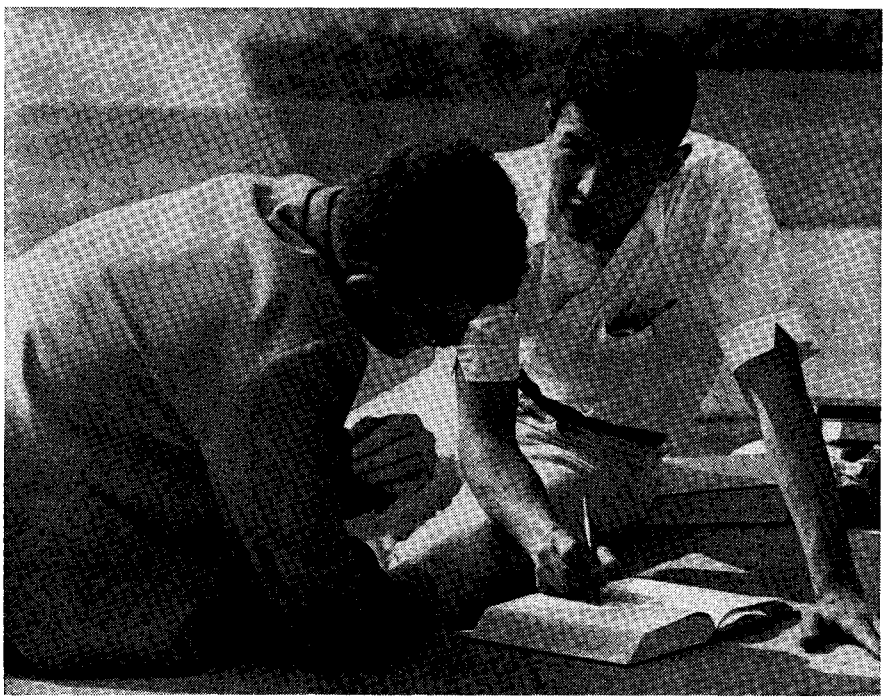
Whether the end sought is an educational Cadillac or a compact, the college or university doing the best job educationally is that which—given the ability of those enrolled, the quality of those teaching, the financial and other resources at its disposal—is making the greatest educational impact on its students over four years. On this basis, a number of little-known institutions may be doing a first-rate job. Others, considering their talented freshmen and richer resources, may be accomplishing much less than they should in the four-year production line that is college. The "better of two colleges is, in truth, the one making the greater educational impact in a given period of time upon the type of student it admits in view of the resources on hand. Who is to know, and how is one to find out?

Before parents, students, or others can evaluate the impact of a college or university, the institution must first attempt to determine more precisely its own effectiveness. Most institutions of higher learning take the first step. They catalog from records and testing of aptitudes, abilities, and social and cultural characteristics of their freshmen. Academic qualifications today can be determined with considerable accuracy. High school grades, rank in class, and scores on standardized intelligence and achievement tests are all helpful and available. But more effort is needed by each college to determine attitudes, values, and personal characteristics of its entering students. A freshman class that places high values on earning and job security after graduation will react differently to instruction than one that places a high value on cultural and esthetic accomplishments. Each type of class creates a quite different climate for learning. Inventories of freshman study habits, interests, and family backgrounds are also important if student growth over a four-year period is to be measured with some accuracy. But if freshmen are pretty well inventoried by some colleges, very few institutions collect enough of the same data about their seniors to determine what has happened to their students during their four years.

Colleges, like industrial enterprises, should continually evaluate their product—their seniors. To do so they must use techniques similar to what industry calls quality control. The qualities to be measured should grow, in part, directly out of the material each college has to work with, its own objectives and its resources for learning. Each institution, and the schools and departments within it, should stand educationally for more than a specified accumulation of course credits and the pious platitudes found in the catalogue and the speeches of the president and deans. Important specifications such as subject-matter competence must first be measured, of course.

Obviously, so long as students are being prepared for a national employment market, for the same graduate and professional schools and for life in the same democracy, the objectives of collegiate institutions, while having some individuality, must attain to much learning in common. This does not mean simply

(*Continued on page* 81)



—*M. D. Paterson.*

"Resources are only tools for learning."

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Theodore B. Dolmatch

PERSONAL OPINION

Color Me Brown — I'm Integrated

On this page, each month, a distinguished educator, writer, or critic of education is given an opportunity to express his views freely on a topic of his own choosing. The opinions expressed may differ sharply from those of the editors.

By THEODORE B. DOLMATCH, *President of Pitman Publishing Corporation and its subsidiary Initial Teaching Alphabet Publications, Inc.*

AS A PUBLISHER of textbooks and their accompanying paraphernalia, I have long taken for granted my partnership with teachers in the educational enterprise. I am not alone in my presumptions to professional status; most textbook publishers stress this partnership, and educators are prone to accept publishers as "full-fledged members of the educational fraternity."

But if there is any significance in this publisher-educator relationship, we, as publishers, have a responsibility for producing instructional materials that truly serve the needs of teacher, pupil, and community. Yet, in at least one broad area, I contend, we are failing.

In response to the belated recognition that the American experience is heterogeneous, a growing number of educational authorities are echoing the statement of the Michigan Department of Public Instruction, that: "Education has a responsibility for promoting good inter-group relations and for presenting, from textbooks and curriculum materials, an accurate and unbiased concept of America as the multi-cultural, multi-racial, and multi-religious nation that it is."

Unfortunately, too many of us have read strange meanings into this call for texts that reflect the diversity of American life.

With new eyes, publishers and educators have looked at their older books, only to see blond children and suburban homes, white-collar fathers, and grandparents on farms. On the basis that these are now wrong, they have begun to produce and use what one Negro educator has called "color-me-brown" books, as naïve in their own way as their predecessors. One can ask whether replacing white children with brown ones or replacing country children with children from the city is the answer. In one Harlem classroom, the teacher was most delighted with the new wave of primers that replaced pink complexions with brown ones. She asked her children what was different in these books. They had no immediate answer, so she persisted until one child finally spoke up. "All the children are sunburned," he said, in sad confirmation of Santayana's reflection that the opponents of the ruling orthodoxy merely invert its errors rather than discover new truths.

The immediate response to Anglo-Saxon materials seems to be non-Anglo-Saxon materials. We publishers are urged—nay, told—to provide urban environments, multiracial groups, to stress the "real" as it really is—in the city. Ever eager to please, and with a weather eye out for the market, we do books about Negro heroes instead of books about heroes—Negro and white—and so replace our previous exclusion with separatism. We now seek after the same mythic simplicity, but in a new style, instead of attempting to cope with the increasing complexity of American reality. But that which is truly representative of the American experience is its diversity: We are city *and* suburban, black *and* white (and yellow and red, too, for that matter), blue collar *and* white.

Further, though our ethnic and geographical variety is a key to American life, it cannot be the only rationale for textbooks; they must convey ideas as well. A variety of environments can introduce the child to a world that is wider than either city or suburb alone. The child needs to know that his point of contact with his fellow man is to be found in himself, in the nonenvironmental world of human responses. Conceptual and verbal horizons must be enlarged; this is not achieved merely by changing environments to right old wrongs.

Books can help children develop useful and strengthening concepts of self by stressing the inner reactions which are shared by all children. If education is to expand horizons, the literal environment must be subordinated to the self-evident truths of human experience. A Celtic myth or an African one, for example, is both more valid to non-Irish and non-Africans than any truncated and sterile recitation of backyard or street adventures. The issue is man's heritage, not the black man's or the white man's.

This move to "either-or" books raises yet another issue. By developing different books for specific ethnic or geographic subcultures, we make it too easy to forget that, to quote the president of the American Textbook Publishers Institute: "Textbooks that recognize and respect all kinds of human differences help young people to develop a sense of common destiny." If we produce books that "relate" only to one group, how can the members of that group develop that "common" destiny?

The call for books that, so belatedly, repair old wrongs has not only produced texts that starve the child with a diet as limited in its own way as his previous one. This dictum also tells some publishers only that they must produce—not integrated books—but merely integrated books to parallel existing and continuing segregated ones. Separate but equal, as it were.

I would raise the question, therefore, whether "separate-but-equal" books do not indeed nullify the best efforts of educators. At best, it seems anomalous that texts should be created which pander to the prejudices that we have officially abandoned. At worst, the production of one set of books for segregationists and another for integrationists circumvents moral imperatives, and does so in a particularly unpleasant way. If the President of the United States has suggested that the issue of segregation is moral and not political, when will we decide that it is also not commercial?

There was a day when Darwin was omitted from biology texts destined to be sold in Tennessee, when the Anglo-Saxon heritage was the only American heritage, when separate but equal satisfied too many of us. That day is past, and atavistic texts and opportunistic publishers are particularly out of place.

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Schools Make News

A new "prestige" college, with the aid of four prominent New England institutions, will open its doors in September 1969. Smith and Mount Holyoke Colleges for women, Amherst College for men, and the University of Massachusetts will give the new institution full academic support. This will include a sharing of faculties and joint planning of courses and departments.

The new college—called Hampshire College—is to be coeducational and is expected to serve as a testing ground to determine how high-quality education can be offered at substantially reduced cost. Free from traditional commitments regarding curriculum, alumni, or departmental divisions, Hampshire will be able to experiment with a highly flexible program.

For example, instead of the traditional academic departments, there will be only three major divisions—humanities, social sciences, and sciences.

The 1,000 students are to be taught by a faculty of only about fifty—roughly twice the number of students per teacher as is customary in high-quality colleges. But the quality of the education will be protected by several means:

The number of courses offered will be held to an effective minimum.

There will be stress on independent work, including student-led seminars.

Facilities as well as faculty will be shared with the other four colleges.

A plan for such a college had been discussed since 1958, but there were no funds available to carry it into action until last month, when Harold F. Johnson, an alumnus of Amherst, donated $6,000,000. Mr. Johnson will be among the members of Hampshire's board of trustees, as will the presidents of the four colleges.

Instead of expending money on costly features such as intercollegiate athletics and fraternity houses, the new college will aim to run a trim but effective operation financed by tuition alone. Since tuition at most private colleges today pays for at most 60 per cent of the cost of an undergraduate's education, this would be a crucial change whose implications could be essential to the launching of new private colleges without the accumulated endowments that benefit older institutions.

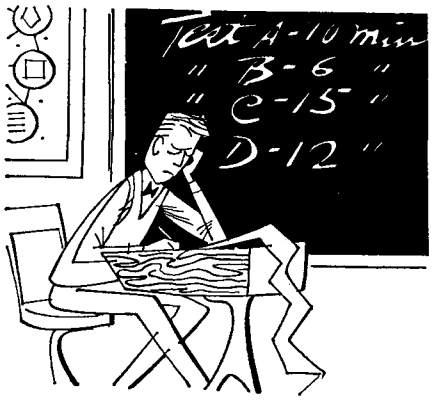
Successful executives, with the help of a fellowship program at Columbia University, are exchanging old careers in business for new careers in service-oriented fields such as teaching. This usually involves a substantial cut in salary, but as one of the participants declared, "Somewhere along the way we stopped measuring success by the size of the pay check. In fact, we even seemed to have stopped worrying about 'success.'"

So far fourteen men and women have been aided by the New Careers Fellowship Program in making the career shift. The program pays full tuition for one year; New Careers Fellows who perform well during the year can obtain fellowships or loans from other sources to finance further study.

Dr. Alan D. Entine, director of the program, pointed out that the candidates "are changing directions at a time in life when their financial and family responsibilities are the greatest. . . . With full tuition expenses taken care of, most of the participants can dip into savings to meet living expenses while they work full-time toward their degrees. They enter their new field more quickly than they could any other way."

Half of the fourteen participants, who range in age from thirty-five to sixty years old, have already earned master's degrees at Columbia. Several of them have taken new jobs, and others are seeking doctoral degrees. All were college graduates whose income levels were above $12,000.

Those who are already pursuing their new careers include a former sales executive who is now teaching industrial arts at the New York School for the Deaf; a former interior decorator who is now placement director of the Office of Economic Opportunity in New York City, and a former advertising writer who earned a degree in library service and is now a reference librarian at the New York Public Library.



The New Careers Program is administered by Columbia's School of General Studies. Candidates are required to satisfy the entrance requirements of the division of the university in which they wish to enroll. Although there are no age requirements, preference is given to applicants between the ages of thirty-five and fifty.

Further information can be obtained from the Director, New Careers Program, School of General Studies, Columbia University, New York, N. Y. 10027.

Paperback books can change the curriculum from grade school through high school. This is the conclusion of a project undertaken in English language arts classes in fifty New Jersey public schools.

In the 1963-64 school year, 40,000 paperback volumes were placed in classrooms and allowed to circulate freely—sometimes for purely extracurricular reading, sometimes as part of the regular curriculum. The children snapped them up with astounding eagerness. For many, it was the first time they had read an entire book. Others said this was the first time they had been challenged to read above their "own level."

"I like the paper books because they are easy to read. At night I'm always on a good chapter when I have to go to bed. So a minute after my light is out I get my flashlight and the book and read in bed," commented one fourth-grader.

Freedom of choice was an important factor. A high school student reported, "This year I have read more books than in other years because I read books I like and read them often because to me they are interesting and I want to finish them."

Another feature that stimulated the books' appeal was their availability—usually they were on open shelves in the classroom and could be removed for any length of time simply by filling out a card.

Even "reluctant readers" and "slow learners" responded eagerly to the books. They found them less imposing than hardback books. Perhaps even more influential was the fact that no time limit was set on the books and book reports were held to a minimum.

The project also revealed that successful reading led to improvements in speaking, writing, and listening, and the skills of group discussion. The impact of the project spilled over to science and social studies courses as well.

The full report of the project, *Paperbound Books in New Jersey Public Schools,* can be obtained for $1 from Dr. Max Bogart, State Department of Education, Division of Curriculum and Instruction, Trenton, N. J. Discounts are available on bulk orders.

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"THE NEW BREED"

A Dissenting View

Does the recent turmoil on college campuses indicate that today's students are indeed "a new breed," differing substantially from the apathetic generation of the Fifties? Or do the activists represent only a noisy minority, by no means typical of a majority that remains preoccupied either with personal success or with fun and games? Here we present the views of a sociologist at the University of Vermont who doubts that students have changed significantly or that the activists are likely to bring about any great changes in the colleges and universities.

By GORDON F. LEWIS

ONCE OR TWICE each decade a varied group of American social commentators resurrects its last analysis of the character of American college students, refurbishes it, and presents the newer version for public scrutiny.

Such analyses are sometimes unflattering, approximating those descriptions of a younger group of our youth, the high school and junior high school set, wherein the behavior of these young people is seen as seriously threatening the peace, order, and morality of the society. This plaint, of course, is as old as it is hackneyed—a fact that is soon pointed out in articles by the defenders of the young.

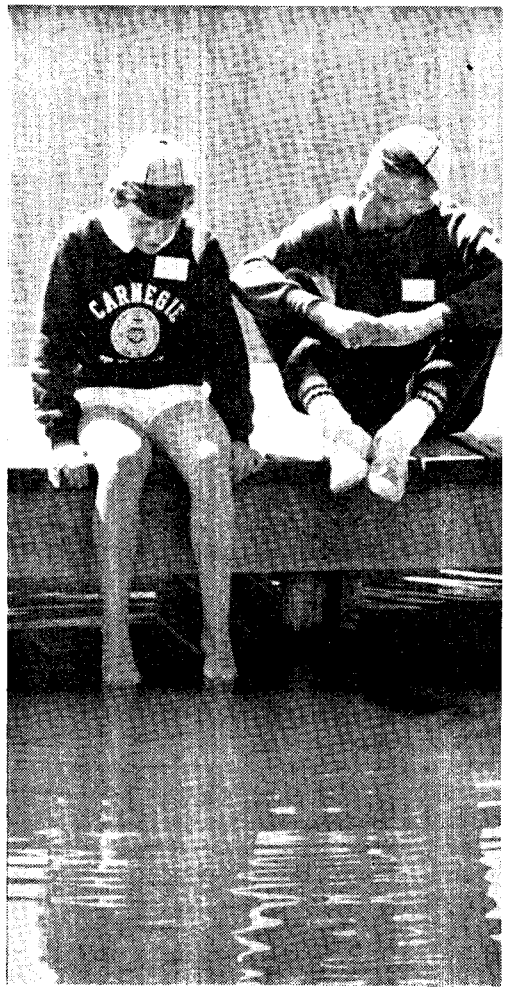
A second type of analysis of our college youth focuses on what seem to the observer to be hopeful changes in their orientation. Such articles are only indirectly unflattering, and then only toward yesterday's class. For if this year's crop is praised for innovation in thought and action, the earlier product is implicitly criticized for having missed its opportunity for reform and commitment to significant values. In such fashion, then, the "apathetic generation" of the Fifties is still being chided by invidious comparisons with today's students.

A recent article in these pages by Professor James L. Jarrett characterized the present college generation—or significant parts of it—as "the new breed" and speculated on the consequences the attitudes and actions of these students would have on the academic community in general. Although Jarrett carefully pointed out (in a gesture, one presumes, of caution to his readers lest they overgeneralize his comments) that college students "are a very diverse lot," the general impression the article left me with was that this "new breed" would leave an indelible imprint of extensive and lasting importance of American academia. I think he has overstated his case.

First, let us summarize the two major points Jarrett makes. They are that 1) students are more concerned than formerly with a variety of matters, especially certain social conditions in our society and the policies and operations of the academic institution, and 2) student political opinion is fast becoming "a constant force to reckon with, and student power to shape virtually every aspect of collegiate education will be almost incredibly greater than now" in a few years.

Whether or not one agrees with the first point depends largely, I believe, on whether when one thinks of "college students" one thinks of a handful of the leading colleges and universities or of the 2,000-odd degree-granting institutions of higher learning with the 4,750,000 (1964) students. I doubt that the proportion of "concerned" students today is significantly greater than at any other time since World War II. Some recent work done by the research staff of Educational Testing Service, in conjunction with two sociologists, would seem to support this doubt, at least as far as a sample of 13,000 entering freshmen is concerned. Those with what sociologist Martin Trow and Burton Clark called a "collegiate" orientation, consisting essentially of a nonacademic "fun and games" attitude, outnumbered those with a "nonconformist" perspective, oriented largely toward the world of ideas and humanistic values inside and outside of college, by a ratio of thirteen to one.

Certainly the Berkeley campus of the University of California cannot serve as a valid barometer of what's afoot among American college youth. This campus has long been noted for the relatively high involvement of its students in political concerns—campus, community, and nation. I remember well the comment of one of my professors from graduate school days who returned, in 1949, to a Midwestern state university campus after a year's sojourn as a visiting professor at Berkeley and commented invidiously on the extreme contrasts in student political awareness and sensitivity on the two campuses.



Carnegie Inst. of Technology

"The average college student is more interested in personal pursuits than in collective action."

Howard Mumford Jones is only one of many who have noted that "the American campus is an echo, not a criticism of American society." When the focus of the larger society is turned dramatically to such issues as civil rights, poverty, or the model college professor, we can expect some notable rumblings of student opinion from certain quarters—many if not most of which could be identified in advance. One thing that has impressed me in fifteen years of teaching in various colleges and universities here and in Canada is that the proportion of "committed" college students changes very slightly, if at all, from year to year. Periodic brushfires of social commitment and reform seem more related to comparable manifestations in the larger society—and often equally short-lived—than to any signifi-

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cant modification in the "breed" itself.

How one views Jarrett's second hypothesis depends partly, at least, on how carefully one has contemplated the institutional nature of American colleges and universities, the relation of the higher educational institution to the society in general, and the role which the students envisage the college or university as playing in their lives.

It seems to me that there are institutional rigidities on the typical American campus that rather successfully prevent any prolonged and cataclysmic student-sponsored changes from taking place. First there is the fact, so obvious to faculty and administrators, that any given student body is a transitory one with a large turnover via graduation, transfer, and dropout taking place each year. The student body as a group lacks the time to develop the cohesion and crystallize the issues necessary for mounting a sustained attack on well-entrenched procedures in either academia or the society at large. The academic year itself, with its frequent vacation breaks, especially the prolonged three-month summer holiday, has built-in safety valves that serve to discharge much of the momentum that arises periodically over compelling social issues. Bewilderment and insecurity in a strange environment nullifies much of the latent idealism that might be channeled into a reform movement within any freshman class; mate selection, job-hunting, or planning of a graduate-school education serves, singly or collectively, to weaken for seniors the appeal of student revolutions. And if such things as housing, food, recreation facilities, disciplinary regulations, and the actions of faculty members and administrators are not notably harsh, inequitable, or abnormal the average sophomore or junior will be more interested in personal pursuits, both serious and frivolous, than in collective action.

In this quiescence the student body is aided by both faculty and administration. With few exceptions, neither group looks kindly on adolescent rebellion. Administrators are understandably threatened by dissension from any source and in this era of professionally trained deans of students they are able to do a reasonably good job of forestalling student eruptions by contriving an environment which, although not exactly what the student body would create if left to its own designs, is generally palatable.

WHILE students sometimes lament that the administration hardly knows they exist except on IBM cards, the administration is usually more astute than student opinion acknowledges when it comes to assessing what the students will put up with and what they'll fight over. Many potential rebellions are never conceived, others abort, only a few ever reach fruition. And the changes that follow the last calamities usually represent not so much a giving way to student demands *per se* as an introduction of reforms seen as long needed by many faculty members and some administrators. A few personnel changes, a few concessions, and a few reforms allow the institution to roll on rather much as before. Long before enough time has elapsed for the dissident student components of the "rebellion" to recognize that the changes are relatively inconsequential, they have graduated and gone about their business elsewhere. Some of them will carry over their zeal for periodic and necessary changes in the social environment into successful—or unsuccessful—activist roles in their communities. Considerations of career mobility, family pursuits, and social status, however, will take precedence over more militant concerns for the average graduate, who, in his new role as alumnus, will often display a disappointing lack of sympathy or empathy for his rebellious counterpart of twenty years hence.

It is regrettable, but evidently true, that American society does not conceive of its universities as seedbeds for social reform regardless of who cultivates it, faculty or students. Demonstrations that either spill over into the community or seriously disrupt the operation of the institution are severely frowned upon by the citizenry, including the majority of parents involved, the legislators, or, in the case of private colleges or universities, the trustees or financial "angels." And until certain features of our "youth culture" are modified enough to curtail the present prolonged period of adolescent dependency on family, it is unrealistic to suppose that college youth will ignore the sanctions their elders can impose and proceed to man the bastions. The rewards of an affluent society are too near and the completion of a college education too essential to participation in these rewards for the average college student to jeopardize it by a long and serious foray into social and political protest.

One area in which Jarrett foresees student-led reform is in faculty-student relations. With some trepidation he speculates that change will take place in the criteria by which professors will be evaluated, with increasing weight being given to teaching, both in classroom and personal conference, and a de-emphasis of research and publication. There are many campuses now where research and publication is not stressed—and teaching presumably is—but they are, in general, not among the more prestigious. Recent rumblings at Yale and a few other leading institutions have perhaps encouraged faculty in the average college to think they are at last gaining allies in high-court circles. The disposition of the case of the Yale professor, however, should dampen their optimism. To me, it demonstrates something that really needed no verification: that faculty members themselves are—and rightly so—the ones responsible for the "publish-or-perish" yardstick of faculty evaluation. I do not wish to debate here the merits of this criterion as against alternative ones, but whatever its assets and liabilities, it is seen by enough leading scholars, including those who have become administrators, as a worthwhile game and one that is personally advantageous. Faculty members who disagree with this policy are not just bucking administrators; they are attacking values held by a sufficiently large number of colleagues to make their pursuit of reforms in this area exceptionally risky.

STUDENTS are not apt to be effective in changing the ground rules for faculty evaluation, even if enough of them cared to do so. I doubt that the majority even care. Moreover the relation, if one can even be seen, between the quality of undergraduate teaching and the "publish-or-perish" philosophy is far too imprecise to make this a good campaign issue. Students will continue, occasionally, to protest the dismissal of a particularly appealing professor whose bibliography has failed to pass academic muster, but any sustained effort to change the ground rules radically will not be forthcoming. Nothing short of a mass movement by faculty will accomplish this shift in direction, and their essentially anti-union attitudes make such an event extremely unlikely even if they, in a rare fit of unanimity, were to agree that the goal was worthwhile. There will continue to be, of course, a group of institutions where the anti-establishment posture will prevail by design; there will be many more institutions where this posture will prevail by default. But the mark of the latter's planned excursion into the "big time" will be an expansion of its research budget, an emphasis on grantsmanship, and the raising of its faculty salaries to the point where the school can begin to compete for scholars whose publication record is established. All of these developments will in turn enable the institution to attract better students. Is it then reasonable to expect these students to destroy the system that lured them?

It would, in fact, take a "new breed" to effect the changes mentioned. But in view of its structure, its history, and the role our society seems to have chosen for it, the American college campus seems an unlikely spawning ground for anything except a mild evolutionary development.

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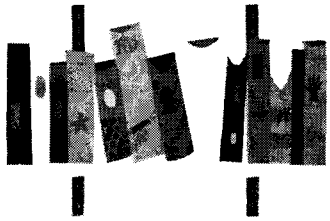
the Editor's Bookshelf



While I was teaching on the Berkeley campus last summer, one of the students with whom I talked refused to discuss the merits of the Kerr administration because—as he explained with a patient air of one revealing the facts of life to a child—all administrators, being parts of "the system," are bad and must go. I was reminded of the remark made last spring by James Reston of the *New York Times*, "Instead of chasing girls, the boys now are chasing college presidents."

"The System," against which a vocal minority of students is in revolt, is an ill-defined complex of all the regulatory authorities that place restrictions on individual behavior—federal, state, and local governments, including the military, the police, and the courts; the business establishment that demands loyalty and obedience of those who wish to rise within it; and all educational systems. But it also includes a wide variety of supporting agencies—the press, television, motion pictures, and the vast array of advertisers and public relations men who mold public opinion to their own ends. The evils of the system provide the thesis for Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd*, which has become the Bible for alienated youth.

Though alienated students may be found on every college campus, Berkeley remains the focus of discontent and the deluge of words that have been printed about that unhappy institution shows no sign of abating. An excellent selection of fact and comment is found in a new paperback, *The Berkeley Student Revolt*, edited by Seymour Martin Lipset and Sheldon S. Wolin of the Berkeley faculty (Doubleday Anchor, 585 pp., $1.95). Though a wide variety of views is presented, most of the authors do not discount the seriousness of last year's events. Wolin and John H. Schaar, who are professors of politicial science, say, "It isn't often that a great university goes smash, yet that is what happened to the Berkeley campus during the first week of last December. . . . Campus authority vanished, academic routines were reduced to a shambles, and the prophecy of Mario Savio was fulfilled: the 'machine' came to a 'grinding halt.'" These authors were not impressed by the response of university officials to the crisis, which, they say, "wavered between treating the student movement as a Children's Crusade, a Communist conspiracy, and a civil rights panty raid."

Lipset, who is a professor of sociology, offers a socio-psychological interpretation: "University students, though well educated, have generally not established a sense of close personal involvement with adult institutions; experience has not hardened them to imperfection. Their libidos are unanchored; their capacity for identification with categories of universal scope, with mankind, the oppressed, the poor and miserable, is greater than it was earlier or than it will be later in life. Their contact with the articulated moral and political standards of their society is abstract; they encounter them as principles promulgated by older persons, as imposed by authority, rather than as maxims incorporated into and blurred by their own experience."

William Patterson, professor of sociology at Berkeley, says the Free Speech Movement was misnamed: ". . . it has little or nothing to do with free speech . . . . one of the few subjects *not* at issue was the right of students to speak on campus in support or denunciation of anything whatever." Another writer comments on the fact that speakers on the Berkeley campus have included leaders of both the Communist and Nazi parties, spokesmen for the John Birch Society, and Malcolm X. Mario Savio not only spoke freely on the campus, but expressed his views in hundreds of newspapers, national magazines, and on TV. No undergraduate in history has enjoyed so large an audience. Other student leaders quoted in this volume include one who, in the student publication *Slate*, advised his followers, "Go to the top. Make your demands to the Regents. If they refuse to give you an audience, start a program of agitation, petitioning, rallies, etc., in which the final resort will be *civil disobedience* . . . . *organize and split this campus wide open*." To this, acting chancellor Martin Meyerson replied, "I believe civil disobedience is warranted as a last resort in our democracy—it was warranted in Boston at the famous Tea Party—it has been warranted at other times and places. But civil disobedience is warranted only when there is no recourse to reasonable deliberation. Avenues of recourse are now available on this campus."

Another impression that emerges from the conflicting reports is that the faculty, in the face of crisis, vacillated badly. In the beginning the majority seemed to side with the students against the administration. When student leaders turned their attacks upon the faculty, whom they criticized for poor teaching and indifference to undergraduates, the faculty became alarmed. When Kerr and Meyerson announced their intention to resign, the faculty urged them to stay. But at no time did the faculty senate demonstrate its ability to assume its proper role as a policy-making body. The elected officers of the organized student body proved even less effective. They were scarcely heard from.

Though it is still too early to evaluate the long-range effect of last year's turmoil, one thing seems certain: The Berkeley campus will continue to be a lively place. Its reputation will attract still more of the kind of students who want to be "where the action is." Students who are willing to delay their efforts to reform the world, or who desire a quieter environment for study will go elsewhere.

Now that the "machine" is running again, some faculty members optimistically predict that the university will move ahead to become one of the world's great institutions of higher learning. Perhaps it will, but there is room for doubt. A great university is a community of scholars, but at Berkeley, where scholars abound, there is little sense of community. Students, professors, and administrators seem unable to work together toward a common goal. So long as they are at odds, though the university may be distinguished for its research, it is not likely to achieve greatness as an educational institution.

—Paul Woodring.

Comment on Berkeley

(From *The Berkeley Student Revolt*)

"This free-speech fight points up a fascinating aspect of contemporary campus life. Students are permitted to talk all they want so long as their speech has no consequences."

—Mario Savio.

"If not free speech, what then is the issue? In fact, preposterous as this may seem, the real issue is the seizure of power."

—Berkeley professors Sheldon S. Wolin and John H. Schaar.

"Universities are probably more vulnerable to civil disobedience tactics than any other institution in the country precisely because those in authority, whether administration or faculty, are liberal."

—Martin Lipset and Paul Seabury.

"At present in the United States, students—middle class youth—are the major exploited class."

—Paul Goodman.

"Absurd it may have been but trivial it was not."

—Wolin and Schaar.

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Colleges of Tomorrow

Higher Education: Some Newer Developments, *edited by Samuel Baskin (McGraw-Hill, 342 pp., $5.95), and* ***Emerging Patterns in American Higher Education,*** *edited by Logan Wilson (American Council on Education, 292 pp., $4), together cover most aspects of this broad field. The reviewer is the Executive Secretary of the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges.*

By ALFRED T. HILL

THESE ARE really twin volumes (both published in the spring of 1965) covering higher education today. Both are anthologies of essays by outstanding authorities on a broad range of subjects, and both are edited by distinguished educators. The first is sponsored by the Association for Higher Education (NEA), the second by the American Council on Education. What one does not say, the other does.

The main emphasis, however, in *Some Newer Developments* is on the academic—curriculum, independent study, new media, community relations, etc.; while the main emphasis in *Emerging Patterns* is on the administrative—emergence of state systems, interinstitutional cooperation, national policy, etc. Both books are intended for professional educators rather than for the layman, but should be of interest to the 35,000 members of lay boards who hold legal control over our institutions of higher education.

Since no good book can be all things to all men, it is merely an observation rather than a criticism to note that not much serious attention is given in either volume to such popular subjects as college admissions, industry's aid-to-education programs, the role of the major foundations, the emergence of the junior college, or the current college scandals and student demonstrations. These books are both concerned with long-range developments at the top-policy level. The mere mention of a few of the contributing authors is sufficient to document this statement: (*Some Newer Developments*) Lewis B. Mayhew, Earl J. McGrath, Francis H. Horn, John Dale Russell, and others; (*Emerging Patterns*) Louis T. Benezet, Theodore A. Distler, John W. Gardner, Clark Kerr, David Riesman, and others; it sounds like a page from *Who's Who in American Education.*

Higher Education: Some Newer Developments is a collection of fourteen chapters by twenty-one authors. Although there is no obvious theme or criterion for selection, generally each chapter is built around case studies and attempts to give the reader a background statement, an idea of what is new or unusual about the particular development under discussion, and some estimate of its implications for the future.

For example, if you are interested in some of the 146 new colleges created in the United States during the period from 1961 through 1964, you will find that Lewis B. Mayhew has made astute observations on a number of these institutions, ranging from the University of South Florida, which opened its doors in September 1960 and expects to enroll 10,000 by 1970, to Raymond College of the University of the Pacific, which "will enroll 250 students, whose principal educational activities will be contained within this campus."

If you are interested in the latest developments in college architecture, your imagination will be challenged by statements like this:

> The University of Illinois at Urbana, for example, boasts of a huge new arena resembling nothing so much as a grounded flying saucer . . . , a highly adaptable structure, equally usable for large conventions and athletic events and for small student assemblies and theatrical performances.

If you are interested in the latest ideas on curriculum development, independent study, foreign study, the new electronic teaching devices, interinstitutional cooperation, or what have you, you are pretty certain to find a well-documented and informative presentation for your consideration.

Even if you look at education through the cold and steely eye of an economist, you will find yourself responding to such remarks as these by John Dale Russell: "In half the institutions in the country, the average general classroom is occupied by a class less than four hours a day on the basis of a five-day week"; and "Among the functions for which electronic tabulation is especially useful are financial accounting, payrolls, student registration in classes, recording of students' grades, computations of students' grade-point averages, and reporting of enrolments."

One of the more interesting chapters was written by Maxwell H. Goldberg and Norman D. Kurland on "The Abler Student." They point out the urgency of doing something about the abler student from an estimate made in 1954 that "fewer than half of the upper twenty-five per cent of all high school graduates ever earn college degrees, [and] only six out of ten of the top five per cent do." The great advance since then is reflected in the fact that "the College Entrance Examination Board's Advanced Placement Program moves portions of the college curriculum down into the high school. Its influence is reflected in its growth. In 1956, 1,229 students from 104 high schools took 2,199 examinations and entered 130 colleges; the corresponding 1964 figures were 28,874 students, 2,086 high schools, 37,829 examinations, and over 888 colleges." This chapter goes into some detail about the advantages and disadvantages of honors programs, independent study, acceleration, and new media.

Dr. Baskin, the editor of *Some Newer Developments,* is director of Program Development and Research in Education, and professor of Guidance and Psychology at Antioch College. Recently named president of the Union of Research and Experimentation in Higher Education, he is a well-known leader in this area of higher education. He holds his Ph.D. from New York University. He has performed a useful service to people at the center of higher education, many of whom will be familiar with the main topics discussed, and to many more people at the periphery such as architects, engineers, financiers, trustees, and countless others who, nevertheless, need to be well informed upon a subject which President Johnson has described as the most important concern of our day, "for freedom is fragile if citizens are ignorant."

Most of the papers included in *Emerging Patterns in American Higher Education* were first prepared for the annual meeting of the American Council on Education in San Francisco in October 1964. In this collection, thirty-four educational leaders discuss the growing trend toward bureaucratic organization of higher education in this country. For example, Logan Wilson says, ". . . I doubt that any American educator could name more than a fraction of the 549 regional and national education associations, or the 148 college professional fraternities, honor and recognition societies, or the 480 state education associations, the fifty-eight religious education associations, or the fifteen international education associations which total more than 1,200 organizations—nearly all voluntary in nature—having to do in one way or another with American education."

The chapters describing the state sys-

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tems in California, New York, North Carolina, and New Mexico illustrate the complexity of our current educational patterns as well as the American genius for cooperation and organization.

One of the more interesting questions that receives considerable attention is that of the relation of the university to society—autonomy versus interdependence. The role of the university as the critic of society and the innovator of ideas is stoutly defended while at the same time recognition is given to the ever-increasing pressures from and involvement with the world.

The broad, inescapable conclusion from a reading of this book is that the main emerging pattern of American higher education is one of increasing importance for all aspects of our society—science, government, social welfare, and free enterprise—and that the trend is clearly in the direction of a more centralized control and a strengthened national policy.

Dr. Wilson headed the University of Texas from 1953 until he became President of the American Council on Education in 1961. His book is strongly recommended as essential background reading for the professional educator requiring a good fundamental knowledge of the broad structure of higher education today.

Help for Freshmen

The College Student's Handbook, *by Abraham Lass and Eugene Wilson (David White Company, 176 pp., $4.95), and* ***The First Years in College,*** *edited by Harry N. Rivlin, Dorothy M. Fraser, and Milton R. Stern (Little, Brown and Company, 605 pp., $8.95), aim at helping new students cope with the demands of college life. The reviewer is Superintendent of New Trier Township High School, Winnetka, Illinois.*

By WILLIAM H. CORNOG

THESE ARE two books on "how to succeed in college by trying very hard." Both are aimed at preparing college entrants to cope with the weightlessness of a new freedom and the confinement of study in a strange and strenuous orbit.

Life on the campus to thousands of young Americans is as hard a life as they can conceive. Perhaps nowhere else are our confusions and frustrations as a people so clearly focused and so constantly examined as in the classrooms, the commons rooms, and the dormitory rooms of a college campus. Compound large social and political problems with the student's deeply personal moral and intellectual problems, taken at a time of unusual vulnerability, and one can understand why books like the *Handbook* and *First Years* are written and will be widely read.

Beyond a common general interest in helping students adapt to college life and work the two books differ widely. The *Handbook*, by Lass and Wilson, represents down-to-earth, day-by-day helpfulness in almost every aspect of getting used to and getting along in college. The *First Years in College* concentrates on introducing the matriculating student to academic subjects, describing the content and purposes of various disciplines, and making concrete suggestions on how to study each. The list of scholars is impressive—Commager, Shenton, Tumin, Nostrand, Willy Ley, and others—and though they discuss their subjects with a restrained, once-over-lightly style, one feels that this approach is appropriate and cannot help giving aid and comfort to the beginning student. Professor Kreuzer's chapter on freshman composition will be a boon to that multitude of freshmen to whom theme-writing is a nightmare. Alton Raygor's chapter on study and reading skills covers much the same ground as some chapters in the Lass and Wilson *Handbook*, and one reads either set of admonitions and urgings with the same uncertain hope that good somehow will come out of all this good counsel. The most lucid and serene chapter is Julius Hlavaty's and Myron Rosskopf's on mathematics.

First Years is a good book for a freshman to read the summer before he goes to college.

On the other hand, the Lass and Wilson book, written by two of the wisest and wittiest men in school and college administration, is one to be read any or all years in high school, and re-read through that first year in college. While Dr. Johnson possibly would inveigh against the futility of hortatory sagacity with the young, many a college-bound student will, I think, read with interest and respect the straightforward, easy-mannered, colloquial advice which Lass and Wilson give on how to read, what to read, how to study, how to take notes, writing the term paper, how to take a test, and so forth. In addition, the *Handbook* offers friendly and consoling thoughts to college dropouts, both voluntary and involuntary, and winds up with a chapter on "After College What? This last seems the weakest part of the book, having the appearance of being tacked on. The subject, of course, requires a book or two of its own and its perfunctory treatment in the *Handbook* gives a dying fall and a melancholy ending to an otherwise spirited and useful guided tour over, around, or through the college-going syndrome. Nevertheless, if I were to pick a single book to help the soon-to-be-bewildered entering freshman, it would have to be the Lass and Wilson volume simply because the authors know most of the questions that bother the first-year student, and they know as many of the answers as anybody I can name.

"May I have a note to my sociology professor explaining why I was absent from classes?"

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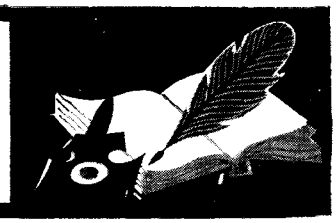

Handbook for Indian Education. *By Robert A. Roessel, Jr. Amerindian Publishing Company (1826 North Sierra Bonita Avenue, Los Angeles 46, California). 168 pp. Paper,* $4.95. A comprehensive guide for the teacher of Indian children, and for the person who wishes to understand the Indian today.

The Shape of Education for 1965-1966. *By the Editors of "Education USA." National School Public Relations Association (National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036). 64 pp. Paper,* $1. A series of brief articles compiled from current resources—books, reports, speeches, etc.—surveying fifteen topics, from academic freedom to progressive education, summer school, and school boards.

The Rise of American Education. *Edited by Joe Park. Northwestern University Press. 216 pp. Cloth,* $6. *Paper,* $3.50. An annotated bibliography including, besides the usual sources, microprints and doctoral dissertations available on microfilm. Covers history and philosophy of education, biographies, contemporary issues and movements, among other subjects.

Heritage of Liberty. *By Alan Barth and James D. Barber. Grass Roots Guidebooks Series sponsored by the Center for Information on America. McGraw-Hill. 120 pp. Paper,* $1.75. An exposition of the nature, history and meaning of the constitutional protections for individual liberty. "Discussion starters" at the conclusion of each of the chapters by Barth were devised with classroom use in mind.

Research on School Desegregation: Review and Prospect. *By Meyer Weinberg. Integrated Education Associates (343 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. 60604). 39 pp. Paper, 75 cents.* A thorough summary of the effects of segregation, North or South, on Negro students, parents, and teachers, and the problems and possibilities of desegregation.

Patterns of Development in Elementary School Libraries Today. Second Edition. *By Mary V. Gaver. Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. 32 pp. Paper, 50 cents.* A revision of an earlier report appraising the eighty-four school systems participating in the 1963 *Encyclopaedia Britannica* School Library Awards program; updated to include data for the seventy-five school systems that qualified for the 1964 awards. Includes a section on types of citizen participation in the development of elementary school libraries.

Selection, Instruction and Supervision of School Bus Drivers. *National Commission on Safety Education. National Education Association (1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036). 26 pp. Paper, 50 cents.* A statement of general needs and minimum practices for providing safe and efficient school transportation. **Minimum Standards for School Buses.** *Same publishers. 100 pp. Paper,* $1. An outline of the revised minimum standards for school bus models, determined at the 1964 National Conference on School Transportation and now recommended to the states.

Contemporary American Education: An Anthology of Issues, Problems, Challenges. *Edited by Stan Dropkin, Harold Full, Ernest Schwartz. Macmillan. 600 pp. Paper,* $3.95. A body of information on the philosophical, social, and historical backgrounds of education, representing the ideas, theories, and proposals of some of the most respected educational thinkers of the twentieth century.

Teacher Education in a Communist State: Poland 1956-1961. *By Gusta Singer. Bookman Associates (31 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003). 282 pp.* $6. A survey of educational theories and practices in teacher education in a Communist state, as a source for understanding the political, social, and cultural aims of the Polish educational system.

Emerging Patterns in American Higher Education. *Edited by Logan Wilson. American Council on Education (1785 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.). 292 pp.* $4. Examines new patterns of organization and administration and describes the changing environment of higher education.

Education of the Gifted. *By Beryl M. Parrish. Twayne Publishers (New York, N.Y. 10003). 54 pp. Paper,* $1.50. Considers the arguments for and against special education of the gifted and the underlying assumptions. Evaluates proposals for promoting the maximum development of the gifted.

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Which College?

Continued from page 72

satisfying the professors who teach the individual courses through course-by-course testing. The area and advanced tests of the Graduate Record Examination probably are as good indicators as are available of academic accomplishment in relation to fellow students and to those at other colleges. The institution whose students consistently score below or above national norms will have a realistic appraisal of the effectiveness of its strictly academic effort. The number of seniors who go on to graduate or professional schools is also indicative of the intellectual preparation of graduates.

Changes in student values, interests, and growth in cultural appreciations are not so easily determined. But if colleges and universities are to claim, as most do, that cultural and personal growth are outcomes of their education, integrity calls for some effort to measure these changes. Some standardized tests and inventories of general culture do exist and should be used whenever possible. Student interviews and questionnaires are also revealing, but they are not nearly so objective or reliable. To make sure such cultural growth as can be measured is due to the impact of a particular college or university, rather than just four years of maturation, it is necessary to compare the cultural growth of those attending a given college with those of equal ability in the community who did not go to college. All these techniques should be used. New ones need to be devised.

If this is roughly the way to determine how effective a college is, why is it not being more widely done? There are a number of reasons. First, only slowly have adequate instruments to measure student growth been developed and those available widely used. There are still questions about the reliability of some tests of learning, even those measuring subject-matter competency. There are some aspects of student development for which no test instruments have yet been developed at all. Student values and traits of character, for example, are still largely measured by questionnaires and surveys, most of which have limited validity and reliability. While many colleges are familiar with tests that measure the quality of students they are admitting, only a very few are aware of the comprehensive and standardized tests that have been developed to test their graduates. There is quite evidently more concern with admitting better students than other colleges do, than with graduating better seniors. Every college should at least be concerned that its efforts result in improving its own successive graduating classes. Yet, only 220 colleges out of approximately 2,000 are giving the Graduate Record Examination to *all* their seniors. Even fewer (sixty-five) are giving standardized tests at the end of the sophomore year to determine what intellectual growth has occured after two years.

The second reason why this approach to evaluation has not been used widely is its considerable expense. It costs $5 per student, for example, to administer the Graduate Record Examination. In a three-year effort to measure the impact of the modest-sized University of Delaware on its students, approximately $125,000 was spent on the purchase, administration, and analysis of test batteries. But expense is not a justifiable excuse. In at least the better-financed universities and colleges the budget in various ways supports research in virtually every area of human endeavor but the institution's own. Higher education needs somehow to provide funds to research diligently its primary processes and then utilize the findings to provide better educational opportunities with the resources at hand.

A THIRD reason why colleges and universities have not tried a more sophisticated approach to evaluation is understandable resistance on the part of the faculty. Such an approach is a lot of hard work for already busy people confronted with ever more students. After all, isn't the fact that a college or university has a broad commitment of some kind in its basic law or charter, and has existed for a hundred years or more, definition enough of its assignment? Aren't examinations already given in each course offered? Furthermore, to have more specific goals related to a specific student body and to test, largely by external examinations, whether or not they are being accomplished might be to expose one's own shortcomings. More and more conscientious college teachers, however, are becoming aware that students may not be learning all their teachers think they are. Those as curious about the learning processes as about other facets of nature, such as the atom, are anxious to find out why not. Increasing numbers of faculty are also concerned about framing objectives for their departments or schools that are realistic and capable of student attainment. Hardheaded teachers realize that platitudinous generalities about what students learn at their institutions are just as fatuous as are clichés in other situations.

There is a fourth reason why colleges haven't gotten around to finding out whether they are as effective as they might be. Neither the students nor the parents have greatly cared. They are preoccupied with getting into college. Once in, they are largely preoccupied with fulfilling degree requirements. It has been rightly said that a college education is the only thing parents and students purchase without caring whether they get their money's worth.

What are a few advantages in knowing which college is best? The institution that undertakes a study of its impact upon its students has much to gain.

The first advantage is that it focuses the attention and energies of all concerned upon education *per se*. This is especially salutary in a day when research and high specialization conspire to narrow the attention of each teacher-scholar upon, for example, heat transfer, the solid state, or the Renaissance, and each group of scholars upon chemistry, history, or physics, to name a few disciplines. It is fortunate when a unifying approach can be found within a university or college that will cause faculty thoughts to turn generally to the student and what *he* is learning, rather than to what is advantageous professionally for the individual faculty member. Admittedly, what is good for the faculty member is often also beneficial to those learning from him, but this is not always true for undergraduates. When attention is focused upon the student and the objectives of the department and institution in educating him, attention is also turned inevitably to the adequacy of courses and curricula. Concrete evidence garnered through a program of special tests and institutional investigations as to what students actually are learning will lead a conscientious faculty to make changes in individual courses and in whole curricula. In this way a professor, a department, a school or university can overcome discovered deficiencies in the learning of its students and can, at the same time, relate offerings more directly to declared purposes.

To too great an extent American higher education, so far as its teaching function is concerned, has tended pretty much to drift along. Insofar as dollars permit, most colleges "copycat" a few prestigious institutions which, upon rare occasions of unusual leadership, have done some innovating. Establishing objectives and testing to determine whether or not they are being realized should encourage academic innovation in many colleges. These steps should promote educational self-determination beyond Harvard, Chicago, Swarthmore, and Antioch. They may cause courses to be added, dropped, or revised, whether or not a new faculty member is appointed or an old one retired.

There is a second very practical advantage to appraising a college through testing and other well-designed studies of its product, rather than through its resources for learning. Everything a college or university does costs money. There are always more things that need

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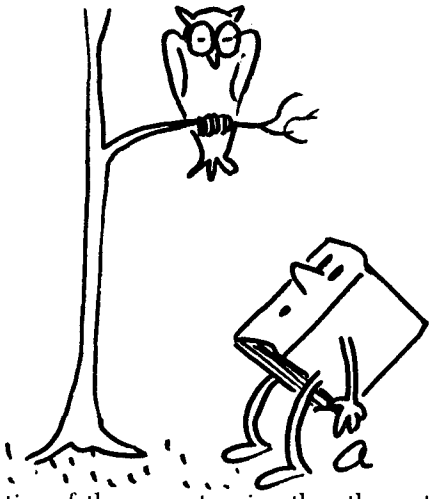
doing than there are dollars to accomodate them. Any facts that will help to establish in even a rough way some sort of priority should be welcomed. It makes little sense, for example, to continue a formal concert series on the assumption that such recitals contribute greatly to the cultural growth of students if the facts show that few students actually attend the concerts. If greater appreciation of good music is the objective, the funds might better be allocated to the residence halls for hi-fi tapes and records. Another alternative would be occasional "live" concerts in the dormitories by not-so-renowned but wholly competent performers. After such alternatives are tried, the question of whether they are any more effective in contributing to the cultural development of the undergraduates can be investigated. Perhaps the declared objective would be more directly supported by a wider offering of music appreciation courses through established departmental channels. It may well be that the concert series should be continued, but its subsidy should be charged to faculty fringe benefits and to community relations. If adult entertainment is the true contribution of the concert series, then the cost can at least be realistically weighed against other endeavors in this direction.



There is a third advantage, which is hardly separable from the second. Data growing out of a program of appraisals should be an aid to more objective and precise administration. Allocation of funds is but one example. Such data do point out to department chairmen, deans, presidents, and trustees where a good job is being done and where results in terms of student learning justify even greater expenditures. The same data also point up results, or the lack of them, to alert faculty, departments, and committees. Administrative officers are spared the onus of making needed suggestions where efforts are revealed to be lagging or allocation of funds is not self-justifying. A modern language department, for example, which finds out for itself that it is deficient in relating the languages taught to the geography, history, and culture of those who speak it will initiate steps to correct the situation without prompting. Moreover, this kind of shortcoming is one that even the most alert administration would not likely be aware of. Deans and presidents cannot possibly be close enough to the work done in departments to know what particular courses are or are not actually accomplishing. Sometimes this approach will give accolades to a department that is in fact doing excellent teaching, but whose repute is not highly touted because of quieter personalities and less research renown. Then, too, objective measure of student accomplishment gives a departmental chairman concrete evidence that he may need further financial help for programs that the administration might not otherwise support.

Objective self-appraisal of the impact of a college or university upon its students has more than internal value, important as this may be. Once the institution defines its objectives and determines whether or not it is accomplishing them, it can then make the data known to prospective students, parents, philanthropists, and the various accrediting agencies. Indeed, the latter two might further refine the process to make their own work count for more. How much more meaningful it would be in accreditation to have data which would indicate that an institution, however modest its expenditures and however unorthodox its organization may be, is graduating students with unusual professional capabilities and personal attributes specified by the code of ethics of a profession. Such things will never be accurately determined by standards as to class size, teaching loads, or prescribed courses of study—not to mention specifications of special libraries and other traditional accrediting paraphernalia. These are indicators that good work might be going on, but they are means rather than proof of performance, which is the end supposedly sought.

In a day when so many dollars are needed for higher education, accrediting agencies, philanthropic organizations such as the great foundations, and governments should be interested in every approach that will throw light upon not only the quality of the job being done, but the quality in terms of the dollars being invested. Foundations should be even more interested in putting their dollars into institutions that are stimulating the most *learning* among their students than in giving grants to the institutions that have alumni and other followers who can contribute matching funds. The latter criteria of giving may indicate primarily that the alumni come from families of means, rather than that the graduates have learned more than the ordinary amount while in college. Matching foundation dollars may indicate that the leadership of higher education can raise funds, but it doesn't indicate whether or not they are educators enough to be spending the dollars most effectively. Governments that spend so much testing highway construction materials to see that they get the most for their building and maintenance dollars should also be interested in how much intellectual mileage is bought in the various public institutions within a state, and how they compare with those of another state.

Such an approach to appraising colleges and universities should be widely encouraged, both from within education and by those outside it but vitally interesed in it. To do so is very much in the spirit of self-improvement and willingness to break with stultifying traditions that have characterized American progress. Since education today may be requiring about 25 per cent of the national income, our society cannot afford to exempt it from quality-control techniques that have proven so effective in other spheres. When education is so much concerned with advancing science on all fronts, how can it be uninterested in being more scientific about its own efforts?

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Wrong Future?

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ceed along the same line. But I must emphasize that at the end of the line we shall find ourselves largely without work as we have understood work in the past.

Yet education has never been as job-oriented as it is today. This is a melancholy instance of the general truth that a doctrine seldom gains acceptance until it is obsolete.

THE doctrine never was any good. In any country that has a highly mobile population and a rapidly changing technology, the more specifically education is directed to jobs, the more ineffective it is bound to be. Today such education is patently absurd. Everybody is aware that the official rate of unemployment among young people is double that among adults. The actual rate is undoubtedly higher, because many young people have thought it useless to apply for work. The general reaction to this situation borders on fantasy: it is to propose widespread extension of vocational training. In short, the cure for the disease of no jobs is training for them.

The archaic quality of such aspirations is sufficiently demonstrated by the case of key punch operators. They have now been superseded by machines and have been declared surplus by the California Employment Service. Today five vocational schools in Los Angeles advertise that they train key punch operators.

The matter goes deeper. A dozen years ago, a British group known as the Archbishop of Canterbury's Fifth Committee delivered itself of a statement that sums up the basic issue. It said. "A nation which regards education primarily as a means of converting its members into more efficient instruments of production is likely not only to jeopardize its moral standards and educational ideals, but to discover that by such methods it cannot attain even the limited success at which it aims."

Our educational ideals these days are expressed in the phrase "marketable skills." But entirely apart from the inability of the educational system to keep up with the market and forecast what skills it will buy, and entirely apart from the inefficiency of vocational training in school as compared with that on the job, the idea of producing marketable skills is ignoble and degrading for an educational system. It is an ideal that seduces the system into doing what it cannot and should not do and that forces it to neglect what it can and should do.

What education can and should do is help people become human. The object of education is not manpower, but manhood. This object we are now able to attain. We can now make the transition from a working to a learning society.

We started with two questions: how to educate for an undecipherable future, and how to prepare for a world in which work has lost its significance. The answer to both questions turns out to be the same. The man who is truly educated, rather than narrowly trained, is ready for anything. He has developed his human powers and is able to use them and his understanding of the world to meet any new problem he has to face. He is prepared by his education to go on learning.

Hence he is prepared for the human use of his free time. This is, in fact, the purpose of education in childhood and youth. It is to inspire the desire for lifelong learning and to supply the training that will make it possible.

The democratic society is the learning society *par excellence*. The Constitution of the United States is intelligible only as a charter of learning. In the spirit of the Preamble, we are to learn together to govern ourselves. The law, the professions, the voluntary associations to which we belong, the political campaigns through which we suffer—all the institutions in our society should be regarded as teachers. Through them, as well as through the educational system, we can learn how to become human and how to organize a human society.

THE special function of our educational institutions is to supply the intellectual tools, the intellectual discipline, and the intellectual framework necessary to understand the new problems we shall face. Support for this position comes from an unexpected but highly practical source, the Chief of Police of Chicago. He remarked the other day that he wanted a "completely professionalized" force.

Then he went on to say, "But the professionalism must be based on a foundation of liberal arts. It's necessary to get a complete man who has an understanding of his society and its people —a sense of perspective that can only come from a knowledge of history and philosophy." One might almost say that now the most practical education is a theoretical one: the man with the theoretical framework will comprehend the new situation, whereas the man without it has no recourse but to muddle through.

For the educational system the transition from a working to a learning society means a drastic reorientation of schools, colleges, and universities away from jobs and toward intellectual power. It also means that the present miscellaneous, superficial, and inadequate programs offered under the head of adult education must be replaced by continuous opportunities for learning open to all inhabitants of the country all their lives. The obligation of our educational system to provide these opportunities is just as serious as their obligation to the young.

If we can readjust our prejudices, we can get started toward a learning society. I do not underestimate the difficulties of making the readjustment. We can understand why Lord Keynes, the famous British economist, looking forward to a workless West, said he viewed the prospect with a "certain dread." We were brought up on Horatio Alger and the doctrine of salvation by work. Our last formal declaration of public policy on this subject was the so-called Full Employment Act of 1946.

Horatio Alger will soon be as out of date as *The Arabian Nights*. If work is our salvation, we are lost indeed, and we are on the way from full employment to full unemployment. But if we will only recognize it, the great opportunity that men have always yearned for is ours at last.

OTHER nations have had affluence and leisure, or their ruling classes have had them. They have been destroyed, usually from within, and usually from causes associated with affluence and leisure. The experience of Athens was unique, and it was too limited and too brief to be reassuring.

Now one can seriously raise the question whether the American democracy will turn out, like the Athenian, to be a temporary flowering from an almost accidental combination of favorable circumstances. One can seriously ask whether in a country like this, in a world like this, democracy is any longer possible. I believe it is. But I believe it is only if we can achieve the learning society.

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All-White World

Continued from page 65

selling *New Boy in School* in the South," she writes. "Ed Jervis, our southern salesman, reported that one big jobber would neither stock nor sell it. Another one would only fill special orders." But then favorable reviews began to come in—from *School Library Journal*, the *New York Times*, the Chattanooga *Times*, the Savannah *News*, the Raleigh *Observer*, and the Tulsa *World*, among others. "Now it is a real best seller!" she reports.

Mrs. Colby is also feeling pressure from those who deplore a story that shows the Negro as a slave, a servant, a railroad porter. "Slavery has been practically taboo for many years now as a subject for children's literature," she writes, "and depicting the Negro as anything but perfect is not welcome either. White children and adults can be bad, but Negroes cannot. So my job has been to tone down or eliminate such people and situations. . . . But when can we lift the shroud from the truth?"

Not all editors speak as frankly as Mrs. Colby. One, who asks to remain anonymous, says it took her two years to get permission to bring out a book about children in a minority group. Another reports a leading children's book club rejected a 1961 book "especially because Southern subscribers would not like the way this heroine tackled the problem of prejudice." Although no other publisher commented on book-club selection, this is undoubtedly an important influence in editorial decisions.

WHEN the directors of eight children's book clubs were questioned about the books they have distributed since September 1962, they listed only a tiny fraction that includes Negroes. Four hard-cover book clubs offered 230 books of which only six mention Negroes. Four paperback book clubs distributed 1,345 titles with Negroes included in fifty-three.

Not one of the fourteen Negro books on the ALA list of Notable Children's Books in 1962, 1963, and 1964 won the more lucrative award of book-club selection.

In the two Negro books distributed by the Weekly Reader Children's Book Club—*Long Lonesome Train*, by Virginia Ormsby (Lippincott), and *Skinny*, by Robert Burch (Viking)—the Negro characters are Aunt Susan, her son Matt, a fireman, and the handyman, Roman. Richard R. RePass, director of this hard-cover book club, says, "These I would consider neither germane to the plot, nor particularly flattering to our Negro citizens. The main reason why there are not more books with Negro characters among our book club selections is the general dearth of good candidates."

It should be explained that the hard-cover book clubs send the same book to every child while the paperback book clubs ask each member to choose one title from a list of ten to a dozen. Perhaps for this reason the paperback clubs have distributed certain titles which the hard-cover book clubs would not take a chance on. One of these is *Mary Jane*, by Dorothy Sterling, published by Doubleday in hard cover and given a two-star rating by *School Library Journal*. It also received the Nancy Bloch Award for 1959. This is the realistic story of a Negro girl who is the first to enter an all-white junior high school that bristles with prejudice.

Mary Jane has not been selected for hard-cover book club distribution. But after several years of deliberation, the Arrow Book Club, one of the paperback clubs, offered *Mary Jane* to its fifth- and sixth-grade members. By December 1964, 159,895 copies had been sold. "Only six letters of complaint were received," reports Lilian Moore, Arrow Book Club editor, "all from adults in the South. And many warm comments have come in from the children who read *Mary Jane*."

By March 1965, *Mary Jane* had been published in Swedish, Dutch, Czech, German, and Russian editions. According to *Publishers' Weekly*, the Children's Literature House of Moscow reports 100,000 copies of *Mary Jane* have been printed there and are stirring up "lively interest."

Obviously not all children's books can or should include Negroes. The story of a family in Plymouth Colony or in modern Sweden would be distorted if Negro faces were shown. Certainly no author or artist should be required to follow any formula for integration.

But, consciously or unconsciously, most writers and artists have long been following the formula for pure white books. Some of the distortions caused by this formula are ludicrous. For example, *We Live in the City*, a simple picture-book by Bert Ray (Childrens Press, 1963), tells of Laurie and Gregg looking over the city of Chicago—a city that apparently has no Negroes.

—From *Roosevelt Grady* (World).

"Only the pictures indicate that the Gradys and their friends are Negroes."

Only white people appear in *Your Brain*, by Margaret O. Hyde (McGraw-Hill, 1964). In books of science experiments, it is usually a white hand that holds the thermometer, a white arm reaching for a test tube, white children feeding the guinea pig. In books of poetry it is a white face smiling over the first stanza.

While making a survey of G. P. Putnam's books of the past three years, Putnam's juvenile editor Tom MacPherson came upon an illustrated novel about professional football, with not a single Negro player among the professionals. "That embarrassed us considerably," he wrote.

SEVERAL juvenile editors expressed similar concern. "I was surprised," wrote Virginie Fowler, editor of Knopf's Borzoi Books for Young People, "to realize how few books we have on our list that accept an integrated society. . . . as I look at my titles and think of the books [I realize] in many instances they could easily have been books about a Negro child or could have been shared books of child and friend."

Executives at Golden Press analyzed the Little Golden Books of 1962, 1963, and 1964 and decided that thirteen of their all-white books could have included Negroes in a perfectly natural, realistic way. One of these is *A Visit to a Children's Zoo*, cited by Whitney Young, Jr. ("He is certainly right," said the Golden Press editor. "A missed opportunity for a natural handling of the situation.")

In the meantime, the Negro market has expanded to at least $25 billion in consumer purchasing power, according to John H. Johnson, publisher of *Ebony*. The Negro school population and the number of Negro teachers are growing rapidly, particularly in the large urban centers. With vastly increased funds available through government sources, a huge economic force is building up for integrated schools and integrated reading materials.

Lacking good children's books about Negro history, many school libraries are purchasing the $5.95 adult book, *A Pictorial History of the Negro in America*, by Langston Hughes and Milton Meltzer (Crown). Boards of education in both New York and Detroit have written and published their own paperback Negro histories for young readers.

The integrated readers produced by the Detroit Board of Education and published in 1964 by Follett for in-school use are now being sold in paper-

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back in the bookstores—where parents are reported to be buying eagerly.

The market that most publishers are avoiding is being cultivated by—of all corporations—the Pepsi-Cola Company, which has produced an excellent LP recording *Adventures in Negro History*. This has been made available to schools through local soft-drink distributors. The first pressing of 10,000 copies was grabbed up almost immediately, according to Russell Harvey, director of Special Market Services. After a year, 100,000 copies had been distributed and a second record is being made. (The first record, filmstrip, and script may be purchased for $5 through the Special Markets Division of Pepsi-Cola, 500 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022).

What about the children's books coming out in 1965? According to reports from editors, about 9 per cent of their 1965 books will include one or more Negroes. This is 1.5 per cent above the average for 1964.

In addition, there will be a continuing trend to up-date or reissue earlier books that include Negroes. Among those reissued in the past three years: *My Dog Rinty*, by Ellen Tarry and Marie Hall Ets (Viking); *Black Fire: A Story of Henri Christophe*, by C. Newcomb (McKay); *Famous Women Singers*, by Ulrich (Dodd, Mead); *The Story of the Negro*, by Arna Bontemps (Knopf); and *The Barred Road*, by Adele DeLeeuw (Macmillan). *Ladder to the Sky*, by Ruth Forbes Chandler (Abelard), which went out of print for several years, has returned in 1965.

This year Doubleday is launching its new Zenith Books, "to explain America's minorities." These books are planned for supplementary reading in high school English and social studies classes. The accompanying Teacher's Manual puts them more definitely with textbooks than with trade books.

Many juvenile editors who state determination to present a completely fair picture of Negroes in our multiracial society add the reservation: "where it seems natural and not forced."

"We don't set about deliberately to do these things," writes Margaret McElderry, editor of children's books at Harcourt, Brace & World, "but take them as they seem natural and right."

"We plan to continue to introduce Negroes where it can be handled in context and illustrations in a normal way," says Margaret E. Braxton, vice president of Garrard Publishing Company. "Artificial books forcing the racial issue are *not* a part of our future plans."

"Most publishers are eagerly looking for manuscripts that deal with integration and the problems faced by Negroes in our country," writes Mrs. Esther K. Meeks, children's book editor of Follett Publishing Company. "If we found twice as many publishable books that included Negroes in a natural and sympathetic manner, we should be happy to publish them." *South Town*, by Lorenz Graham, winner of the Follett Award of 1958, is one of the few books for young people that tells a realistic story of the violence resulting from racial prejudice.)

—From *Benjie* (Dial Press).

"Books of outstanding merit are still the exception."

Fabio Coen, editor of Pantheon Books for children, makes this comment: "A book even remotely discussing racial problems has to deal with the subject with the same spontaneity and honesty that is basically required of any book. To my mind, it is therefore impossible to commission one."

The newly formed Council for Interracial Books for Children operates on the principle that, given encouragement, authors and artists will create good children's books that include nonwhites, and that given the manuscripts, publishers will produce and market them. The Council, sponsored by a group including Benjamin Spock, Ben Shahn, Langston Hughes, Mary Gaver, Alex Rosen, Harold Taylor, Harry Golden, and Sidonie M. Gruenberg, will offer prizes for outstanding manuscripts and will negotiate with editors for their publication.

The crisis that brought the Council into being is described by one of its organizing members, Elinor Sinnette, district school librarian for the Central and East Harlem Area of New York: "Publishers have participated in a cultural lobotomy. It is no accident that Negro history and Negro identification have been forgotten. Our society has contrived to make the American Negro a rootless person. The Council for Interracial Books for Children has been formed to relieve this situation."

Whether the Council gets many books into print or not, it can accomplish a great deal simply by reminding editors and publishers that what is good for the Ku Klux Klan is not necessarily good for America—or for the book business. White supremacy in children's literature will be abolished when authors, editors, publishers, and booksellers decide that they need not submit to bigots.

Socrates

Continued from page 31

integrity in action—God. Truth can be discovered by thought and conversation modeled on the dynamics of the rational order of the cosmos. This means not just the dialectic analysis of the "Socratic method" but discipline of the abiding will. The knowledge which is virtue in the famous Socratic paradox is the nurtured practice of life which the scholastics of the Middle Ages were to call "habitude."

Socrates on trial is the greatest historical exemplar of just this life process of finding out truth—a life with four cardinal virtues like points of the compass organizing it as a cosmos—prudence, courage, piety, justice. He had defined in his own person philosophy as the care of the soul—the moral integrity of the individual and as therefore a perpetual challenge to public apathy, ignorance, lack of integrity or sensibility. Conscience judges power is the meaning of philosophy. Had he given in to the compromise offered by his opponents and even by his friends, he would have betrayed the foundations of his being and the community of friends, the interrelationship of the free and self-controlled in which those foundations were laid. He could not subvert the public order that condemned him without subverting the community that he had brought to birth out of it—like his midwife mother, as he said.

THE arguments for the immortality of the soul in the *Phaedo* are not very cogent and the myth of the future life is only an ironic pleasantry. This is not the point. The dialogue is a community prayer like a Quaker Meeting, a group meditation on the ultimate worth and meaning of existence. Watching Socrates and his friends is another world, always present at each man's elbow and acutely near in those crucial hours. Its purer beings watch us and judge us constantly. We are only the temporarily blinded members of an invisible community. In the company of that community the cardinal virtues are transformed into the transcendental ones—faith, hope, and charity—terms for the substance of the mystical confidence of Socrates in his vision.

Finally, the death of Socrates establishes a special tradition of martyrdom, the just man just unto death, which will give an abiding character of polarity and tension to Western political morality. And last of all, the dialogue ends with the familiar Socratic ironic whimsy—"I owe a cock to Asclepius, Crito. Do not forget to pay it"—the price to the god of health for a good death. The cadence is resolved in joy.

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South

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whites and freedmen. From his account it is apparent that the South has dropped certain issues, but many of the arguments have remained the same.

Initially many Southerners refused to believe that slavery was dead, while others conceded its death and advocated removing Negroes to the Southwest or elsewhere (as Jackson had the Indians) and attracting a new white peasantry from abroad. Within a short time this talk declined. Predictions that the Negro would soon become extinct because he could not effectively labor as a free man but "like a mule . . . was most serviceable and best contented when he had plenty of feed, plenty of work, and a little licking" were belied by Southerners' actions. By early 1866 their demand for Negro labor could scarcely be supplied in Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi.

Southerners, however, went little beyond accepting the demise of slavery and the Confederacy. They never admitted that their way of life—their caste system—and their defense of it through secession and war were wrong. As far as Dennett could see, "all native Southerners, the poorest and most degraded equally with the rich, and people of the most undoubted Unionism as well as secessionists, unaffectedly and heartily despise the Negroes." This universal contempt was reflected in hostility to Negro testimony in courts against white men, to Negro education and, above all, to Negro suffrage. The hatred also extended to the federal troops and the Freedman's Bureau, whose work in protecting Negroes from violence Dennett especially commended.

Dennett's conclusions, written a century ago, are even today prophetic, discouraging, and relevant. He found no desire or willingness in the South to "aid the Negro in becoming as valuable a member of society as he might become." Though the majority of Negroes were "densely ignorant," Dennett "did not come away from the South believing that there was any body of men there unfitted by nature for exercising any rights that are exercised by American citizens." Given the hostility of white Southern elements, the elevating force of Negro suffrage could come solely through the efforts of the federal government. The golden opportunity to institute Negro suffrage was immediately after Appomattox. In that moment of complete defeat the South was more receptive to change than at any subsequent time. Negro suffrage, furthermore, could only be effective when coupled with the "military occupation of the South until she gives guarantees which cannot be revoked." "I think," Dennett remarked, "that the Negroes unprotected by the military authority of the general Government would hardly be able to cast votes enough to alter the elections of any one Southern county." In short, Negro progress depended 100 years ago, as it does today, on the might and action of the federal government. Unfortunately, Dennett's great series can still teach us much about "The South as It Is."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 11, 15, 8, 12, 16, 1, 20, 2, 10, 17, 4, 14, 19, 9, 13, 18, 7, 3, 6, 5.

Healthy Henry

By Lawrence P. Spingarn

Why this terrible strength? What is he building up to
And how and when and because of which infantile dream
Of power consumed with Shredded Wheat in a breakfast nook?
Otherwise, he's average. He goes gladly to bed with girls
—Clean girls—not more than once a month. He watches
Weight or lifts weights, bathes often, dusts between his toes.
He is considered, by nuns, a snappy dresser. His shoulders
Are padded, though, like cells for the criminally insane
And his heels are skillfully elevated. If he should sneeze,
His mother's nervous ghost runs on stage with handkerchiefs.
She might serve him brain food, in somewhat disguised form,
But dried seeds, seldom, and that Swiss concoction, never.
He is looked upon as handsome when he drives Sunday roads,
Strapped in his seat; imposing, till he steps from the car.
But his emphasis is a clenched fist. His tall friends run
To gymnasia and oratories, to work for like diplomas
And pray for equal grace, while in his slim house the prune
Has been raised to the peerage with wheat germ and goat's milk.

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(Continued on page 88)

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(Continued from page 87)

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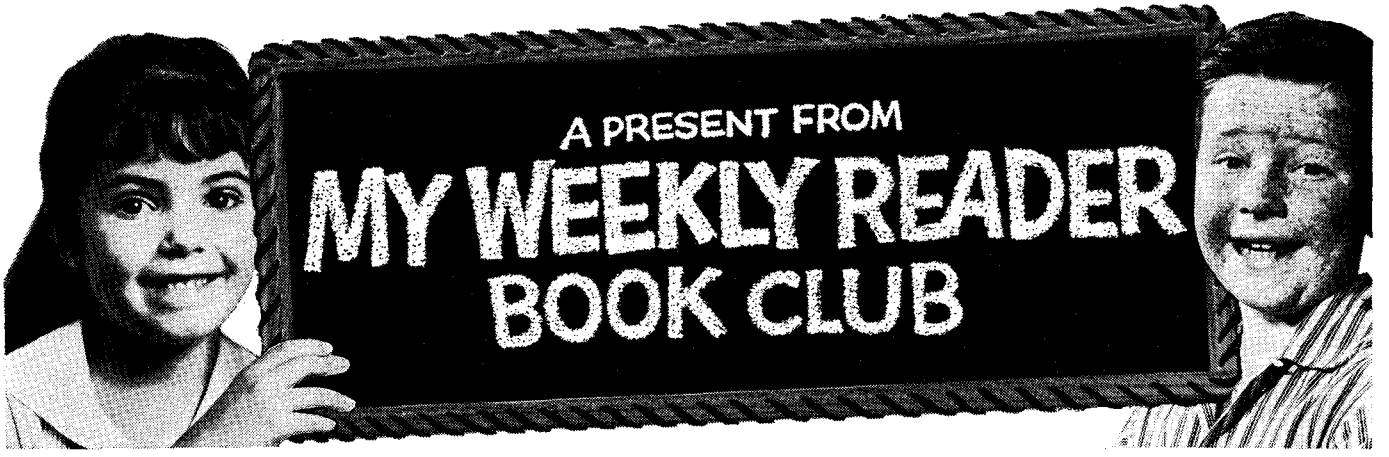

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1640

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Town at the foot of the southernmost peak of Mount Parnassus.	110 6 65 18 131 121 38
B. One who demands authoritatively or peremptorily.	153 115 57 88 99 146 108
C. Ancient Hydruntum, a cape and a strait.	128 32 158 163 68 144 94
D. Fosterage.	62 87 123 173 139 4 24
E. At a vast distance, especially from reality (two words.)	31 180 3 103 51 71 132
F. Tell (a story, or other) rapidly and fluently (2 wds.)	46 102 134 86 12 72 167
G. What, said Patroclus in *Troilus and Cressida*, was "shook to air" from the lion's mane.	13 124 43 113 19 151 127
H. First Episcopalian bishop of Minnesota, who put through reforms in the treatment of American Indians (1822-1901).	35 135 93 178 160 174 114
I. Beginnings.	11 159 107 70 165 96 36
J. Gnostics who revered the serpent as having rendered a service to Adam and Eve.	78 37 81 63 25 14 177
K. Member of one of the principal Indian tribes of central and W Texas; cowboy.	9 21 64 106 181 154 42
L. Standard piano keyboard has eight of these notes (comp.)	73 66 83 111 29 150 20

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Snout mite.	48 15 30 8 58 141 69
N. Chemical substance which cannot be separated into substances different from itself by ordinary chemical means.	40 85 74 54 45 172 80
O. Italian dumplings.	122 90 59 118 140 133 16
P. Province of central Iran, famous for silver filigree work, etc.	145 162 76 98 26 176 44
Q. One of our, fifty in two words.	33 55 129 175 109 157 23
R. Recently come into being.	142 171 148 112 125 17 27
S. "What is" this, acc'g to Hemingway, "is what you feel bad after" *(Death In The Afternoon)* . . .	22 52 79 179 75 91 138
T. Not even a very small amount (2 wds.)	95 105 161 182 136 169 130
U. Specifying the "spirit" of which Spartacus spoke to the gladiators.	10 77 116 155 170 84 1
V. Upon the moment of six bells of the afternoon, on shipboard (2 wds.)	67 126 92 101 117 49 2
W. One of the five chief states of India, capital Lashkar.	56 152 7 137 119 156 41
X. Influences; makes a show of possessing.	143 149 166 82 50 100 120
Y. Expresses indirectly; suggests.	168 60 39 5 89 53 47
Z. Chimpanzees of French Equatorial Africa regions.	147 104 97 34 28 61 164

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 U	2 V	3 E	4 D	5 Y	6 A		7 W	8 M	9 K		10 U	11 I
12 F	13 G			14 J	15 M	16 O	17 R	18 A	19 G	20 L		21 K	22 S	23 Q	24 D		25 J
26 P	27 R			28 Z	29 L	30 M	31 E	32 C		33 Q	34 Z	35 H	36 I	37 J	38 A	39 Y	40 N
41 W			42 K	43 G	44 P	45 N	46 F	47 Y		48 M	49 V	50 X	51 E	52 S	53 Y		54 N
55 Q	56 W	57 B	58 M	59 O	60 Y	61 Z	62 D	63 J	64 K	65 A	66 L		67 V	68 C	69 M		
70 I	71 E	72 F	73 L	74 N	75 S		76 P	77 U	78 J	79 S		80 N	81 J	82 X		83 L	
84 U	85 N	86 F	87 D	88 B	89 Y	90 O	91 S	92 V	93 H	94 C	95 T		96 I	97 Z	98 P	99 B	
	100 X	101 V	102 F	103 E		104 Z	105 T	106 K	107 I	108 B	109 Q	110 A		111 L	112 R	113 G	
	114 H	115 B	116 U	117 V	118 O	119 W	120 X	121 A		122 O	123 D	124 G	125 R	126 V		127 G	
128 C	129 Q	130 T	131 A		132 E	133 O	134 F		135 H	136 T	137 W	138 S	139 D	140 O	141 M	142 R	
143 X	144 C	145 P	146 B	147 Z		148 R	149 X		150 L	151 G	152 W	153 B	154 K		155 U	156 W	
157 Q	158 C	159 I	160 H	161 T	162 P		163 C	164 Z		165 I	166 X	167 F	168 Y	169 T	170 U	171 R	
172 N	173 D	174 H	175 Q		176 P	177 J		178 H	179 S	180 E	181 K	182 T					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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